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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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**The Queen's new
mantle... page 2**

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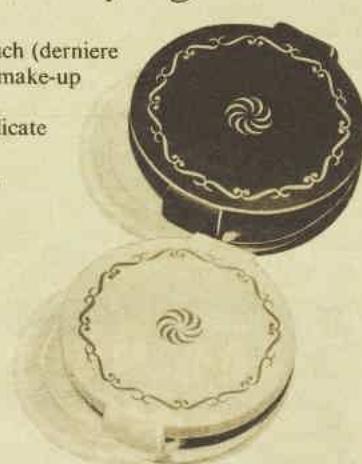
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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

• A letter published in The Weekly Round in our June 1 issue has helped to renew contact between an 88-year-old Englishwoman and her Australian relations.

THE letter was from Mrs. E. M. Jenkinson, of Bedford, England.

She told us that her uncle, William Malthby, had migrated to Australia in the country's early days and settled at Rock Farm, Taradale, Victoria.

Two readers have asked for Mrs. Jenkinson's address.

Mrs. D. M. Crispin, of Tallangatta, Victoria, wrote:

"I am a granddaughter of William Malthby and lived at Rock Farm until 1953. Last April my brothers and I sold Rock Farm, but it is still in the Malthby family.

"Robert Malthby, a great-grandson of William Malthby, is now the owner. I would like to contact Mrs. Jenkinson. My father was her cousin."

Mr. C. J. Malthby, of Carnegie, Victoria, wrote:

"William Malthby was my grandfather. I wish to write to Mrs. Jenkinson and I would like her address."

IN the stranger-than-fiction department:

On page 5 is an interview with Mrs. Angela Culme-Seymour, an Englishwoman, now of Woollahra, N.S.W., in which she speaks frankly of her four marriages and four divorces.

Her story reads like a novel. Her daughter, formerly Sarah Cornelia Churchill, married Colin Crewe (of

Lloyd's of London), a grandson of the late Marquess of Crewe, at Grosvenor Chapel in 1957.

The wedding, plus the dance afterwards at the Swedish Embassy, was one of London's social events of the year.

It was photographed by Tony Armstrong-Jones, whose mother, the Countess of Rosse, is a friend of Mrs. Culme-Seymour.

A SHORT story by famous English writer Margery Sharp is always an event for us, and also, we are sure, for our readers.

"Shadow of the Mountain" (pages 12 and 13) is Miss Sharp's latest short story.

It is a little different to most, being a rather gentle romance, without that bittersweet tang that is such a trademark of Miss Sharp's stories.

★ ★ ★

FICTION editor Betty Nesbit tells us that authors of two short stories in this issue live in Victoria.

"Marriage in Reverse" (page 15), by Aylene Roberts, will appeal to every husband who has taught—or tried to teach—his wife to drive, and to every wife who has tried to learn to drive with a husband by her side.

Aylene Roberts, who lives at Box Hill, Victoria, is a

Our Cover

• Queen Elizabeth in the graceful mantle in which she started a new tradition at the dedication of the chapel of the Order of the British Empire in St. Paul's Cathedral. Because the order was inaugurated in the reign of King George V, a mantle — traditional wear of knights of the order — had never been designed for a woman sovereign. From more than a dozen sketches submitted by students of London's Royal College of Art, the Queen chose two by 21-year-old Marion Foale, who was invited to the dedication service. Marion's now famous kirtle — a dress and mantle in one, made of specially woven silk — has a cape and flowing train. Prince Philip, who accompanied the Queen, is Grand Master of the Order and wore the knight's mantle.

copywriter with a big Melbourne store.

This is one of her first stories for adults. Previously her fiction has been confined to children's stories for the A.B.C.'s Kindergarten of The Air.

Ken Collie, author of "Sentimental Journey" (page 20), is a Melbourne journalist.

• Recipes to make meringues that melt in the mouth are given in a special cookery feature in our next issue. Food and cookery expert Leila C. Howard gives a variety of meringue recipes and suggests ways in which they can be served — in sweets for children's parties, cakes and desserts.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 29, 1960



If Yves Saint-Laurent goes to war . . .

YVES ST. LAURENT

• • • Will the House of Dior and its associated businesses in Britain, the U.S., and South America be forced to close? And will the 1200 Paris specialists of the organisation be out of work? Whatever the consequences — or sense of it — 25-year-old Yves Saint-Laurent seems likely to be drafted into the Army for Algerian service next September.

From MARCELLE POIRIER, in Paris

THE talented young designer, head of the huge Dior organisation since Christian Dior's death in October, 1957, has already been granted temporary exemptions from France's compulsory two-year military call-up.

But the current exemption expires in September, and Saint-Laurent's chances of getting a further stay appear slight.

Temporary exemptions from military call-up are not unusual in France. Students whose call-up arrives at a crucial examination period are often allowed to remain civilians for a few months longer.

But the system has been subject to abuse lately, in particular by men who remained "students" into their 30's, or described themselves as students when, in fact, they were making a good living.

And certain politicians have made a lot of noise about call-up delays granted to public personalities.

Yves Saint-Laurent was an obvious target. A few months ago a member of the Chamber of Deputies insinuated that the designer was trying to shirk service in the Algerian campaign.

The Ministry of Defence has reacted to all this by tightening the call-up laws, making it tougher for anyone to get an exemption.

Actor drafted

It was unfortunate that at the time Saint-Laurent's name came up, Jacques Charrer, husband of "sex-kitten" Brigitte Bardot, was making headlines in a similar case.

Charrer, apart from being one of the world's most envied men, was beginning a promising acting career when his draft notice arrived.

He had five film contracts in view—and every chance of making a name for himself as Jacques Charrer, and not as the husband of B.B.

But the political head-seekers gave him no chance to defer military service. He faced two years' oblivion.

while his wife continued to increase her prestige.

As B.B.'s husband, his departure for barracks was highly publicised. His commanding officer allowed Pressmen to photograph the young man in the early stages of training.

Fellow conscripts were quick to make it plain that, although he might be the husband of France's most famous film star, he was less than nothing in the Army.

Charrer, sensitive, extremely jealous, and suffering from an inferiority complex about his wife's fame, broke down.

Just a stunt?

Army authorities thought he was shamming—until he tried to commit suicide in the military hospital of Val de Grace.

He was finally released from Army service for a year, and is currently being treated in a Paris nursing home.

Opinion is still divided about whether the affair was a publicity stunt. Whatever it was, there is no doubt that it has reduced Yves Saint-Laurent's chances of staying out of the Army.

There are important differences in Yves Saint-Laurent's case. He is not a publicity seeker. He lives quietly and relatively simply.

He shuns personal publicity, though, of course, he is greatly publicised for the House of Dior's benefit.

When, overnight, he became successor to Christian Dior, he took on a job that no couturier who had already made his name dared risk.

Paris fashion circles described him as the miracle that kept the House of Dior open when everyone thought Dior's death meant the end of the greatest name in designing.

Today the livelihood of 1200 people in the Dior workrooms and salons in Paris depends on Yves Saint-Laurent.

If he goes into the Army, it is unlikely that a second miracle will save their jobs.

Some argue, with reason, that the Dior House is simply big business, making money for its backers and exploiters; that there is no cause why Saint-Laurent should be saved to enrich the few.



But Dior is more than this. It is one of the most important prestige-and-dollar-earners in France.

So specialised are the haute couture workhounds that they could not find jobs if the business closed; the other dress houses could not possibly absorb them.

The name of Dior brings buyers from all over the world to Paris, and while they are there they also order from smaller fashion houses, buy textiles, accessories, perfumes, and all that is associated with high fashion.

As a subsidiary to this, an important ready-to-wear export trade is being developed

—that depends for success on the prestige of such designers as Saint-Laurent.

Naturally, many families with sons serving in Algeria feel bitterly that Yves Saint-Laurent is not willing to risk his life in some desert skirmish.

"One in—all in," they say. And though Yves Saint-Laurent believes in this too—he is not a shirker—it does seem odd that a man upon whom so many and so much depends should be made to conform.



French paratroopers behind the lines in Algeria. The campaign is a brutal affair that does not conform to the rules of war. Yves Saint-Laurent would step into this from . . .

• the elegant world of Paris haute couture. At left is an example of his superb and dramatic designing—a loose, three-quarter, tunic top over a sheath skirt. The hat is also by Saint-Laurent.



• At a cocktail party to celebrate a recent collection, Yves Saint-Laurent kisses his mother. She has said nothing about the malicious gossip that her son is shirking military service.



THIS MONTH the Queen watched the Derby in high spirits, contrasting with . . .



EVIDENT FATIGUE when she drove to Windsor and visited Margaret in March.



AT EPSOM on June 3, with the Queen Mother, Elizabeth was happy and sparkling. However, rumors of her indifferent health persisted until the Trooping the Color ceremony on June 11.

The Queen smiles again

• "Is the Queen ill? Is she doing too much?" were two of the questions asked frequently since the birth of Prince Andrew, the Queen's third child, in February.

PICTURES of Elizabeth, showing her sad, even gloomy, added to the rumors that she was not well and that official duties were too much for her.

But when she rode out of Buckingham Palace to the Trooping of the Color on her official birthday she had the light and lovely smile that has enlivened so many of her public appearances.

All the week before the Queen's official birthday there had been rumors that she would not ride that day.

Officials at Buckingham Palace were inundated with inquiries about her health.

Their reply that there was no cause for alarm became

somewhat terse as the days passed.

"If there is to be a statement about the Queen's health it will be official," said one member of her Household.

His tone was grave, and his statement was interpreted to mean that there was cause for concern.

But her gaiety and well-being at the Trooping of the Color ceremony dispelled all fears.

Since the birth of Prince Andrew the doctors have been asking the Queen to take things easy.

Before the baby was born members of her Household were emphatic that those who hoped the Queen would attend various functions were going to be disappointed.

"They will have to take no for an answer" was how one of the Household put it.

But life for the Queen is not as easy as that.

Following the State visit of President de Gaulle came the wedding of Princess Margaret, the Commonwealth Ministers' Conference, and the round of official engagements as numerous and as exacting as any she has undertaken.

Many of the Queen's engagements receive little publicity. For instance, the morning inspection of the Queen's Troop, the Royal Horse Artillery, in the quadrangle at Buckingham Palace and the afternoon garden party at Windsor Great Park, given by the Crown Commissioners,

had very little publicity, yet they filled the whole Friday before the Queen went to the Trooping of the Color.

Readers of "The Times," turning to the Court circular each day, find fascinating reading in "People the Queen received in audience."

In the week before the Trooping of the Color the Court circular reporting the Queen's engagements ran to a quarter of a column.

"Sir Solomon Hochoy was received in audience by the Queen and kissed hands upon his appointment as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Trinidad and Tobago. The Queen conferred a knighthood upon him. Lady Hochoy was received."

Further down the circular:

"The Queen held a council in the afternoon with the Lord Privy Seal. The first Lord of the Admiralty, the Paymaster-General, and the Minister of Health were present.

"Before that, Viscount Hailsham had an audience, and later Sir George Labouchere was received in audience upon his appointment as Her Majesty's Ambassador-Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary in Madrid.

Later Lady Labouchere was received."

The next day's Court circular, and the next and the next tell much the same story of the Queen's life at the Palace, and pictures and reports show her full and official life flowing on as before.

But missing from the day's news now are so many photos and stories of the Queen at the theatre, at coming-out dances and balls.

"We do miss the Queen and Prince Philip in the West End," said one of the theatre managers.

One of her ladies-in-waiting said: "I don't think the Queen

has time to go out and enjoy herself as she used to."

The Queen's doctors insist she rests more, so she has given up many personal pleasures.

She rides less, goes to polo on Sunday less frequently, has refused invitations to spend the weekend with friends.

Remaining quietly at home she has the compensation, however, of seeing more of her baby son, Prince Andrew, and knowing that in taking things easier in her private life she is overcoming the fatigue which was so evident when she made her first appearance after his birth.

OUR NEW SERIAL

• Next week The Australian Women's Weekly will publish the first instalment of Ngaio Marsh's new novel "False Scent," a brilliant, sophisticated mystery about the murder of an actress who collected admirers as another woman would collect hats.

By BETTY NESBIT

the Canterbury University Drama Society in 1949 and with the British Commonwealth Theatre Company, a group of actors from Commonwealth countries, in 1951.

Only writers like Miss Marsh, with her intimate knowledge of the theatre and its people, could create such lifelike characters as she has done in "False Scent."

Characters such as Mary Bellamy, the great actress, of insatiable vanity, who can hardly bear to face her 50th birthday, especially when she realises that her handsome young ward, playwright Richard Dakers, is falling in love with a young and beautiful actress.

And Mr. Montague Marchant in his impeccable, expensive overcoat, gardenia button-hole, and pearly gloves, representing that awesome organisation "The Management."

There is dress designer Bertie Saracen with his narrow-sleeved jacket, who is busy with the decor of the Bellamy house for the birthday party.

More than life-sized is Mary's dresser, a

small, pale, disillusioned woman with black-dyed hair and sardonic eyes.

How does Miss Marsh begin a mystery?

"I really think up the people and then find a plot in which I can involve them," she said. "Sometimes it goes the other way. I get the plot and then have to create the people."

"That's how it was with 'Singing in the Shrouds.' I had the plot, then sailed to New Zealand to get the atmosphere and study how people react to life at sea."

"My publishers were quite shocked when I told them. They said shipboard mysteries were seldom successful because the atmosphere was rarely authentic."

"I am happy to say they were quite wrong. It has been a best-seller in England — and in the States, where it was also televised as a play."



• NGAIO MARSH — author and producer.

Miss Marsh intends to return to New Zealand in 1961.

If she hasn't a new plot with her, at least she will have a new black Jaguar in the ship's hold — the latest model and one removed from a racing-car.

So perhaps one of her future novels will be about car-racing.

FIRST SHE MARRIED A CHURCHILL . . .

● **Angela Culme-Seymour, a tall, slender Englishwoman with blue eyes and a lovely smile, arrived from England recently to make her home in Sydney.**

A TALENTED, provocative personality, she is the former wife of John Spencer Churchill, Lord Kinross, Major Robert Hewitt, and Comte Rene de Chatelus.

Currently unmarried, Mrs. Culme-Seymour recalls her domestic adventures with an air of faint surprise.

She shrugs off the fact that none of her marriages lasted, and surmises that she "was not very adaptable as a wife."

But it could be a matter of heredity.

Her maternal grandmother, the Hon. Trix Hore Ruthven, a sister of the late Lord Gowrie, former Governor-General of Australia, set Edwardian tongues wagging by leaving her first husband, Charles Lindsay Orr Ewing, to wed a Colonel Malcolm. She later forsook him to marry Tom — later Sir Thomas — Sopwith, British yachtsman.

Her mother also married twice. When Angela's father, Capt. George Culme-Seymour, the third son of the third baronet, died in World War I, her mother married Harrow School chaplain, the Rev. Geoffrey Woolley, V.C., M.C.

Her brother, Major Mark Culme-Seymour, is thrice wed. His first wife was Babette Llewelyn Patric-Jones, and his second was Princesse Helene Marie de la Tremoille, daughter of a French aristocrat.

Angela Culme-Seymour sees Australia as a land of opportunity for Mark, 17, and John, 14, sons of her third marriage.

"I want them to finish growing up in Australia with a stable home life," she said.

Gay debutante

Mrs. Culme-Seymour — the prefix of "Mrs." before a maiden name is a French form of address for women whose marriages have been dissolved — began her matrimonial merry-go-round in the 1930s.

At 21, after a gay whirl as a debutante and presentation at the Court of King George V, she married John Spencer Churchill, nephew of Winston and brother of Clarissa, Lady Eden.

Their romance was based on

mutual interests: Angela, a talented painter, writer, musician, and linguist, and John Spencer Churchill, writer, traveller, pianist, composer, and painter.

They lived abroad mostly as not-quite-idle-rich, devoted to the Arts, in Italy and Spain.

Angela recalls, "Johnny was gay and very sweet."

"One night I said I would like to tip a jug of water over some Italians carousing under our window. He got out of bed and did it for me."

"He was an admirer of Wagner, and played his music by ear, dressed like him in flowing black velvet cloaks and

by
MARY COLES,
staff reporter

berets, and filled the house with enormous busts he sculpted of Wagner.

"Johnny also used to get enthusiastic about painting in the style of Old Masters. For a long time he did everything like Botticelli.

"Later it was El Greco.

"His canvases often gave us Customs trouble in Europe, because some of them were so like the originals."

"He also painted lots of frescoes. I was an angel in a fresco for Lloyd George."

When the young John Spencer Churchill visited England, they usually spent some

time at Chartwell with "Uncle Winston," then a back-bencher in the House of Commons.

"Our room was next to his, and we would hear him pacing the floor — sometimes all night — dictating articles and books."

The divorce of John Spencer Churchill and Angela Culme-Seymour came in 1937, three years after the Mayor of Portofino, Italy, had married them in his office, with the groom smashing a glass of wine against the wall, "to give a picturesque touch" to the civil ceremony.

They are still good friends. Angela features in the chapter about his four wives (she was the first) in his memoirs, "We Churchills."

Angela's freedom was short-lived. Back in England she met the Hon. Patrick Balfour, a friend of her former husband. He was kind and understanding.

Dog as witness

With her Bedlington terrier, "Boswell," as one of the witnesses, Angela and the Hon. Patrick married at Chelsea Registry Office in 1938.

Her husband, who became Lord Kinross shortly after their marriage, was one of London's young literary lions.

"We entertained a lot and did all the social things—but I found it boring and exhausting after the Continent," Angela said.

"They have an absolute fetish about politeness. When Mark and Johnny were very little, if they forgot to kiss the hand of a woman they were greeting, it was considered a worse offence than telling a lie."

"The conventions irked me, too. Infuriating things such as 'it is not being done'



● **Angela Culme-Seymour, who has come to Australia from England because she believes her sons will get better opportunities in this country. With her collie, Robyn, she was photographed at her Sydney home.**

"Our marriage officially came apart early in the war, when Patrick, who was with the Royal Air Force, wanted me to go to Cairo with him.

"I refused and stayed in England serving in the W.A.A.F."

Among the "brave and different" men the young Lady Kinross met during the London air raids was Major Robert Hewitt.

In 1942 Lord Kinross gave her a divorce to marry the major.

"Patrick also wrote a book about me after we parted, and called it the 'Ruthless Innocent,'" she said.

Although their love seemed very real and exciting during the war, the marriage of Major and Mrs. Robert Hewitt collapsed when the war ended.

Angela obtained custody of

Mark and John, sons of the marriage.

A few months after her third divorce, she received a letter. It had been posted in Paris just before the fall of France—and had taken five years to reach her!

It was a cordial note from Comte Rene de Chatelus, asking for news of herself and her family. It brought back a flood of memories. Her friendship with the Comte had been a factor in the breakup of her first marriage.

The Comte, still a bachelor, tall, dark, and handsome, flew to see her in London.

"I remember Rene arriving with a basket of eggs—rationing was still strict in England."

Two months later, the Comte returned to London, proposed, and the marriage was held in a registry office in Passy in 1948.

Angela Culme-Seymour was the Comtesse de Chatelus for ten years. But she says it didn't take her that long to realize she was the wrong sort of wife for a Frenchman.

A wife's place

"The French demand a wife should be a well-organized 'femme d'intérieur,' with a clockwork-like domestic pattern, and few important interests outside the home.

"They have an absolute fetish about politeness. When Mark and Johnny were very little, if they forgot to kiss the hand of a woman they were greeting, it was considered a worse offence than telling a lie."

"The conventions irked me, too. Infuriating things such as 'it is not being done'

for a woman to sit alone in a cafe.

"I revolted and insisted on having the freedom women have in England."

The Comte de Chatelus liked his Comtesse's individuality less and less. They divorced in 1958, but still retain a regard for each other.

In all her marriages, Angela married bachelors. The Comte is the only former husband who has not remarried.

No alimony dividends resulted from any of her domestic ventures, and she supplements her private income by painting, and writing articles on travel, interior decoration, and fashion for magazines.

"When I paint to please myself I do landscapes. When it's for money I paint murals, decorate trays, wastepaper baskets, and that sort of thing, with flowers, and design Christmas cards."

Angela also wants to write a novel. "Not my own life, although bits from it will be useful," she said.

The "men" who are the great loves in Angela Culme-Seymour's life now are her sons and grandson, eight-month-old Peregrine Crewe.

His dark-haired young mother was formerly Sarah Cornelia Churchill, the daughter of Angela's first marriage.

Sarah married Colin Crewe in 1957.

Angela Culme-Seymour likes being a grandmother, though she does not look like one.

Particularly if you see her playing tennis in short, white tailored shorts and bounding over the net, instead of walking round it, to shake hands with her opponent.



● **Lord Kinross, author, journalist, broadcaster, Angela's second husband. But she was bored by "all the social things" of London.**



● **John Spencer Churchill, painter, musician, writer, and nephew of Sir Winston, was Angela's first husband. They were divorced in 1937.**

PUSH-BUTTON



THE CARPETED BEDROOM, elevated from floor level by a push-button hydraulic lift, is lined with Italian plastic, and contains a full-size double bed with electric blankets. A total of 150 square-cut mirrors are set into the bedhead, and white taffeta drapes the metal ceiling.

IN THE KITCHEN are Jennifer (left), Mr. Greenwood-Webb's daughter by a former marriage, and Mrs. Greenwood-Webb. Cooking can be done by gas, petrol, electricity, or charcoal. A solar heating unit gives hot water from the 65-gallon tanks to kitchen and bathroom.



ON THE ROAD, S.S. Five Squares measures only 8ft. by 18ft. Constructed on a tubular-steel frame with aluminium paneling, the whole unit is sealed to keep out dust. The Greenwood-Webb family has made several trips in her, including a 1500-mile tour of Queensland.



WITH THE BEDROOM raised, the "lift-well" becomes the dining saloon with built-in seats, cocktail-bar, radio, and radiogram. It is easily converted into another bedroom. The flagpole does triple duty as radio aerial and sewerage vent. Douglass Baglin took these pictures.

FULLY SET UP for camping (right), with hinged decks let down from the sides and canvas awnings raised. The bottom door leads into the kitchen. Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood-Webb and Jennifer are on the 12ft. by 8ft. sundeck.

HOME ON THE HIGHWAY

● This 35ewt. air-conditioned caravan that has the name of a ship—S.S. Five Squares—and looks like a houseboat was built by a Sydney engineer without a single blueprint, drawing, or calculation on paper.

The builder, Mr. Robert Greenwood-Webb, of Lane Cove, describes it as a mobile home unit. It is certainly better endowed than more conven-

tional caravans — with four rooms, twin side decks, a sundeck, and a portable garage, a total floor space of 500 square feet.

Mr. Greenwood-Webb, who is a sculptor, an industrial designer, and a craftsman in decorative metal work, built S.S. Five Squares alone. It took him four years.



THE GORILLA, a native of West Africa and the Belgian Congo, is the strongest and largest of all anthropoid (manlike) apes. Weighing as much as 400 lbs. with a height of up to 7', it can bend a 2' bar of tempered steel with hardly any effort. It beats its chest when excited and can be extremely dangerous when aroused.



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BEAR HAS STRENGTH TAPE!

WORTH REPORTING

HE'S a softly spoken giant with bright, dark eyes and a slick hair-do.

He sports a diamond-studded gold ring on each hand, a gold chain bracelet, he towers over six feet tall, and he weighs 18 stone.

His more off-beat hobbies include weight-lifting, boxing, and jiu-jitsu . . . BUT . . . he's also Canada's gift to the jazz world: chunky negro pianist Oscar Peterson, who's now visiting Melbourne.

And he's a dedicated man.

"Jazz is still a young art, and, like a child, needs careful guiding in its infancy," he drawled.

Then Oscar Peterson explained that he believes a basically honest jazz musician must be "a lover and a player of the classics" if he is to have scope and depth in his music.

Peterson himself plays classics for hours every day, practising Chopin for "finger reach," Scarlatti for "close fingering," Bach for "counterpoint," Ravel and Debussy to build up "lush harmonies."

"People who drop in on me at home when the hi-fi's giving

A-Crozzling we will go...

OF course, we knew our

Crozzle competitions were a mixture of profit (that's the prize, £500) and entertainment, as well. But we didn't know they actually inspired anyone.

We didn't know, that is, till we got a letter from Mr. K. Belshaw, of St. Ives, N.S.W.

"Two evenings spent in front of a log fire with my 'Crozzling' wife inspired the attached verse," he said.

"Any attempt at conversation on my part was repulsed by monosyllabic responses, and I soon gave in to unfair competition . . ."

Mr. Belshaw's verse is a lament:

*I am a "Crozzle" widower,
A sorry man am I,
My wife has a pencil in her
hand,*

*A wild look in her eye.
She's out to beat her neighbor,*

*That clever Mrs. Jones,
No matter how I suffer,
Despite my tears and groans.*

*Meals are very skimpy,
Laundry's very poor.*

*If this goes on, I'll end it all,
I can't stand any more.*

*At night when tired I get back
home,*

*The sight that meets my eye
Would turn a sober man to
drink*

And make a strong man cry.

*The house is most untidy,
The beds have not been made,
To clear the rubbish in the
sink,*

*You'd need a bloomin' spade.
But stop: I think I know*

*The answer to my woes,
I, too, will do these "Crozzles,"
Out pencil! Here she goes.*



OSCAR PETERSON . . .
*the hi-fi gives out with
Beethoven.*

off with Beethoven are amazed," he told us. "But, then, very often Stravinsky is in the front row at my concerts.

"Jazz will never reach an ultimate," he said. "It will just go on and on.

"The way I've been fighting my instrument, anyway," he added, patting the baby grand, "I know I'll never reach it."

Mistakes can boost morale

IT was flattering, to say the least: At a cocktail party on board the French sloop Francis Garnier in Adelaide we were mistaken—momentarily—for the French models who came to Australia for the L'Oréal of Paris Fashion Festival.

In the car on our way to Port Adelaide, we'd been practising our French. At the party our polished phrases made such an impression (?) that one guest said, "You must be one of the mannequins from Paris."

"Mais non," we said, simpering modestly. But we floated on a little pink cloud for the rest of the evening.

Moral: Mistaken identity is sometimes good for morale.



**SUSAN KRISS . . . from
France with love**

The French feted Susan

NINE-YEAR-OLD Susan Kriss, who lives at Rowley in Victoria, celebrated her birthday a few weeks ago.

But this celebration was different—and (in a way) we helped to make it happen . . .

Susan's mother, Mrs. A. W. Kriss, wants her children to be interested in other countries. So she thought it would be a good idea if a postcard from Paris arrived on Susan's birthday day.

Mrs. Kriss didn't know anyone in Paris, but she found the name of a French textile firm in our advertising pages.

"I only asked if they would send Susan a postcard with a view of Paris and some information about it that would appeal to a nine-year-old," she told us. "But, honestly, I didn't have much hope."

The idea appealed to the French businessmen at the Societe Francaise des Textiles, though. They instructed their Melbourne representative to arrange a birthday party—in the office. Members of the diplomatic corps were included in the guest list.

It was a distinguished gathering. There, the director of the Societe (Mr. Ronald Walker) presented a speechless little girl with a birthday package—in it, a length of French dress material and two dolls in national peasant costume.

Susan found her voice a few days later, we heard. And now she has definitely more than a "geography-book" interest in France.

She nurses a frozen people

SOME Australian nurses work in city hospitals. Others work in the bush.

But nursing sister Mavis Roberts, from Ringwood, Victoria, is different.

She is looking after the health of Eskimos at Frobisher Bay (on Baffin Island, off the north-west Canadian coast).

There her ambulance is drawn by a team of huskies.

"Mavis is learning Eskimo, but she says it's very hard. It's a language of intonation rather than words," said her mother, Mrs. C. E. Roberts.

Later this year Mavis plans to holiday in Jamaica (where she'll be able to meet the sun again) and then she's going on to England.

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plus the miracle filter



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the miracle filter that gives you
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... more satisfaction
with much less nicotine . . .

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LIGHT UP A STUYVESANT — YOU'LL BE SO GLAD YOU DID

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 29, 1960

PSM.640.WW

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Soft, fresh
loveliness . . .
a dream
come
true



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with the precious, penetrating
moisturiser, skin needs to make
it soft...supple...eternally youthful



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Inventor was glad when he wrecked his car

• A tiny rotor engine, designed after eight years' research by spare-time inventor Alistair Bodycomb, could really revolutionise the motor-car industry if it's taken up by manufacturers.

THE engine, patented in Melbourne recently, is less than half the size — and a fraction of the price — of normal car engines, though it develops as much power.

"You could afford to throw it away and get a new one every time it played up," Alistair Bodycomb said. "No more valve-grindings or reborings."

Alistair's engine has no pistons or connecting-rods. It has, in fact, only five moving parts, with a single spark-plug.

It has a cylinder containing two vanes which revolve at high speed on an offset rotor, sucking in and compressing a petrol-air mixture, firing the spark, and exploding the mixture.

Alistair proved the engine in his sports car recently. It developed so much power that it burnt out the clutch and the car hurtled out of control.

No young man could have been more pleased about wrecking his car.

"People have been experimenting to develop a successful rotor since early this century," he said.

"I've always been hard on engines, blowing out pistons or breaking connecting-rods, and so I began work on this one."

Already American firms are asking for quotes on parts of it, and motor-mower firms are anxious to test smaller editions.

Engineers who have tested the engine claim it will be used in many roles.

But Alistair says that because Australia is a discouraging country for inventors he may take it to the U.S. for development.

Alistair's other big achievement, now on the market, is a safety release ski-binding device. This automatically releases a skier's foot from his ski in an emergency.

He said: "The main trouble with European and American bindings is that skiers can't get out of them fast enough.

"They frequently break legs in falling with their skis on."

"I hope my binding, which is greatly simplified with only one adjusting screw instead of three or four, will prevent a lot of breaks."

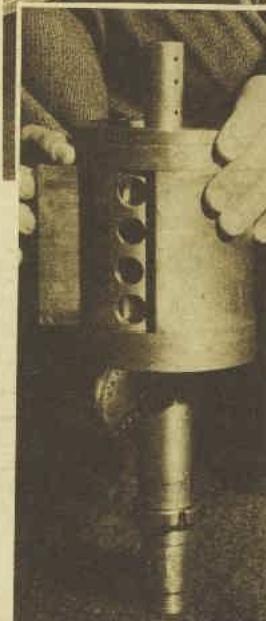
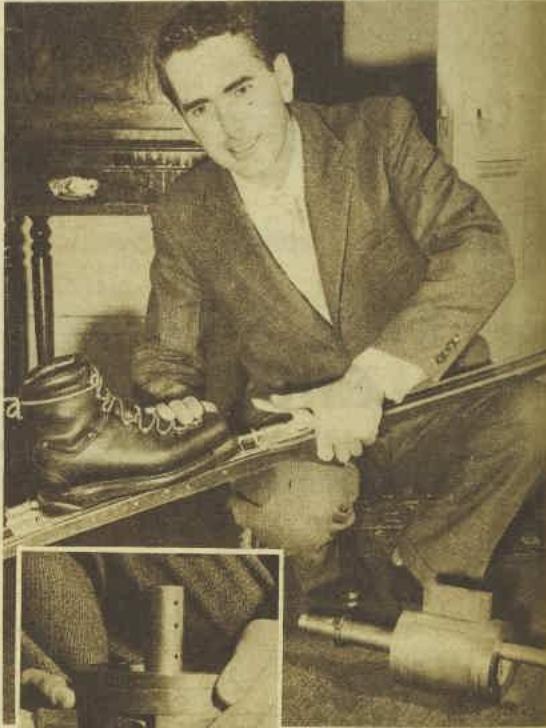
Alistair's ski binding will be exhibited at the trade fair in Switzerland this month.

Alistair spent most of last year trying — unsuccessfully — to break his legs while using his binding.

Klas Englund, a friend and fellow-worker at the Department of Agriculture, helped Alistair develop the binding. They have named it the "Alkla," a combination of their first names.

"We made 22 pairs and gave them to friends with instruc-

ALISTAIR BODYCOMB takes a spill on a sand dune at Portsea, Victoria. He was testing the automatic release binding he designed to help prevent leg breakages.



INVENTOR Alistair Bodycomb, of Toorak, Victoria, with the rotary vane engine he has patented (see also left) and the safety release ski binding he developed with fellow Agriculture Department worker Klas Englund.

Agriculture at Werribee, developing equipment for artificial breeding of cattle.

He wanted to be an engineer but couldn't pass the right exams at school, so went to an agricultural college while he improved his maths.

The surest way to irritate a would-be inventor, he says, is to suggest something for which he might invent an improvement.

"My mother is always asking for kitchen gadgets, but they just don't inspire me," he said. "An idea must be spontaneous to be successful."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 29, 1960

The furious life of Aly Khan



The late Prince Aly Khan.

• The life of Aly Khan was a strange paradox. The world remembers him as a playboy, not as a lieutenant-colonel in the British Army, not as a soldier decorated by both the United States and French Armies for conspicuous bravery during World War II.

ALY KHAN, war history tells us, entered Cannes with the British forces on the heels of the retreating German forces on August 24, 1944.

He headed straight for the Carlton Hotel and was honored as the man who "liberated" the hotel where, in prewar days, he had spent many days and weeks with some of the Continent's most beautiful women.

Aly Khan's next step was to liberate his father's racehorses from the German National Stud Farm at Altfeld. But the world does not

remember this, nor that he was decorated by both the United States and French Armies for conspicuous bravery.

He is remembered only as the Prince of Playboys, the chaser of lovely women, the gambler and racehorse owner.

Aly Khan, born in Turin on June 13, 1911, was a very delicate child and was raised largely at health spas in Europe by his doting mother, the former Teresa Magliano, an Italian actress. He attended school in France, Switzerland, and England.

"Unluckily," the old Aga Khan said once, "Aly had a completely Western education. His Arabic is not good enough to make him acceptable to the society of Arabic countries."

Fast living as a teenager

Aly Khan worshipped his mother, but he was only 15 years old when she died in 1926. For some years afterwards he saw his father only on very rare occasions as the old Aga Khan journeyed around.

The Aga Khan was more than a tolerant parent. When Aly ignored the religious studies he was supposed to make to fit him for future leadership of the Moslem world, the old Aga Khan took little note.

Long before he left his teenage years Aly Khan had developed a taste for fast cars, fast horses, fast night life, and, above all, fast, pretty women.

His social life centred on the French Riviera, Paris, and London. He was out to outdo his father's record of some 30 years before, when the Aga Khan was a world-renowned playboy.

ALY KHAN as a jockey. When this photograph was taken, he had just raced against Group-Captain Peter Townsend, once associated with England's Princess Margaret.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 29, 1960

• What manner of man was the late Prince Aly Khan, who died last month as he had lived — furiously?

Aly Khan was an excellent athlete, and excelled at skiing, swimming, tennis, and riding. He was 19 when he rode in his first race, and only a year older when he rode his first winner. By then he was buying and selling horses with a keen and sure knowledge which delighted the Aga Khan.

"My son Aly," the old Aga Khan said, "is a man after my own heart, a man who knows his horses, his wine, and his women."

It was not until 1948, however, that Aly Khan had progressed far enough to acquire a half interest in his father's racing business at a cost of 2,000,000 dollars (£A1,000,000). At that time the Khans had stud and training farms in France, England, and Ireland, and by 1954 Aly Khan had complete control and supervision of all the Khan horseracing activities.

It was through his notoriety over his many romances that a rift occurred between Aly Khan and his father. The old Aga Khan was very fond of Aly Khan's first wife, Joan

She became the mother of Karim, the boy chosen by the old Aga Khan as his successor, but the marriage was never destined to be successful. Soon, Aly Khan was chasing lovely girls around Europe while irate husbands threatened to blow his brains out.

Once in Cannes the director of the Casino said of Aly Khan: "I honestly wish he gets drowned the next time he goes swimming. So many husbands and fathers are so mad at him that they refuse to let their wives and daughters come to Cannes if Aly Khan is here. It is ruining my business."

"This would be paradise"

"When I die," Prince Aly Khan told me in New York seven years ago, "I wish to die in the arms of a beautiful woman, to assure me of paradise."

He died almost as he would have wished.

He did not have a beautiful woman in his arms, but he had one at his side, Bettina,

By BILL WHARTON

Yarde-Buller, an Englishwoman, daughter of Lord Churston, and was distressed when Aly divorced her; he was more distressed at the news of Aly's adventures with innumerable lovelies, rumors which were being used by the Aga Khan's enemies to undermine his influence in the Moslem world.

On one memorable occasion in India the Aga Khan flared up when he was asked why he did not stop his son's indiscriminate association with European women.

"My son is my son," the Aga Khan said, "and he has his own life to live. I shall not dictate to him how he shall or shall not live. When he comes to be the head of the Ismaili sect one day he will come as a pure man, for all the sins you charge that he has committed will be washed away."

Married society divorcee

Aly was first married when he was 24 and the bride was Mrs. Loel E. B. Guinness, former wife of a member of the Guinness brewery firm.

At the time, the divorce of Mrs. Guinness caused a sensation in Britain. Aly Khan was cited as co-respondent and made jokes about it. To him it was an enormous joke to have taken away the wife of a prominent man.

One week after Mrs. Guinness was divorced she and Aly Khan were married.

chasing pretty girls and gambling with my money. One night he lost 100,000 dollars (£A50,000) of my money gambling."

She was deeply in debt because of Aly Khan's gambling losses, for to him the old saying "Easy come, easy go" was a way of life. He gambled his money away, and what he did not gamble he spent on beautiful women, whom he seemed to have the knack of discovering and revealing to the world.

"I could have forgiven Aly Khan anything and everything," Miss Hayworth said. "I would have forgiven him all that he did to me—except that I could not forgive him for finding other women far more attractive than me."

Look at some of the women who passed through his short but full life: apart from his two wives, Joan Yarde-Buller Guinness and Rita Hayworth, there were his romances with Gene Tierney, Joan Fontaine, Merle Oberon, Thelma Lady Furness, Kim Novak, Yvonne de Carlo, Lise Bourdin, and, of course, his last and greatest love, Bettina.

Part in drama of abdication

Aly Khan has been blamed in part for the romance between the then Prince of Wales and Mrs. Simpson, the American divorcee whom he subsequently married.

In the 1930s the Prince of Wales — today the Duke of Windsor — was known to be keen about Thelma Lady Furness, his constant companion over a number of years.

Aly turned up and swept Lady Furness off her feet. She left the Duke of Windsor out in the cold.

He turned to Mrs. Simpson for consolation. By the time

Aly tired of Lady Furness the Duke was in love with the divorcee for whom he abdicated the Throne of England.

What was it about this somewhat ageing and not particularly handsome man that attracted so many of the world's loveliest women?

Aly Khan was short, on the rotund side, slightly balding. His face was no more than pleasant.

Heiresses pursued him

Of him Kim Novak said when she was asked whether there was a love affair between her and Aly Khan: "To me he is only a dancing partner; that man sure can dance!"

Lise Bourdin had more to say: "Aly Khan is brimful of vitality, amusing and witty, and he loves dancing as much as I. I find his good humor, his gaiety, and his often caustic wit very attractive."

It was suggested a year or two ago that women were more attracted by Aly Khan's wealth than by Aly.

But many women with extremely wealthy husbands or, in a few cases, heiresses with probably as much money as Aly Khan ran after him and flung themselves at his feet.

People who knew him said that he was bitter, a cynic, a man trying to cover up a broken heart. While some men might take to drink or drugs, Aly took to riotous living.

Many believe the great personal tragedy of his life was the death of his mother.

It seemed, a friend of Aly told me in New York, that he had been devastated by his mother's death, and almost at once the shy, timid, and retiring teenager became a wild and reckless youth.

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A RARE FAMILY GROUP. From left: Prince Amyn (Aly Khan's youngest son), Prince Sadruddin (Aly Khan's brother), the young Aga Khan (Aly Khan's son), and Aly Khan.

SHADOW OF THE MOUNTAIN

Her identity was dimmed in the light of his brilliance . . . a story

By MARGERY SHARP

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

THE shadow of the mountain is always cold. "How wonderful it must feel," people used to say to Jeannie, "being Dermot Payne's sister! Isn't it thrilling to see him on television? To entertain all those distinguished people for him? When his books come out doesn't it feel absolutely marvellous being his sister?"

Well, it had, once. After seven years, however — the years that saw Dermot rise from a position of sound distinction to one of huge authority — Jeannie's emotion was quieter. In fact, all her emotions were quiet. The shadow of the mountain doesn't promote exuberance, in vegetation or anything else.

Not that Dermot wasn't fond of her. (Indeed, it was the one point that humanised the popular image of him: this egg-head of egg-heads, this political economist breathing a ferocious integrity was fond of his kid sister. They both of them winced a little whenever Jeannie was so described; but the popular image had its importance.)

In their orphaned childhood they had been very close; though their ways temporarily parted, as soon as Dermot could afford the apartment he insisted on Jeannie abandoning her schoolteaching to join him there. That was when she was twenty-three; so she was now thirty.

It was quite a large apartment; rather old-fashioned, rather gloomy, but large. Jeannie's own quarters in it were rather small, for what should have been the second bedroom housed a sort of reference library, and the available third had presumably been designed for a child, or maid.

Actually, she used the library a great deal; she was so much at home there, she could lay her hand on any statistic Dermot needed — the population of Accra, the Belgian root-crop for 1920 — in a matter of minutes.

"My dear Jeannie, I don't know what I'd do without you!" observed Dermot from time to time. Jeannie supposed he'd have to get another secretary. He had two already, one more or less a leg-man, another who came in by the day, but undoubtedly he needed someone more permanently on call. Sometimes Jeannie was looking up statistics at two in the morning.

She was useful, as well, as his hostess. Dermot always entertained at home, he was too much of a public figure to be at ease in any restaurant, and though both food and help were always professionally supplied, he liked to feel Jeannie there in charge. She could cook, and cook well — but then the standard expected was very high.

Dermot's guests were inevitably men, and important men — lucky Jeannie, the only woman! But as a rule, after she'd poured coffee, she discreetly withdrew.

She grew to be the discreetest woman in town — never gossiping, never repeating a single word.

"But what do they talk about, all those important men?" asked her women friends.

Jeannie smiled and said it was just right over her head. She knew that Dermot's guests, like Dermot, had a horror of being quoted unofficially.

In time her women friends found her dull, and Jeannie saw less and less of them, which in a way was a relief, only it left her rather out in the cold.

Yet how secure she was, too, in Dermot's shadow! The one hazard, the one threat to her position any woman so circumstanced might have had to fear, never troubled her. Dermot Payne had no thought of marrying.

"But for heaven's sake why not?" wondered Jeannie's women friends — while she still had them. "He can't be more than forty!" Again Jeannie smiled. She knew her brother too well to apprehend a sister-in-law.

No one ever wondered that Jeannie herself didn't marry. Why should she, when she had such a marvellous life?

She could have married. While she was still teaching, she had quite a string of beaux — and one really

steady one, Andrew McKinnon, a schoolteacher like herself, and, like herself, serious, conscientious, and kind.

Indeed, so very conscientious was he, he more than once took pains to observe, in detached, Scottish tones, that he wouldn't be in a position to marry for several years. Dermot's summons nonetheless interrupted a tacit wooing.

"Mind you write!" said Jeannie confidently.

"I'll do more," said McKinnon. "I'll be visiting you . . ."

He was as good as his word; but how unfortunately things turned out! Andy arrived, unheralded, just before a quite important dinner. Obviously Jeannie couldn't go gadding.

Dermot forced himself to hospitality. "A friend of Jeannie's? Then, of course, you'll join us," said Dermot formally.

"Of course!" cried Jeannie.

It was a mistake. She was still at the stage when a dinner rather flustered her, there were ten things to see to (including, now, an extra place), and she had to leave Andrew alone in the library the full half-hour before the others arrived . . .

The guest of honor was a quite important M.P.; the company in general distinguished. Though the table, physically, accommodated Andrew easily enough, he had to be explained.

"Mr. McKinnon is a schoolteacher," said Jeannie nervously.

"Education? Too bad I can't help," murmured the M.P. "Not my province . . ."

So McKinnon left as soon as he decently could.

Jeannie ran after him into the lobby. "Andy, do you really have to go? Before we've talked at all?"

He answered only obliquely. "You live in the great world now, Jeannie."

"It seems so," agreed Jeannie with a sigh.

He didn't notice the sigh. He looked through an open door towards the filled bookshelves, the neat files of the reference library.

"Your brother was telling me how much you help him."

"I try to," sighed Jeannie.

"It must be a wonderful life for you."

"I'm not exactly wedded to it!" said Jeannie. What more could she say?

At that moment Dermot put his head out of the dining-room. "Jeannie, will you find me —" he began; and broke off.

He broke off; but if the words, "What, you still here?" weren't actually spoken, they might as well have been.

"Good night once more," said Andrew McKinnon, "and good night, Jeannie."

As once before — "You'll write?" begged Jeannie.

"Maybe," said McKinnon.

"Just to give me the news from home!" pressed Jeannie.

"There'll be naught but trivialities," said McKinnon soberly, "but since you make a point of it, I will."

He always kept his word. Thenceforward he wrote Jeannie a letter once a year — filled with trivial local news. Jeannie's annual letter in reply was more trivial still — she needed to be so discreet.

In time, even this gesture between two such honest people grew too hollow, and the Christmas Jeannie returned not a letter but a card merely put an overdue period to an old tale.

She ceased being flustered by dinners. The reference library became as personal to her as a boudoir. She learned to take the most important guest, as the most recondite statistic, in her stride.

Jeannie was highly intelligent; as the years passed she found it all quite easy, and did Dermot credit in every way.

She was always very nicely dressed. "Go anywhere you like, go to Balenciaga!" offered Dermot generously. (He recalled the name from a French export survey.)

Jeannie was only five-foot-two, not plump, but

not thin, and with round, rosy cheeks; she felt Balenciaga above her deserts, but bought the very nicest English clothes. She had a mink jacket, too, and a mink cap and muff (all Christmas presents from Dermot), and once, so be it, one snowy morning, received a compliment from a foreign diplomat. He didn't say, "My, you look wonderful!" as an Englishman might have done. He said, "The little Eskimo princess!"

If I stood about in the snow more, maybe I'd get more compliments! thought Jeannie — and hurried home to make Dermot's mid-morning coffee. For if she was five minutes late it threw out his whole schedule, so valuable had she become to him. There was no doubt about it, Jeannie led a really wonderful life.

Only she hadn't any friends, and all her emotions were so quiet they were almost numb, and sometimes, in the reference library, at two o'clock in the morning, she yawned the tears into her eyes.

Even in the shadow of the mountain, however, blooms the edelweiss.

Who should have known this if not Jeannie? One of her subjects, while she was still teaching, was actually botany. But she had forgotten her botany along with several other things, and so was taken completely by surprise.

If she was unusually nervous that evening the Professor first dined, it was simply because he was one of the few men alive whom Dermot regarded with any deference. He, too, was an economist of the old school; Dermot's senior by perhaps ten years, and with a reputation, academically, almost higher.

Like Dermot, he reached out to the great world — but only through monographs translated into every European tongue. Dermot was the populariser, Professor Vane the high priest. So Jeannie was naturally anxious that this, actually their first personal encounter, should go off well, and had ordered a rather special dinner.

In fact, what the Professor ate most of was bread. Jeannie observed this at once, and neatly bridged a gap with her own roll.

After that she caught the waitress' eye, and Professor Vane tranquilly emptied the bread-basket. Whether or not he noticed her manoeuvre Jeannie wasn't sure, but he might have done; in any case, he regarded her with a benevolent eye, and when she had poured coffee and rose to go, said, quite spontaneously, "Is Miss Payne leaving us?"

Jeannie didn't think much of it. Waiting in the reference-room afterwards, her mind was chiefly on her knitting pattern. (She had become a secret knitter: ready to thrust wool and needles, at Dermot's step, into an anonymous briefcase.

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"I am well aware that I am not attractive," Professor Vane said to Jeannie.



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13



*Scented with rare, costly French perfumes
... rich with beauty-giving creams*



lavish, luxurious **Cashmere Bouquet**

the gentlest Beauty Soap in the world

The unique creamy formula with its exquisite fragrance pampers your skin with a gentle beauty treatment every time you use Cashmere Bouquet soap. The rich deep cleansing lather brings to your skin youthful glow, a satin smoothness that lasts all day. Fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap is so long-lasting, so economical. Let your whole family enjoy it — now in the colours you love ... PINK • SKY BLUE PRIMROSE • WHITE

Kept fresh and fragrant in gleaming foil



*So lavish,
luxurious, yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps!*

FATHER



MOTHER



"Au revoir!"

It seems to me

SOME people make resolutions at New Year, but I always make them after holidays.

A spell in a normal-type household fills me with zeal to adjust my customary ragtime housekeeping. I resolve to do regular shopping, put blue in the rinsing water every week — things like that.

The reform sometimes lasts as long as ten days.

This holiday I made my first batch of biscuits for ten years. Basking in the praise for them (no, of course I didn't eat any — they were 200 calories apiece), I kept baking repeat batches.

Once or twice I thought of branching out and trying another recipe, but if one can achieve a reputation as a cook with coconut squares, why risk it in foolish experiment?

I was so carried away that on return I could hardly wait for the lunch-hour to rush out and buy a special baking-tin, intending to rock the office with gifts for morning tea.

Several days have now passed. The tin is still in its wrapping. Sad.

* * *

ANOTHER result of my holiday is that I will soon need a mascot cabinet, the way some people have china cabinets.

I acquired a new one, a small toy koala. Naturally, the silver Indian god had been stowed away in a cupboard until my return.

(The two travelling mascots — a three-cornered tin and a medal engraved with a four-leaved shamrock — were, of course, in my luggage.)

The elephant which supervises other people's journeys sits on a picture rail, more or less out of sight, but it would be orderly to put them all in a cabinet and give them different jobs to do.

It would be tidy, too, to add the wishbones which live above the kitchen sink. They keep falling off.

* * *

DEMOCRAT Senator Lyndon Baines Johnson, a contender for U.S. presidential nomination, is taking a batch of Texas matrons on his campaign tours.

The ladies, average age 35, have instructions to smile at everyone and argue with no one. The Senator's idea, according to report, is to stress the importance of maturity. Some of the other candidates tote bunches of glamor girls along.

In many ways American women consider themselves to have a status above those of most other countries. They sometimes sympathise with Australian women. Yet to be background decoration for political candidates doesn't seem very advanced.

All the same, it would certainly brighten the Australian political scene if Mr. Menzies and Mr. Calwell toted round dancing girls on their electoral tours. Or even a bevy like Senator Johnson's agreeable females.

AN elderly yachtsman once told me that all single-handed, trans-ocean yachtsmen were mad.

He had sailed in and around Sydney Harbor all his life. Nobody, he contended, who knew anything about sailing would contemplate a long solitary voyage unless he was eccentric.

I was reminded of his view by the news of the current trans-Atlantic race, in which eight men in eight small boats are sailing from Plymouth to New York.

One of the competitors, Londoner Dr. David Lewis, is keeping a chart of his state of mind. It is divided into headings as follows: "Happy without feminine company; bored; lonely; excited; confident; exhausted."

Why not merely "Happy" for the first heading? Because, I suspect, Dr. Lewis wishes to score off some offstage female.

Everyone knows the irritating fact that men CAN be happy for quite long periods without feminine company, but Dr. Lewis seems inclined to harp.

There is another clue to his character. Talking of the 82 dehydrated meals which he has on board, he said: "Splendid stuff. It doesn't seem very different from fresh food."

If he can't tell ready-packed, dehydrated meals from good cooking, maybe feminine company would be happy without HIM.

* * * * *
A STAINLESS-STEEL sink on the market is advertised as "soundproof."

I suppose the manufacturers know what they're doing, but it never occurred to me that there was need for a soundproof sink.

That reproachful rattle of the dishes is the housewife's only hope for a hand with the drying-up.

* * * * *
CANBERRA audiences are said to be cold towards visiting artists. Recent reports say that some celebrities have been dismayed by the meagre applause at concerts.

*In Canberra the wind that blows
Is straight from snowy alpine slopes,
But ask the artist — ah, he knows,
How much, much colder are his hopes.*

*They sally forth, those gallant bands,
The patrons of the concert arts,
And sit upon their frozen hands,
Breaking, in turn, performers' hearts.*

*Perhaps in time the city may
Put artists truly on the map.
Their fellows, envious, will say,
"Behold him, he made Canberra clap."*

Marriage in Reverse

An amusing short story

By

AYLENE ROBERTS

THE car stopped suddenly. Clement's head thudded against the windscreen. He rubbed his forehead angrily and glowered at the woman beside him. "What are you trying to do — kill me?"

Button sighed. "You told me to brake. You distinctly said . . ."

"I didn't tell you to push the brake-pedal through the floor," he interrupted loudly. "I've told you a hundred times, you don't slam the car to a stop — you ease it." He worried his fingers through his hair and wriggled impatiently.

Button clenched the steering wheel tighter and glared straight ahead. "There's no need for you to breathe heavily like that," she told him.

"You don't realise I'm lucky to be breathing at all," snapped her husband. Button ignored him. They sat in silence — a silence so loud it almost screamed at them!

At last Clement leaned forward. "It'll probably be the last thing I ever do, but I'll take one more risk. Just see if for once you can remember all I've told you. Now drive slowly ahead."

Button clamped her lower lip between her teeth, took a shaky grip of the gear, moved the clutch in slowly, and tumbled her foot on to the accelerator. The car leapt backwards!

Clement yelled as his head connected with the dashboard. The car stopped. "Move over and give me the wheel," he roared, pushing his wife roughly against the seat and twisting himself into her place. "That's the finish. You'll never learn to drive. You haven't the brains of a bird."

Button burst into tears.

He looked contemptuously at the woman he had promised to love and cherish. "Cripes! I must have been unconscious the day I married you." He lit a cigarette and inhaled furiously. Button looked at him with loathing. "You — beast," she jerked out between sobs. "You're not — fit to teach anyone to drive. You haven't a shred of — patience. I should have taken everyone's advice — and gone to a driving school."

Clement snorted. "Now get this straight. There's not a driving school on this earth that could knock any sense into you. Why, you can't even drive on a deserted country road!"

Button flushed and swallowed the last sob. "I can drive." She gulped. "I've told you before, my father taught me years ago."

"Then why do you do such idiotic things now?"

"Because you make me nervous."

"I make you nervous?"

"Yes. Screaming at me every two minutes; you get me all confused."

Clement smacked the steering wheel. "That's exactly what I'm trying to prove," he said triumphantly. "You aren't the type to drive. Good heavens! You'd only have to see a traffic light change color and you'd get confused."

Anger exploded in Button. "Oh, you conceited animal. You think you're such a mighty brilliant driver yourself." Her voice rose to an accusing shrill. "Well, what about the day you came home with the back mudguard dented?"

Clement's eyes narrowed. "I told you a stationary car bumped into me."

"Oh, very funny."

"You're just being ridiculous now."

"All right, Mister Superior — I've had you and your car and your insults. You can drive home by yourself. I'm walking."

She flounced out and slammed the door. Clement winced. "And I hope I never see you again!" she flung back at him.

"Don't be such a fool," he bellowed. "It's fifty-five miles to town and you're going the wrong way."

He watched her rapidly retreating back, his face a mixture of scorn and incredulity. "Women!" He spat the word out furiously. "I'll teach her to be stubborn!"

He started the engine, swung the car around, and sped off down the road. She won't get far, he thought. As soon as I'm out of sight she'll come back this way. He drove along until, just beyond a bend in the road, he found a clearing



"It's fifty-five miles to town," Clement shouted as his wife walked away.

in the bushes. Into this he backed the car until, although it was concealed from any passers-by, he himself had a good view ahead. It would take his wife about an hour to walk this far, and as she passed the clearing he would drive out and pull up beside her. She'd be mighty glad to see him by that time, he thought grimly.

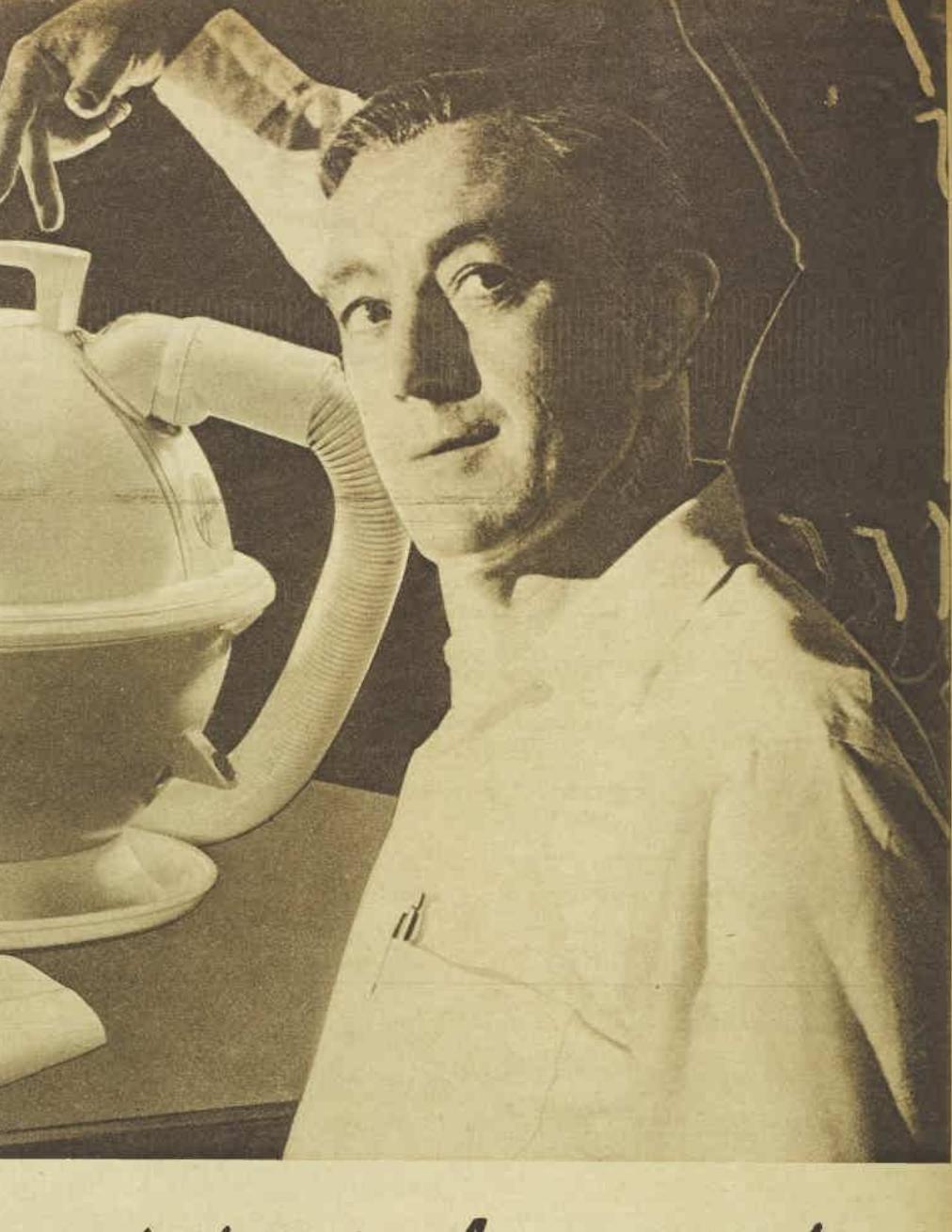
Gradually his anger faded. He thought back over their fourteen months of marriage. Fourteen blissful months with not a single quarrel — no, that was wrong — thirteen blissful months; the friction had begun with their purchase of a second-hand car, and Button's sudden decision to get her licence.

"I only need to brush up my driving," she had informed him. "I used to drive everywhere when we lived in the country." But that was when she was fifteen. She was twenty-six now! "Okay, ducky, you'll soon pick it up again," Clement had fondly agreed — he writhed now at the recollection — "we'll go out next Sunday."

At the end of the first lesson they had driven home in silence. Button on the brink of tears. After the second lesson

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ALEC GUINNESS
AS HOOVER SALESMAN IN
COLUMBIA SMASH HIT COMEDY
"OUR MAN IN HAVANA"

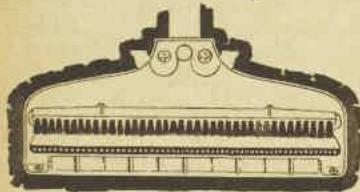


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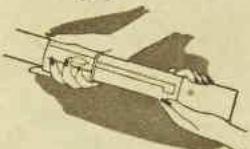
Reg. Trade Mark

You've never had cleaning so thorough, so easy, you've never had cleaning so quick

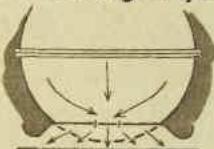


This is the most advanced cleaning head ever developed. Hoover Constellation's entirely new cleaning head gives far greater cleaning efficiency. It glides over your carpets on nylon coasters and cleans by suction, brush and comb — it's wider too, covers more floor area to make cleaning far, far quicker. But, best of all — this wonder cleaning head *cleans all types of floors!* You go straight from carpet to lino or polished wood and back again with just a touch of your toe — you'll never change floor tools again.

PRICE 42 gns. Ask your Hoover retailer about his special terms.



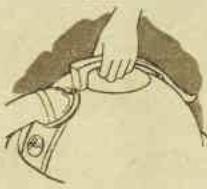
Telescopic extension wand. Constellation's newly-designed one-piece extension wand opens to just the right length for high or low cleaning, telescopes for easy storage.



Improved "walk-on-air" with specially re-designed cleaner base. New vacuum and dust seals mean stronger suction — lifts out even deepest, most stubborn dirt.



Completely re-designed cleaning tools include a new polishing mop that needs no assembling! All tools plastic-covered, can't scratch furniture and there's even a spray gun.



New colour, styling throughout. From finned handle to radical cleaning head, this is the most exciting cleaner ever designed! Breathtaking colouring, antique gold, ivory.

'OUR MAN IN HAVANA'

Contest!

Win a fabulous world tour for two by SWISSAIR/CATHAY PACIFIC



Fly the new glamour route to Europe — Cathay Pacific to Hong Kong/Swissair to Switzerland and London.

Here's all you do — Pick up an entry form from any Hoover retailer or from a theatre featuring the Hoover competition displays. Complete this entry form and hand it to a Hoover retailer for despatch to Sydney for final judging. It's so easy, and you could win one of the 776 prizes.

Additional prizes — In addition to this glamorous world trip there will be these supplementary prizes:

25 New Hoover Constellations

50 Hoover Steam and Dry Irons

700 Guest Passes (2 seats) to see the exciting and hilarious film "Our Man in Havana"

Noel Coward co-stars in *Our Man in Havana*

HC.54. W.W.P.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 29, 1960

Final instalment of
our Regency serial

By GEORGETTE HEYER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

LORD DARRACOTT'S bleak mood lasted throughout the day, but since Richmond appeared to have accepted his harsh decree with perfect serenity, and neither repulsive looks nor snubbing replies produced any change whatsoever in Hugo's demeanor, he had become so far mollified, by the time he sat down to dinner on the following evening, as to be able to bring himself to address several remarks to Hugo, and even, once, to agree with what he said, besides demanding of Lady Aurelia, with a near approach to geniality, whether they were to enjoy their usual rubber or two of whist.

This was generally felt to be a sign that the storm was over, and although Anthea could have thought of a more agreeable way of passing the evening, and Vincent considered that playing whist for chicken-stakes was a dead bore, neither hesitated to acquiesce in this scheme for his lordship's entertainment.

Any apprehension that Richmond's unmistakable air of elation would make his lordship suspicious, the Major was soon able to banish from his mind. His lordship's egotism was of too sublime an order to allow of his having the smallest perception; and since a long and unquestioned reign over his family had convinced him that submission to his commands and prohibitions was inevitable, he saw nothing remarkable in a docility that anyone else must have deemed so unnatural as to give rise to serious alarm. If he thought at all of the warning Vincent had tried to convey to him, it was with contempt. No doubt of his infallibility troubled him. It would have seemed to him very extraordinary had the boy not grown up to be as near perfection as made no odds.

Vincent, perceiving more clearly than anyone the absolute nature of his lordship's beliefs, remarked to Hugo, with something of a snap: "It is devoutly to be hoped there's no truth in your suspicion, coz, for I shudder to think of what the consequences might be if Richmond were to tumble off the pedestal our misguided progenitor built for him to sit on!"

Hugo nodded.

"I tried to give him a hint, you know."

"Eh, you shouldn't have done that!" Hugo said.

"Oh, have no fear! I seem to have made a slip-slop of the whole affair, but I am not quite chuckleheaded! I gave him no hint of the particular mischief I had in mind," replied Vincent, with a short laugh. "I collect, by the way, that you've promised Richmond that cornetcy. I trust it may give him something other to think of than smuggling—if he does think of smuggling!"

"That's what I trust, too," said Hugo. "I told him he should have it if he kept out of mischief, and I'm hopeful we'll have no more need to catch ourselves, for there's no question at all about it: he was thrown into such transports he could hardly speak!"

"I am aware. You have certainly become his beau ideal!"

"Nay, there's no hope of that," said Hugo despondently. "I'll never be able to take the shine out of you, for I'm no top-sawyer, and I'm sick every time I go to sea."

Vincent laughed, but a faint flush stained his cheeks, and he said sharply: "Do you think I care? Not the snap of my fingers!"

Having had ample time to become acquainted with his demon of jealousy, Hugo heaved a profound sigh of relief, and said, "Eh, I'm glad to hear you say that! The way you're never happy but what you have the lad at your heels, let alone the pleasure it is to you to listen to his chatter, I thought you'd be reet miserable!"

This response succeeded as well as any could; but although Vincent smiled in genuine amusement, he was still furious with himself for that instant's self-betrayal. Pride, quite as much as prudence, demanded that he should preserve an attitude of languid indifference, but so coldly civil was his manner to Hugo that that usually immovable giant was considerably surprised when, two evenings later, he



The scene which confronted Lieutenant Ottershaw, as he accompanied Hugo, was convincing to the last little detail.

The Unknown Ajax

came quickly into the billiard-room, and said, in a voice from which all affectation had vanished: "Hugo, where's Richmond? Have you seen him?"

Claud, startled into misgiving, exclaimed indignantly: "Damn you, Vincent, what the devil do you mean by bursting in here when you know dashed well we're playing? Any one would take you for a cawker instead of the Go you think you are!"

Vincent paid no heed; his frowning eyes remained fixed on the Major's face; he said: "He's not in his room."

The Major met that hard, anxious stare without any sign of emotion. He returned it, in fact, with a blankness that might well have led Vincent to suppose that he was wholly lacking in comprehension. After a moment, he said calmly: "Nay, it's too early."

"It's eleven o'clock."

"As late as that?" Hugo seemed to consider this, but shook his head. "No, I don't think it. Not while everyone's still up."

"Then where is he?"

Claud, who had been listening to this exchange with gathering wrath, demanded, in the voice of one goaded beyond endurance: "Who the devil cares where he is? Dash it, have you got a drop in the eye? Bouncing in when I'm in the middle of a break, just to ask Hugo where young Richmond is!"

"Oh, be quiet!" snapped Vincent impatiently.

"Well, if that don't beat the Dutch!" gasped Claud.

"Nay, keep your tongue, lad, will you?" Hugo interposed. "I've not seen Richmond since we left the dining-room. I thought he went up to the drawing-room with you."

"Yes, he did. He took up a book, when we began to play whist, but went off to bed very early. I don't know what the time may have been: it was considerably before Chollacombe brought in the tea-tray—possibly half-past nine, or thereabouts. I thought nothing of it: he'd been yawning his head off, and my aunt kept on urging him to go to bed. I was on the point of suggesting that he should either stop yawning or do what he was told, when my grandfather took the words out of my mouth, and ordered him off to bed."

He paused, knitting his brows. His incensed brother exclaimed: "No? Ordered him off to bed, did he? Never heard such an interesting story in my life—wouldn't have missed it for a fortune! Well, if I were you, I'd go to bed, too, because if you're not top-heavy you're in pretty queer stirrups, take my word for it! Very likely you'll have thrown out a rash by tomorrow."

"Damn the young dry-boots!" Vincent said suddenly, ignoring the interruption. "I'll teach him to make a bleater of me!"

"You think it was a hoax?"

"Not at the time, but I do now. Rather more up to snuff than I knew, my little cousin Richmond! If he'd made an excuse to retire, I should have been suspicious, and he knew that. I asked him yesterday if he was in mischief—it's wonderful, the harm I do every time I try to do good!"

Hugo was slightly frowning. "It doesn't fit," he said. "Not at that hour! Think of the risk he'd be running! Are you sure he wasn't in his room when you went to find him?"

"I am very sure he wasn't. His door was locked, but I must have wakened him, had he been asleep, but there wasn't a sound to be heard within the room. Why should Richmond hesitate to answer me?"

"Well, I can tell you that!" said Claud. "What's more, I wish I'd locked this door!"

Hugo strode over to one of the windows and flung back the heavy curtain. "Cloudy. Looks like rain," he said. "He told me that he sometimes takes his boat out at night, fishing. You know more than I do about sea-fishing: would he be likely to do so tonight?"

"Heaven knows!" replied Vincent, shrugging. "I shouldn't, myself, because it doesn't amuse me to get soaked to the skin. Nor should I choose to go sailing when the light is uncertain. But I'm not Richmond. Does he sail at night? I wonder why he never told me?"

"He might have been afraid you'd put a stop to it."

"I should have supposed there was more fear that you would, but that didn't prevent his telling you."

"He told me when I asked him why he always locked his door. I didn't believe him, but it might have been true."

"It might, but — Hugo, I don't like the

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It



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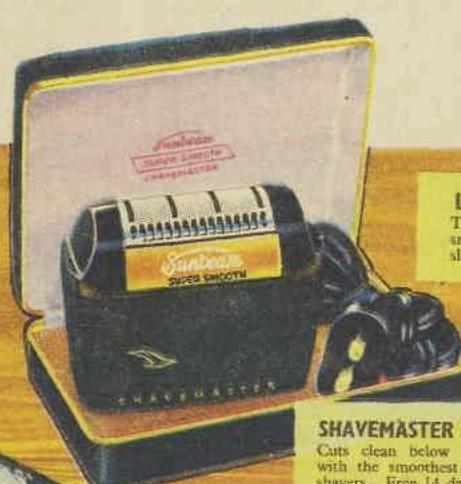
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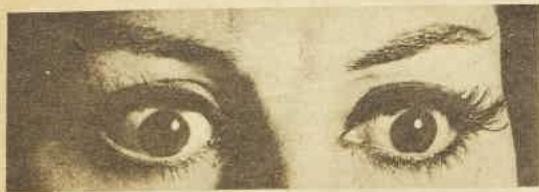
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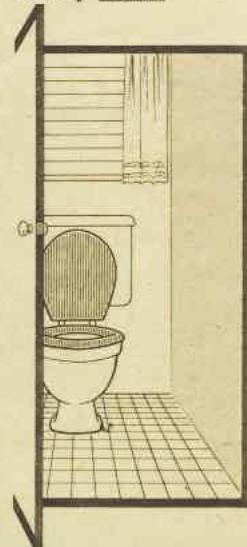


Your friends may not talk about your lavatory, but can you be sure what they think?

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Ask for Harpic at your store.



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"After reading in a Sydney paper about 'Marveer' I simply had to go and buy some, and after having used it on some very badly scratched furniture I was so amazed and pleased that I felt I had to sit down straight away and write and tell you just how terrific 'Marveer' is. It just is a mile ahead of any other polish I have ever used. I, certainly, for one, am always going to keep 'Marveer' in my home."

Marveer is good, very good. It's the wonder polish that removes scratches and stains while it cleans and polishes your furniture until it dazzles.

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At all good Furniture, Hardware and Grocery Stores.
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Sentimental Journey

A short
short story

BY
KEN COLLIE

EVERYTHING about him said he was waiting for a woman—and she was late.

It was there in his face, in his restlessness, in the jerkiness of his movements, as he frowned at his watch every few seconds.

It was so obvious that people passing him at that busy corner noticed him and warmed to him at once. They glanced at him casually, looked away, then looked back quickly, taking in the anxious expression . . . the bunch of flowers . . . the air of impatience.

Not that he saw them. He had eyes only for . . .

"Ah . . . !" There she was, hurrying to meet him. Breathless. Radiant. Murmuring a confused apology. Looking more beautiful than ever.

He whipped his hat off and smiled down at her. There were things he'd intended saying: nice things he'd been rehearsing in his mind while he waited. But now he couldn't find them, so he thrust the flowers at her abruptly.

"These are for you," he mumbled.

She gave him a dazzling smile. "They're beautiful," she breathed.

He took her arm and they strolled slowly down the street. He laughed quietly as his nervous tension unwound. "I suppose we're being pretty silly about this," he said.

"Silly?" He squeezed her elbow. "Not from our point of view, darling," he said softly. "I was thinking of you-know-who. We'll be missed, you know. They'll be looking for us."

"So what?" she said. "Our love affair is our business." "Of course," he sighed. "But our families don't think so." She giggled. "Never mind," she consoled, "families are like that. Anyway, we can tell them where we've been."

He sighed again. "I suppose they'll forgive us when they simmer down," he said. "They're bound to be a bit mad at first. They'll feel that they've had something put over them."

"I know. It's about time we started to grow up instead of acting like children."

The man grinned down at her. "That'll be the day. By the way, I should warn you that our cafe is . . . well, different. It's still where it has always been, but it's changed."

"Changed? In what way?"

"Oh, modernised is the word, I suppose. Chrome and plastic. The old-fashioned stuff we liked so much is gone."

She turned a serious face up to him. "The things that matter most never really change," she whispered. He smiled at that and squeezed her elbow again. After that they hardly spoke. They walked on: two people so obviously in love.

When they reached the cafe they paused while she gazed up at the gleaming new electric sign. "I still like it," she announced. "As far as I'm concerned it hasn't changed." They went inside and sat at a corner table.

The waitress was a young blonde with tight, glazed features. She approached them and said "Yes?" in a voice bleak with boredom. Then somehow their magic reached out and touched her, too, so that she softened and added, "What would you like, please?"

They gave a simple order and the blonde said "Thank you" and left them alone.

But they were not alone for long. A voice said, "Well, for heaven's sake!" and they looked up quickly—guiltily.

The wide-eyed girl standing at the end of the table looked



The man kept looking at his watch, oblivious of the passers-by.

about twenty-two. She was attractively dark, smartly dressed, and her pretty face was blank with astonishment. "What on earth are you two doing here?"

They stared at her in shamed silence, then the man sat back in his chair and smiled ruefully.

"Well, well," he said, "that sort of lets the cat out of the bag, doesn't it?" His smile broadened and he pointed an accusing finger at the girl. "And, anyway," he added, "if it comes to a point, Barbara, what are you doing here yourself?"

"I saw you," the girl said. "I could scarcely believe my eyes, but I saw you come in here, and as soon as I could find a place to park the car I walked back to—"

"To check up on us," the man said.

The girl flushed. "Really . . . !" she complained stiffly. "I am not in the habit of doing things like that. But tonight of all nights! Don't you think you're acting rather strangely?"

The man sighed. "I suppose it could look that way," he admitted, "but don't misunderstand the situation. We're not out for the night. We intend going back soon. We simply slipped away—separately, I might mention—to keep a date we made some time ago." He smiled at his companion. " Didn't we?"

She nodded. "Yes," she agreed. "The first time we ever went out together, this is where we came."

Barbara nodded her head understandingly. "Of course," she breathed. "I might have known it would be something like that. You can trust me to keep your secret. But don't be long, darlings. There'll be a lot of people waiting to see you, and mother will be worrying about you."

"We won't be long," the man assured her. "Just leave us alone for half an hour."

The girl nodded again. She turned and left them, and the two at the table sat there, their silvery heads close together, watching the graceful figure of their youngest granddaughter walk to the door. She turned and blew them a kiss.

"I'm getting in first," she called softly. "Happy golden wedding."

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 29, 1960

Why show your age? You don't tell it!



Revlon's **age-defying** cremes
act like a fountain of youth
to conserve and beautify your skin!

A real revolution in beauty treatment! Start by uncovering a purer, finer, brighter skin with Revlon's NEW Clean and Clear. This new kind of facial cleanser lifts out dirt that greasy creams leave behind! Creams, even soaps, reach only the top cell layer of your skin—won't get down deep to clean out *embedded* dirt and make-up! Clean and Clear lifts dirt from the 5 cell-layers of your skin—dirt that soaps and creams leave behind. Only one application is needed for a clean, soft, smooth complexion. Radiant result: you'll look lovelier . . . have a purer, finer, brighter skin. Start to-day with Clean and Clear (the pink lotion for normal skin, the white lotion for dry skin). Protect your beauty with these Revlon beauty preparations.



MOON DROPS
Moisture Balm
Revlon's wonder balm to restore youth-giving moisture to your skin. Sinks into the skin in seconds, absorbing the tissues with moisture, fighting dryness and age lines. Give your skin the maximum moisture it needs with "Moon Drops" at night and during the day under make-up.
31.6 per bottle.

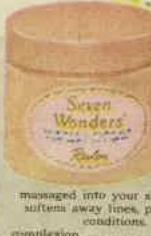


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WAKING BEAUTY
Ultra enriched night creme.
Lubricates dry and sensitive skin while you sleep. Vitamins A, D and E and Lanolite give your complexion a completely new look—firmer, smoother, younger looking. Waking Beauty is never messy or greasy and won't rub off on your bed linens.



LIQUID ASSET
Skin conditioner and freshener.
Liquid Asset "normalizes" dry or oily skin. It tones, firms and gently stimulates, leaving your skin fresh and tinglingly alive. Contains Vitamins A, D and E in high concentration.
23.6 per bottle.



SEVEN WONDERS
for very dry skin.
Revlon's amazing new scientific formula duplicates many of the essentials of your natural skin oils. Seven Wonders, massaged into your skin, smooths out wrinkles, softens away lines, provides precious moisture, conditions, tones and stimulates your complexion.
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CLEAN AND CLEAR—Deep, deep cleanser.
The pink lotion for normal skin, the white lotion for dry skin. Deeply embedded dirt and make-up is first softened, then lifted out from all 5 cell-layers of your skin in one application. Clean and Clear is a greaseless cream that rinses off like soap, but you feel a new softness . . . not the tightness that soap leaves. Try it to-night! 15.6 per bottle.

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UNSHRINKABLE WOOL UNDERWEAR

Treated by the
'Kantshrink' Unshrinkable Process

★ UNSHRINKABLE ★ MOTHPROOF

The Seal
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You're sure of QUICK RELIEF

from

STOMACH UPSETS

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DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER OR TABLETS

Balanced formula De Witt's Antacid Powder acts swiftly in two distinct ways. Relieves stomach pains almost instantly by neutralising excess acidity. Protects against future discomfort by forming an anti-acid stomach lining. Keep De Witt's Antacid Powder (Large Economy Size 7/-. Regular Size 3/6) in your home always . . . and De Witt's Antacid Tablets (Large Economy Size 3/3. Regular Size 1/9) in your pocket or purse. Available from your Chemist or Store.

One teaspoonful of De Witt's Powder in a glass of water or one or two tablets popped in the mouth gives

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Continuing . . .

SHADOW OF THE MOUNTAIN

from page 13

Dermot disliked to find her pre-occupied.

That evening, as it happened, no statistics were required, so she didn't see their guest again; but when Dermot returned from ushering him out he gave her a rare, brotherly grin.

"You know what?" said Dermot. "You made quite a hit."

"It must have been the bread," smiled Jeannie. "If he dines here again I'll have the loaf on the table!"

So he did. Indeed, Dermot and Professor Vane being engaged on some joint politico-economic survey, and the latter reappearing quite frequently, dinners became more informal.

Often they all three adjourned to the library, coffee-cup in hand, where Jeannie's competence among reference-books won her her second compliment since she'd been called an Eskimo princess.

"Miss Payne might be professionally trained!" observed Professor Vane admiringly.

"So she is," retorted Dermot. "I trained her . . ."

Jeannie saw him regard her thoughtfully; and evidently he thought to some purpose. On the morning before he dined again there arrived, with his card, two gardenias in a cellophane box; and when Jeannie displayed them that night (rather incongruously pinned to a cashmere sweater), he wore the satisfied air of one who sees a theory work out in practice.

Any woman sent flowers by a man naturally regards that man with heightened interest—*as a man*. For the first time Jeannie gave serious thought to the Professor, not as an international celebrity, not as her brother's friend, but just as a man.

Was he fifty, or sixty? Somewhere between, decided Jeannie, and probably on the hither side. It was the years of celibate, academic life, and the weight he carried of authority, judged Jeannie, that gave him his elderly air.

He didn't, in fact, when one really considered him, seem so very much older than Dermot: compared with the majority of their guests.

And certainly no other guest ever took so much notice of her!

In short, Jeannie came to like the Professor very well; and if she wasn't actually attracted by him, that was because attraction is something positive, and all her emotions had so long been essentially passive.

Within three or four weeks, however, it became plain that this erudite, world-famous man was attracted by Jeannie.

What touched her most, after her first moment of incredulity, was that he showed it in such a conventional way.

Upon the gardenias followed boxes of chocolates—so diffidently concealed under his coat in the lobby, their ribbons were squashed flat ere, on leaving, he brought himself to tender them.

From chocolates—could he have consulted some ancient book of etiquette?—he proceeded to gloves; Jeannie was touched afresh to find them several sizes too small. But when he came up with a bound volume of Emerson, she almost suspected a joke.

Not so Dermot.

"Jeannie, my girl," said Dermot, "you're being courted!"

Jeannie sat still and looked at him. They were at the breakfast table.

"Don't be foolish," said Jeannie. "In any case—" she couldn't help taking a leap forward—"how would you do without me?"

If its opening clause emerged in some confusion, that was because he hadn't, thought Jeannie, his notes with him. She felt pretty sure he'd made notes!

"I am in fact," opened Professor Vane, "a reasonably rich man." (So abruptly, Jeannie was in the middle of pouring him a second cup of coffee, a little went into the saucer.)

"On that score at least you wouldn't—I mean my wife wouldn't—have any cares. And if we retained—that is, if my wife retained—my present housekeeper, she wouldn't have any domestic cares, either. That is, my wife wouldn't. She's Scandinavian." He added, "I mean, my housekeeper."

"How lucky you are!" said Jeannie. "They're so reliable . . ."

"I hope to be," said the Professor earnestly.

"On the other hand," he proceeded, "I am not a young man. I am well aware that I have no personal attractions."

"I think you're very distinguished," said Jeannie.

He looked at her eagerly. "You do? You really do? Then as you see me now, I ought to be good for another twenty years. I was about to say, on the other hand again, I've no noticeable maladies.

"Also my position, such as it is, may increase in; er, distinction. I fully realise how much that must weigh with you."

"Other things weigh more," said Jeannie.

"Ah!" said the Professor. He stood up; evidently needing to tackle on his feet what was for him the most difficult clause of all.

"If I haven't yet," he said earnestly, "spoken of my—my very warm regard and affection for you, that's because I'm so little experienced in these matters. But I can say, most wholeheartedly, you're such a woman as I never believed to exist."

"I can't stop thinking about you!" exclaimed the Professor, with growing fluency. "For weeks and months now, Jeannie, you've been so perpetually in my mind! My dear Jeannie, if it is at all possible you'll even listen to me—"

He broke off. Jeannie's check was so close!

"Delightful!" murmured Professor Vane, and kissed her again.

"Obviously, I'm listening!" smiled Jeannie.

"Then let me go on!" exclaimed the Professor hardly. "Let me tell you all you mean to me! You're the first woman—"

He broke off again; regarding her with wonder. How delightful it was to Jeannie, too, to be the first woman in any man's life!

"Really the first?" prompted Jeannie.

His answering look reassured her at once. "To be frank, the thought of marriage never before even entered my mind. It was only seeing you here with your brother. You're not only so intelligent," cried the Professor enthusiastically, "you're so discreet!"

"I've learnt to be," explained Jeannie.

"Exactly! When Dermot, however jokingly, said he'd trained you, how true it was! How you must help him! And I could, you know," added the Professor persuasively, "offer you much the same sort of life . . ."

"You mean we'd know important people?" said Jeannie.

"That I promise!" said the Professor eagerly. "All the people you meet here—and, if I may say so, people more important still. Academically! Your talents wouldn't be wasted in the kitchen!"

"Only do for me what you do for your brother," cried Professor Vane, "and how happy I shall be!"

Dermot returned rather noisily—making something of a bustle as he flung down his briefcase before looking into the dining-room.

At the sight of Jeannie sitting there alone, he paused.

"He's gone," said Jeannie baldly. "He'll call you first thing in the morning about Sub-Section Three. Also he proposed to me but I refused him."

For a moment Dermot stood staring; then with an unusual impulsiveness he strode to put his hands on her shoulders. "Dear Jeannie, if it was on my account—"

"It wasn't," said Jeannie.

He stared again. "Then for heaven's sake why?" exclaimed Dermot. "You like him, he's one of the few men I'd care to have for a brother-in-law—for heaven's sake, my dear girl, why? I don't want to be unkind, but you must know it's probably your last chance!"

"It would be the shadow of the mountain," said Jeannie, "all over again."

Dermot's hands dropped.

"The shadow of the mountain?" "It's so cold," explained Jeannie. "And grand," she added quickly, "and important . . . Can I make a long-distance call?"

He looked hurt. "My dear Jeannie, do you need to ask?"

She dialled and waited, while Dermot watched her with growing concern. He was genuinely fond of her!

"Are you sure you feel all right, Jeannie?"

She spoke into the receiver before answering him. Then: "I feel fine," said Jeannie. "A touch nervous, but that's because I've just realised, as you say, this may be my last chance. I waited to tell you about the Professor . . . really, I don't know, now, why I did wait," said Jeannie, with a slight air of surprise. "It must be habit. Living in the shadow, you know."

Dermot stood very still.

"Jeannie, if you haven't been happy here, I assure you it comes as a great shock and grief to me."

"Oh, but I have!" cried Jeannie warmly. "I've been perfectly happy. I've had a wonderful life, only it just didn't amount to a row of beans . . . Andy McKinnon, is that you?"

The telephone appeared to choke.

"This is me—Jeannie," said Jeannie. "Andy McKinnon, are you a married man?"

The telephone choked again.

"Well, can you support a wife yet?" demanded Jeannie.

"Look, this is preposterous—!" began Dermot.

"Then you will marry me?" demanded Jeannie.

The telephone appeared to explode into Scots.

"But of course!" cried Jeannie. "As soon as you like, as soon as we can! . . . Certainly I'm a brazen hussy!"

"Oh, Andy dear, it was dreadful to me, too!" cried Jeannie. "I could have strangled that M.P. with my own hands! And our dreadful, made-up letters . . . did you feel the same, too? . . . No! Since when?"

"The old Anderson place is to rent!" hissed Jeannie, over her shoulder. "Dear Andy, I absolutely agree, don't waste a moment! It's got such a fine kitchen . . . Certainly I haven't forgotten how to cook! Andrew McKinnon, you'll be the sleek-schoon schoolteacher on the roster!"

At which point Dermot quietly withdrew.

The essence of political economy is a capacity to face facts. Dermot Payne faced them now. He was a brilliant political economist; he was also very fond of Jeannie. So he was, very quietly, withdrew.

(Copyright)

LETTER BOX

She would censor fashions

IT'S time the powers-that-be set up a panel of experts—consisting mainly of women—to censor copies of teenage fashions coming to this country from overseas. Australians are becoming first-class copyists of all the outlandish clothes and music gleaned from other countries, so losing much of their individuality.

£1/1/- to Miss H. Ireland, Warrnambool, Vic.

Embarrassed Mum

RECENTLY I acquired two charming daughters-in-law, who have so far addressed me as "Er-Um." I should like to ask them to call me "Mum" or "Mother," but feel diffident about it. Friends and relations advise me to wait until I can be called "Gran," but in the meantime "Er-Um" seems awkward.

£1/1/- to "Er" (name supplied), Ashgrove, Qld.

Mosquito-bait

WHY is it that mosquitoes seem to prefer fair-skinned people? As soon as I go outside in the evenings, masses of the vicious pests zoom down from nowhere. Even if I'm with a large group of people, the mosquitoes smell me out for their special treatment. What can I do about it? The repellents don't work for me.

£1/1/- to Miss W. Evans, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Mistaken modesty

PEOPLE should be more straightforward. When asked to make a choice, few can state a definite preference and usually reply: "Whatever you like." I think whenever you're given a choice, you're meant to take it. It's more complimentary to accept a kindness than evade the responsibility because of mistaken modesty.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Kellon, Gladstone, Qld.

Knitting notion

BEING "World Refugee Year," it would be a good idea for some authorised person to supply doctors and dentists' waiting-rooms with wool and knitting needles. Patients could knit—say a six-inch square—while waiting. I'm sure quite a few warm rugs would be provided for those needy people in this way.

£1/1/- to "Knitting Bug" (name supplied), Grafton, N.S.W.

Idlers shamed

I LIVE in a crowded house where every occupant is indifferent towards keeping the kitchen utensils in a proper condition, the floor clean, and even his own bed made. Again and again I've asked our group not to be careless, but without success. Then I decided to take a positive approach. Working hard without asking for help, while they sat idle, made them ashamed. Now they utilise their leisure maintaining standards required.

£1/1/- to F. Lulu Barry, Lae, New Guinea.

Barber-wives

• Readers gave a mixed reception to the suggestion by Mrs. A. Cook (Vic.) that wives should cut their husbands' hair:

IN the half-hour it takes Mrs. Cook to cut her husband's hair, I can do my husband's and my two younger boys'. But I devote half an hour to my oldest boy, as he has a crew-cut and sits armed with a mirror, insisting every hair be cut the same length.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Hawthorn, Charleville, Qld.

I CUT my husband's hair every fortnight, and have been doing so for the past three years. It takes me about ten minutes to do the job, then he, in turn, cuts mine. The money saved is put in a jar to be used when I go to the hairdresser for a perm.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. R. Whelan, Ravenshoe, Qld.

MY husband is a hairdresser and we have five children to keep. Food and clothing prices rise, so why not a rise in the price of haircuts.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. S. Westhead, Bendigo, Vic.

WOMEN have invaded most professions once predominantly male, but heaven forbid they should get even one toe into the male barbering profession. An amateur barber is usually an amateur butcher.

£1/1/- to "Shorn" (name supplied), Gin Gin, Qld.

WOULD Mrs. Cook feel the same about home haircuts if her husband was a barber, trying to make an honest living in a profession for which he has been trained? Or would she like to see all barbers' shops closed and men going around with basin-cuts?

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Kleeman, Hillcrest, S.A.

Tucker box chicken

IT would be nice to read and hear something of Australian cooking—dishes of Australian origin—instead of recipes from other countries. Perhaps other nations would be interested in our recipes, if there are any. Our porridge is Scottish, cornflakes American, roast beef English. What about Gum Leaf sauce, Tucker Box chicken, and Wattle steamed pudding?

£1/1/- to D. O. Sullivan, Junee, N.S.W.

Mixed marriages

WHY the prejudice against Old Australians marrying New Australians? I was often warned against taking such a step, and my husband was so warned by his New Australian friends. Now, seven years and two children later, we've shown it isn't the nationality which counts, but how much each individual is prepared to strive for a successful partnership.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Marszal, Morwell, Vic.

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

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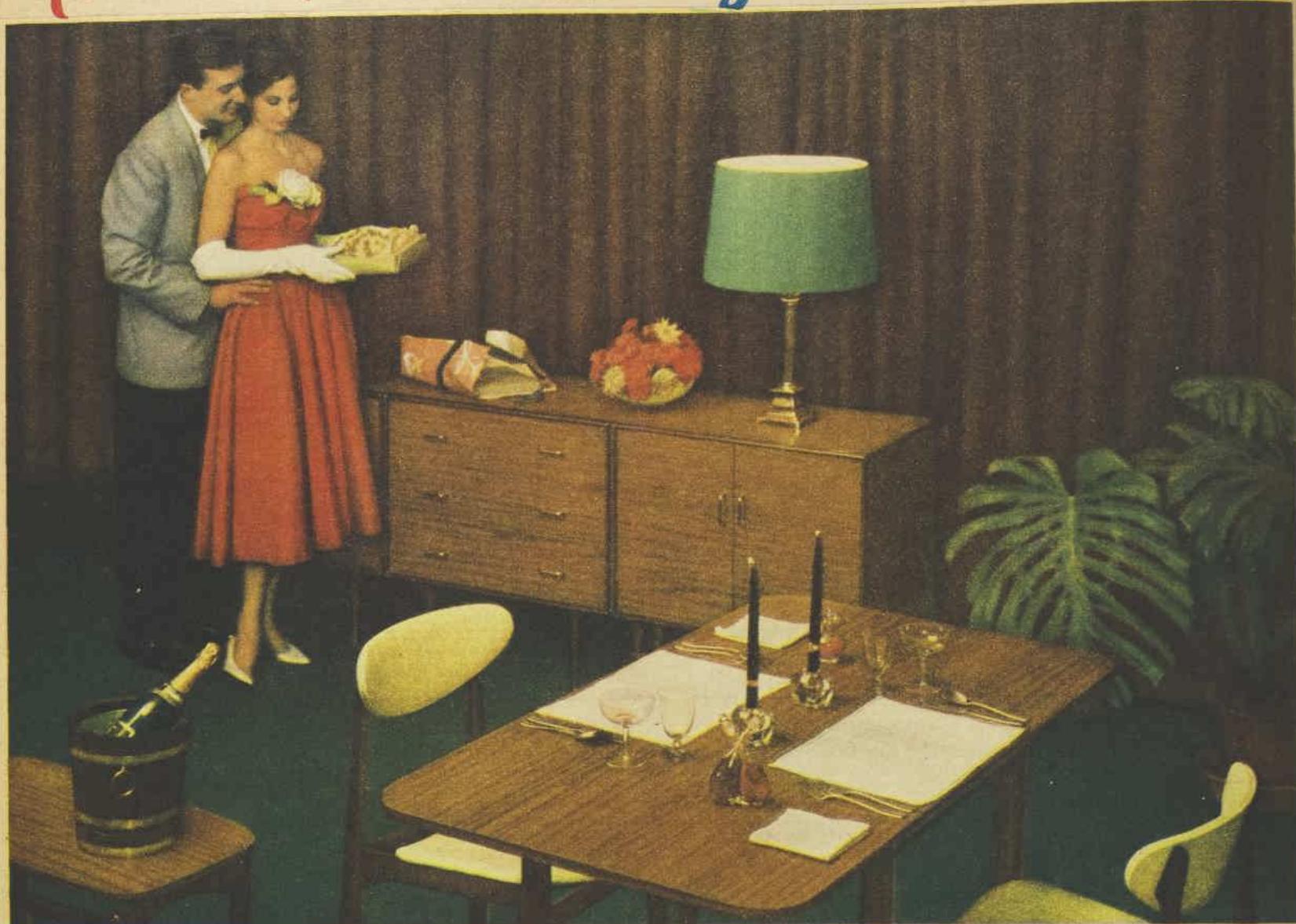
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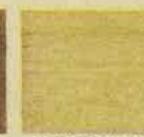
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THESE two houses are typical of the modern designs that are becoming popular in Australia, especially in the tropic north.

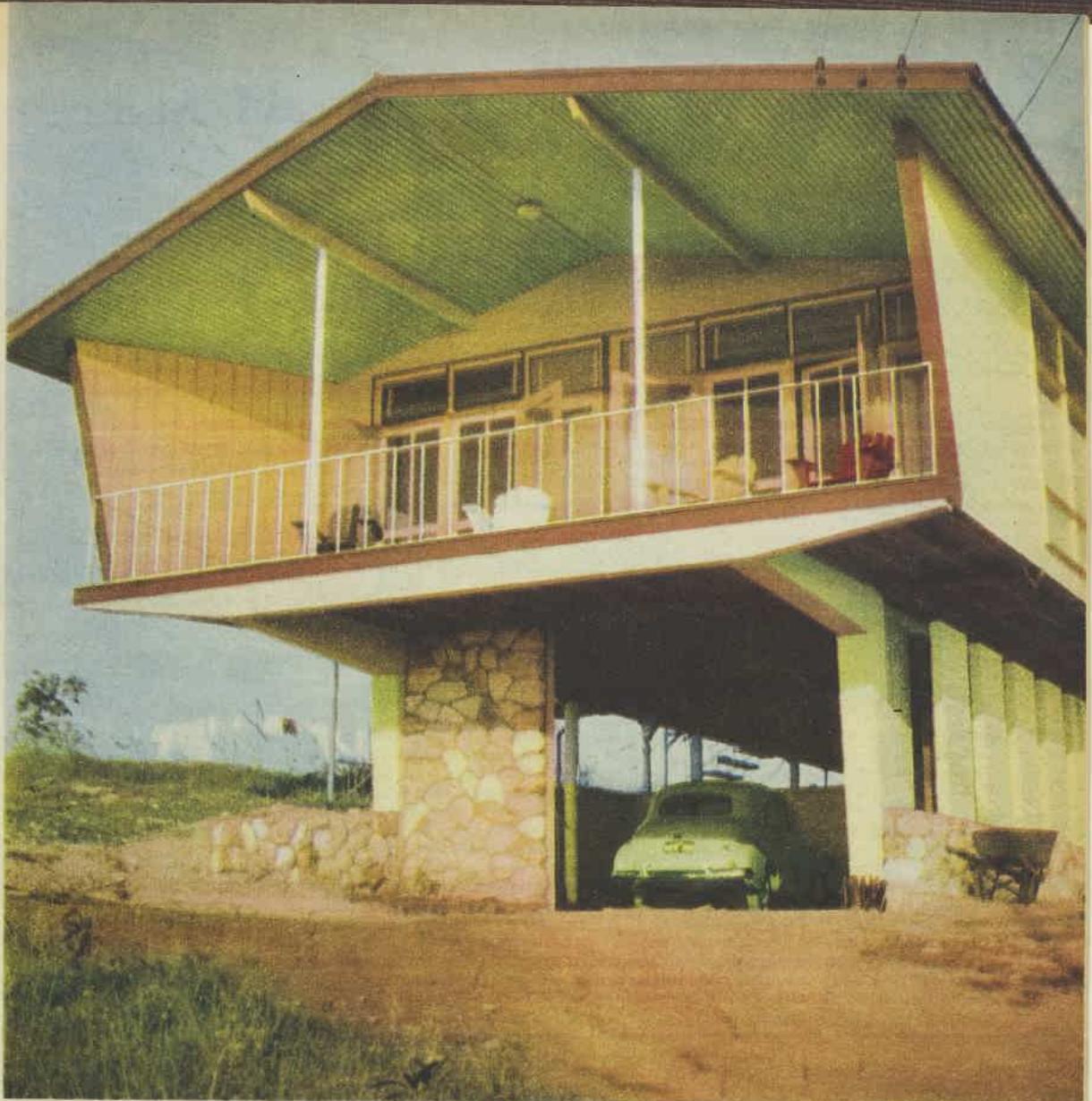
One is at Darwin (right), the home of Mr. D. Wooding, Darwin manager of a large southern company, and his family. Built for the company two years ago, the house was designed by Trevor Mitchell.

It is set on a hill overlooking Fannie Bay and is a stone's throw from the beach.

The other house (below) is at Surfers' Paradise, on Queensland's Gold Coast. Called "Azure Maine," it stands beside the Nerang River, and is the permanent home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilson, who formerly lived on their property, "Dulacca West," Dulacca, Darling Downs, Qld.

A tropical garden and kidney-shaped swimming-pool have been added since the house was built three years ago.

AIR-CONDITIONED in three bedrooms and lounge, the Woodings' house at Darwin (right) also has a breezeway running through the sleeping area to catch any cool winds blowing off the sea. The Wooding children, Carol, Rhonda, and Robert, are able to swim at nearby Fannie Bay in the dry season, from May to September. Sea wasps prevent swimming in the other months.



AUSTRALIAN

HOMES



"AZURE MAINE" (Spanish for "Blue Waters") is Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilson's house at Surfers' Paradise. Built of brick and stucco, it is two-storeyed, but the Wilsons live only in the upstairs section. Downstairs is a guest suite, which otherwise is used as a rumpus area. Built beside the Nerang River, the house has a glorious view of the Coomera Mountains.

Pictures by Douglass Baglin.

Continuing THE FURIOUS LIFE OF ALY KHAN

One of the first things he did in his new life after his mother's death was to join the hunters of Sussex in what is known as the Southdown Hunt. Soon he had a reputation among the stableboys for recklessness and a wild abandon.

"Seemed like he was out to kill himself," one of the stableboys said.

But even then Aly Khan had an eye for beauty, and at the age of between 17 and 18 he met the daughter of a British knight in Sussex, a girl whose name no one ever mentioned since in his presence for a very good reason.

This girl, Elizabeth, then about 16, came down from a boarding-school to spend a vacation with her parents and met the youthful and vibrantly alive Aly Khan. They were seen together frequently.

No one has ever suggested that anything untoward occurred between the boy and girl and the whole affair may well have been as innocent as Aly Khan subsequently said.

But one evening shortly before Beth, as he called her, was due to return to her boarding-school, she arrived at the stables and sent a stableboy to call him.

Aly had just dated another girl whom he was taking to a local dance that night and told the stableboy, "Go tell Beth to jump in the river. Tell her she bores me."

Dutifully the stableboy went back and told the pretty buxom English girl what Aly had said. She stood for a few moments biting her lip and then said, "Please go and tell him it is very important." But Aly sent back the same message and, moreover, added not to make a nuisance of herself.

She was found the next day after an all-night search-party had hunted for her, drowned in a nearby river.

Her body was found about three miles from the stables. Seven years ago I learned from a number of Aly Khan's friends that this incident burned deeply into his mind.

While Aly Khan was gaining a reputation for recklessness on horseback, he took an entrance examination for Cambridge University and passed, but his father decided that Aly should become a lawyer and made him an allowance equal to £1500 a year plus a house in the West End of London.

So Aly began to study law under a famous London lawyer, Charles Romer. His time for studies was extremely limited, however, because the Aga Khan was making more and more use of Aly as an emissary and often as a diplomat.

In 1939 when war was imminent, Aly Khan was offered a high commission in the French Army but refused it in order to enlist in the French

army of the Aga Khan in Switzerland and the appointment of Karim, the son of Aly Khan, as the new Aga Khan.

father asked him to ease his foot on the gas pedal, and in the same year ordered him not to participate in the dangerous Mille Miglia race.

As an aviator, Aly Khan was a little-known quantity, yet as long ago as 1932 he made a civil flight from India to Singapore, a round trip of 10,000 miles. He flew his own single-engined monoplane the whole way and back without a radio.

When Aly Khan was chosen by Pakistan as its delegate to the United Nations there was a furor in Pakistan. It almost caused the collapse of the Government, which was attacked by Left and Right Wing alike for its choice.

The Prime Minister, however, said that Aly Khan had a "knowledge of the world, tact and polish, and a splendid technique with a bouquet of roses which is vital for a diplomat."

Actually, by the time he took on this job, it was the new Aly Khan the world was getting to know.

During the last two years or so of the Aga Khan's life, Aly had taken many responsibilities from the old man's shoulders.

The Ismaili sect was willing to have him as their leader; indeed, he was no worse nor better than his father had been except that the Aga Khan had married oftener.

With the death three years



ALY KHAN with his daughter, Yasmin, by Rita Hayworth. Yasmin was the subject of long and bitter litigation between Aly and Rita that had not been finally settled at the time of his death.

easily as he had fitted himself into everything he had handled, from women-chasing to skiing.

The delegates in the General Assembly were astounded at the change in the man they knew as a playboy.

Aly Khan would have been 49 on June 13 this year. Less than five years ago he declared in London: "A man has only one life to live, and mine, by all accounts, should end before I am 50 years old; I must make the most of it."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 29, 1960

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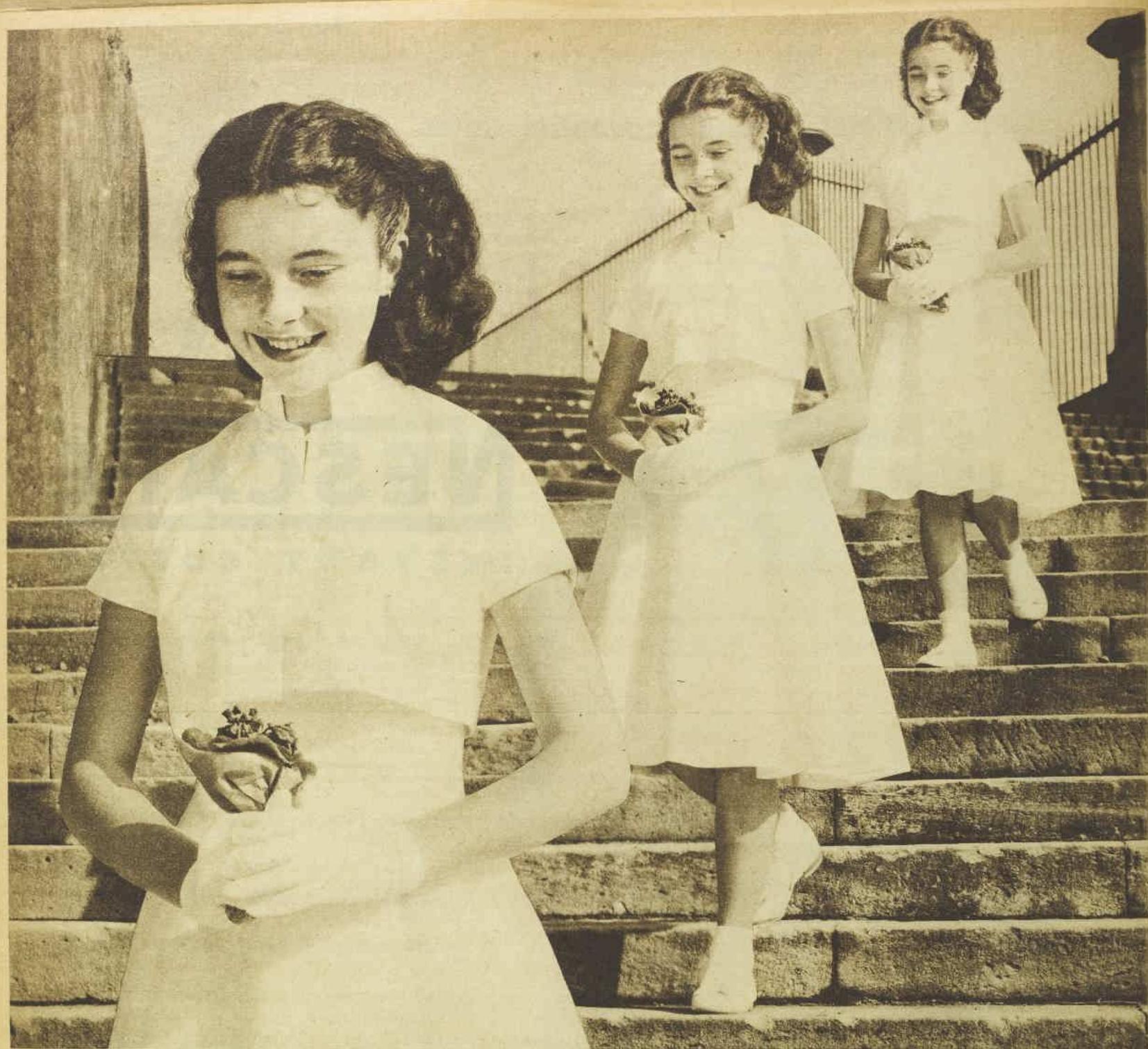
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Mother's proud of Teena in her Surf-washed dress. It welcomes a close-up look!

How pretty and fresh she looks—and so confident—with her dainty gloves, her bouquet and her dress so crisp and so white. See? The closest close-up look shows it's perfect. Here's the close-up cleanliness you get only with Surf. Because *only* Surf gets out *all* the dirt—you literally see the grime and dirt fall out of the clothes. This unique washing action plus Surf's new Added Brilliance gives a cleanliness and whiteness never before possible. A close-up look proves it!

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THE GIFTED pre-school CHILD

Second of four articles from a book on gifted children by DR. RUTH STRANG.

● Gifted children often show signs of superior make-up at a very early age. For instance, six-week-old Anne followed with her eyes a fly that was buzzing around. She tried to catch it when it came within her reach.



THIS indicated a highly intelligent grasp of a situation and unusual hand-eye co-ordination for her age.

John, also a bright baby, began talking at seven months by pointing to his father and saying "Daddy."

At 22 months he knew all the verses in his "Mother Goose" book and repeated them as he turned the pages.

A girl from a broken home, Kim, nevertheless, used words like "dictionary" and "encyclopedia" when she was two and three. At four she could spell "encyclopedia," having learned the spelling from a television programme.

These glimpses of gifted pre-school children may help parents to recognise early signs of talent in their own children.

Busy little people

Babies and toddlers learn something from everything they do, both "work" and play.

Probably at no time in life does the individual achieve so much as he does in the first two years.

He learns to walk, to talk, to cope with his environment, and the people in it.

Gifted children face the same problems as others in acquiring the civilised ways of life. Settling down to regular mealtimes, toilet training, the handling of objects like spoons and pushers — none of these things can be hurried with any child.

But the gifted child wants to be physically and mentally active.

Success in the most elementary play, such as putting a peg in a hole or repeating a newly learned sound, gives early delight and a sense of achievement.

As the child learns to do and to think more and more, the sense of playing should be preserved, although he should be

helped to realise that any kind of achievement requires effort. It is very difficult to tell parents what to expect of bright children at different ages, because, even in the same family, they vary so much in temperament and abilities.

Gifted children usually delight in familiar words and trying out new words and sounds. They acquire an accuracy of diction and their sentences are meaningful—unlike mere chatterboxes who talk all the time without saying much.

Their curiosity is great, and they tend to have more imaginary companions than average children.

Most parents are very concerned to provide a stimulating or challenging environment for their gifted child.

The first rule here is for safety. There should be no harmful things that the child can swallow, burn or cut himself with, fall from, or push over on himself.

One of the most enjoyable ways of enriching the environment of a clever pre-school child is by telling him stories—stories that delight and amuse; stories that help the child to interpret his experiences and to clarify his thoughts; stories that help him understand himself, his world and other people.

Nonsense rhymes, puns, and other kinds of humor help to improve the child's pronunciation and increase his sensitivity to words, as well as give enjoyment.

The words and phrases that make him laugh attract his attention. Most adults will remember how they liked the sound of "Fe, fi, fo, fum."

They "pick up" reading

Poetry, too, makes the child aware of the wonder of words. Even before they learn to read, gifted children have many pre-reading experiences. They are curious about the words in books, on tinned foods, cereal packets, road signs, and television, and develop their own way of recognising these words.

acquiring knowledge of the alphabet as they go along. Madame Curie is said to have learned to read fluently, without anyone's knowing, as she sat beside an older sister who was beginning to learn to read.

Many gifted children are never taught to read. They are not even conscious of learning to read. One bright boy who was questioned on how he learned to read said: "I got interested in books and read them, that's all."

"Old prehistoric dinosaur"

Conversation is one of the best preparations for reading. Long and strange words delight bright children throughout the pre-school period. One was heard gleefully calling a playmate, "You old prehistoric dinosaur!"

Pre-school children need a variety of activities. Going to nursery school or Sunday school, learning dances, visiting friends, playing with other children all provide social contacts through which the child learns.

Playing word-games, making scrapbooks, "helping" mother, painting or modelling with inexpensive art materials, playing with toys all build up knowledge and experience.

Help, when given, should be constructive. But if a child makes a mistake he shouldn't be belittled.

Scolding, criticism, and disparaging remarks give the child the impression he is stupid, bad, or a disappointment.

Earlier than most children, the gifted child will accept the reasonableness of a rule or request if it is explained to him. If disciplinary action is necessary, he will often understand when the parent explains the reason for his action.

(C. 1960 by Ruth Strang. From the new book, "Helping Your Gifted Child," by Ruth Strang, Ph.D., published by E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., New York.)

NEXT WEEK: The Gifted School Child.

Googie Withers goes places in Volkswagen!

"I won't be without one," says the star of 25 British films.



Googie visits husband John McCallum at the theatre. "With John at the theatre so much of the time, I make my own way in the Volks-

wagen," says Googie. "In the city I'm thankful it's so easy to slip through traffic and pop into parking spots."



"I love exploring your lovely old houses and the countryside in my new VW," says the famous star. "It's so very quiet — comfortable and safe, too. I drive without strain and feel quite relaxed in the new shaped seats."



"Going away at weekends or holidaying with the children is fun in the VW," says this celebrity. "We get everything into it . . . family, luggage, on occasions even our Boxer dog, Toby. But the VW rides and cruises perfectly."

For beautiful British stage, screen and television star, Googie Withers, settling in Australia is an exciting experience.

In making a new home with actor-husband John McCallum and their two children, she's coping with the problems of readjustment met by any other newcomer . . . finding a house . . .

school for the children . . . making new friends . . . and, of course, exploring her neighbourhood, her city, her country.

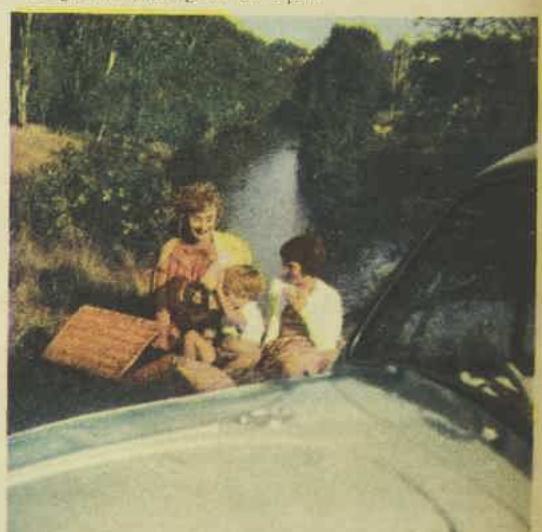
"The key to it all," says glamorous Googie, "is being able to get about easily and quickly in the right kind of car."

My Volkswagen gives me the independence and mobility every woman needs . . . shopping, taking the children here and there, visiting friends, picnicking, holidaying . . . oh, so much!

This is my second VW. Wherever stage, film or TV work takes me on tour, I won't be without one."



"Friends who see me driving and parking in busy shopping centres think I'm an excellent driver," says Googie. "but it's just that VW gives me so much confidence. It's so easy to drive, take corners and change gears. It's got me thinking I'm an expert!"



"And I never have any worries. I can depend on the VW running beautifully all the time . . . because Volkswagen's marvellous inexpensive service keeps it that way."



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Page 30

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2035

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 29, 1960

Home Dressmaking

- The world's top couturiers all use the same sewing trick when it comes to slide-fasteners — they put them in **BY HAND**.

THE reason for this is to avoid all risk of having bulky seams, bulging plackets, or conspicuous slide-fasteners.

Such faults ruin the final effect of the garment no matter how crisp the cotton, how elegant the silk or tweed.

The big thing for the home dressmaker to remember is that only time, effort, and attention to detail give that precious, frosting-on-the-cake look to the finished garment.

So never imagine that a dress can be "just thrown together" and look like a professional job. It can't.

Slide-fasteners

It doesn't matter whether it's a filmy chiffon evening gown or a tweed skirt—always put the slide-fastener in by hand.

It's so quick and easy and the results are so gratifying that you'll wonder why you've never done it before.

1. Press the seam open.

2. Baste slide-fastener in place (or, if practised, pin).

3. Using double thread (be sure to match it perfectly with the color of the material), sew with tiny back

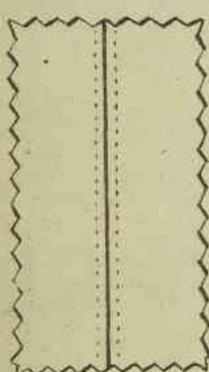


FIG. 1

OUTSIDE view of a slide-fastener inserted by hand with tiny back stitches.

By
PATRICIA SCOTT

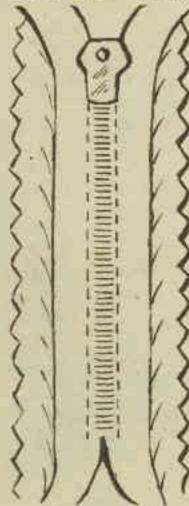


FIG. 2
INSIDE view of the finished job, with tapes hemmed to the seam allowance.

stitches as close to the metal teeth as possible, making the stitches very close together—about $\frac{1}{8}$ in. apart.

4. If you have trouble in continuing the stitching when level with the slide-fastener tab, slide the tab down beyond the point where you're sewing and you'll find it much simpler to keep the stitching straight and flat.

The finished outside effect (Fig. 1) will be smooth and flat, with both slide-fastener and stitches practically invisible.

5. If the material of the garment is thick-napped or very heavy (as mohair or blanket-weight wool), make two rows of back stitching $\frac{1}{8}$ in. apart on each side of the slide-fastener.

6. For complete perfection, finish on the wrong side by hemming the slide-fastener tape to the seam allowance (Fig. 2).

Bulky seams

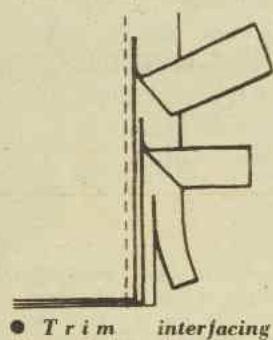
Bulky seams and poorly pressed seams are another common fault.

A rule to be followed at all times is press as you sew.

Each seam, tuck or dart, must be steam-pressed before it is joined to another seam, for only then will the piece joined to it lie flat.

Where dresses of heavy fabric, or suits, coats, or jackets are being made, professional pressing (or its equivalent) is necessary when the garment is finished. Many home irons are not suitable for heavy pressing and the good steaming that accompanies a professional pressing will give the garments a final finishing touch.

Sometimes after a home-made collar—especially an interfaced collar—is pressed, the outside edge remains thick



Trim interfacing close, facing in, from stitching, collar at $\frac{1}{8}$ in. from stitching.

and bulky. After pressing there may even be a ridge or line on the right side.

These faults can be avoided by trimming the three layers—the collar, the facing, and the interfacing—each at a different width, before the whole is turned and pressed.

• The interfacing should be trimmed as close to the stitching as possible.

• The facing should be trimmed $\frac{1}{8}$ in. from the stitching, and the outside fabric (the collar itself), $\frac{1}{4}$ in. from the stitching (see illustration).

However, if working on a fabric that ravel easily, do not trim quite so close to the stitching.

Darts

When pressing darts, always use a tailor's cushion (or press against several thicknesses of blanket), and press towards the point of the dart, using the point of the iron.

If darts are on heavy fabric or if they are very wide, slash them and press open.

Never press them on the right side of the fabric, or a shine may be created.

In general, waistline and shoulder darts should be pressed towards the centre of the garment. Elbow and underarm darts are pressed downwards.

Motoring

SKIDS

- Most motorists have been in a skid at some time or other.

IT can happen in good weather, on a gravel road or greasy bitumen.

But skidding is most frequent at night or in rain.

Experienced drivers can usually handle a skid or check it.

However, many drivers don't know how to deal with a skid.

The common rear-wheel skid can be checked easily, provided your speed is moderate and the skid wasn't caused by oil on the road.

Assume we are entering a left-hand corner on a gravel road (or perhaps a bitumen road coated with sand or loose metal screenings).

We are travelling slightly too fast, unaware of the conditions, and the tail of the car starts to slide out to the right.

Do not brake. That only aggravates the skid.

Merely apply a LITTLE "correction" on the steering wheel by turning in the direction of the skid—that is, to the right.

This is called "playing off lock" and can be done without any appreciable

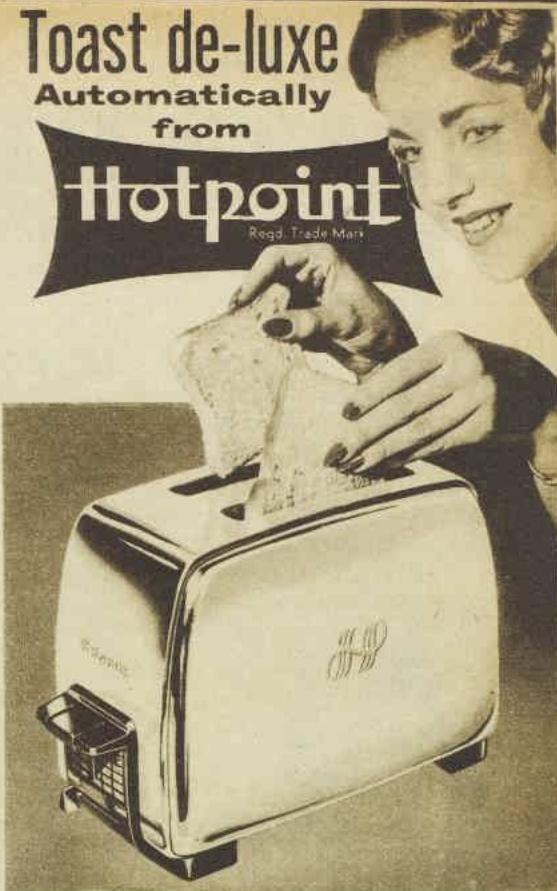
Toast de-luxe

Automatically

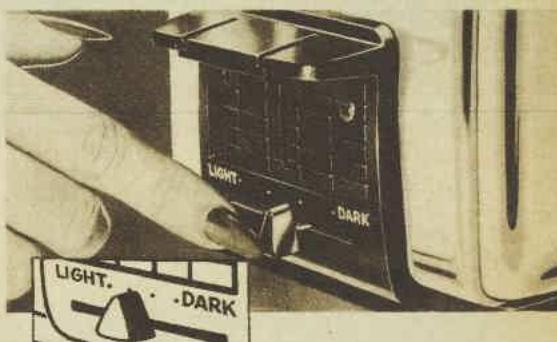
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Man in Apron

by *Larry*



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Norman Lindsay's "Magic Pudding" is
**ELIZABETHAN'S
"SPECIAL DISH"**



WHISKERS of Uncle Wattleberry get in the soup, so Bunyip Bluegum tells him he can no longer live in their small house.

Children's book
in show
by marionettes

● The story of "The Magic Pudding," now being presented by the Elizabethan Theatre Trust as a marionette show, was written in 1918 by Australian artist-author Norman Lindsay. At present playing in Brisbane, it has been adapted and staged by Peter Scriven. It will open in Sydney at the beginning of July at the Elizabethan Theatre, Newtown, and will be shown later in all capital cities. Plans are also being made to take it to London and Europe.

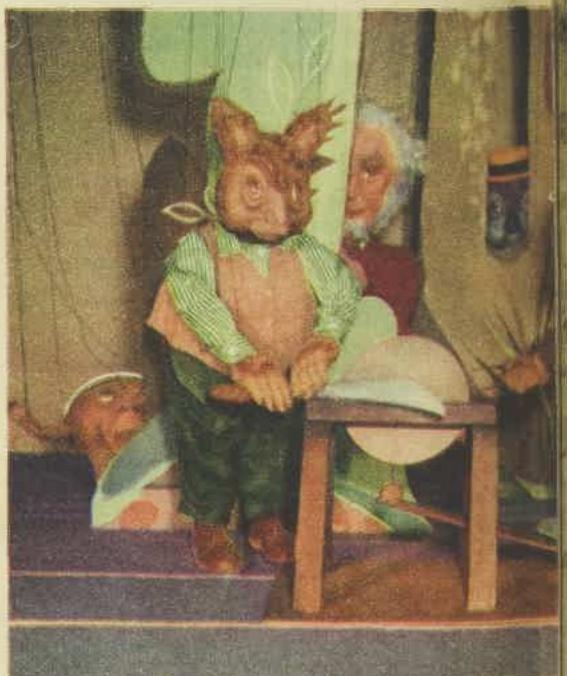


BELOW: Pudding-owners Sam Sawnoff, penguin, Bill Barnacle, sailor, and Bunyip Bluegum, koala, set out to see the world with the pudding, Albert.



Page 32

SEARCHING for the stolen Pudding, Sam, score for "The Magic Pudding."



WICKED Pudding Thieves, the Possum and the trying to steal the Pudding. They sharpen their Bluegum, Bill Barnacle, and Albert, the "cut an' kidney pudding, watch the goings-on from b

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 29, 1960

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

June 29, 1960

Teenagers' WEEKLY



**HOW TO
BUILD A
GO-KART
...page 5**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

"one again" steak-and-
chund the scenes.

innocence to sympathetic elderly dog Benjamin

tree-house, where he will be safe from the

LETTERS

Free use of cane gets results

IN high schools teachers should be given a free use of the cane. Recently I changed from a boys' private school to a co-educational Government high school where anyone who misbehaves themselves or who is not working is only given an imposition or a lecture. At the boys' school the teachers were given the power to cane anyone who misbehaved or did not work. Having experienced both methods of education, I am convinced that the boys' school obtained much better results and produced finer citizens than the high school does. — Bruce Mills, Brisbane.

Pops and pops

MY father must have been very fond of the pop tunes of his day, because whenever such an old tune as "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby" is played over the radio he goes into raptures and expects us to do the same. But before the first note of "Boom, Boom Baby" or any other of our hit tunes has died away there comes from Dad a great roar, "Turn that rot off!" Can anyone explain that? Or is it just another mysterious habit of parents? — "Hit-lover," Texas, Qld.

How to study

I AM studying for my Matriculation Certificate and this involves many hours of solid work. However, I find that these hours soon fly past if I settle myself on a comfortable chair in front of the fire with a rug wrapped around me and a hot-water bottle cradled on my lap. Old loose-fitting clothes are the most comfortable and the "small snacks" to "restore the brain" are a must. — Anne McColl, Sale, Vic.

Wife-training

I HAVE a friend, who, at 19, has spent all her life doing housework, cooking, and sewing. Her mother's idea is "train 'em young" to be an "ideal" wife. Although she had ability, my friend left school early to work in her parents' shop and con-



Jillian's aunt and friends

Page 2 — Teenagers' Weekly

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Our Pin-up: Lovely Annette Funicello—THE Annette of Mouseketeers fame, who at 17 is already set as a film star with her role in the Disney movie "Zorro", and is blooming into a singing sensation in Hollywood. Her rock-n-roll record "Tall Paul" sold over a million copies.

tinue her domestic tasks, with the result that she now has no other interest. I believe that such things as learning to cook should be left until a girl is engaged, at least, and the usual household tasks not overdone. While we are young we should do as much as we can those things which are usually impossible after marriage. Some people may say that a man likes his wife to be thoroughly domesticated and a first-class housewife, but surely he will want her to be able to converse intelligently on matters other than how the washing-machine behaved and how long the washing-up took! Therefore, I say: Girls, forget your cooking lessons and take up French or painting or the piano, and, Mothers, please keep our chores to a minimum so that we can pursue our countless interests, with the ultimate aim of being good wives and intelligent members of the community. — Margaret Clingan, Pymble, N.S.W.

Early rudeness

WHY do people, when invited to parties, arrive before the set time? They will come about ten minutes or even half an hour before. Surely, if the hostess says seven o'clock, she means seven o'clock and not half-past six. Sometimes, if a guest arrives early, he or she will find the hostess in the middle of last-minute preparations or even with her hair in pins. It is really bad manners to arrive early. — Barbara Smith, Mount Gambier, S.A.

Fashions

ADULTS who criticise the teenage fashions of today should stop and consider what they wore at our age. Enclosed is a picture of my aunt with two friends. Note the short skirts and sloppy tops. After seeing a few photos like this I'm sure they wouldn't complain about us nearly so often. — Jillian Marshall, East Bentleigh, Vic.

Problem teacher

WE have a mathematics teacher who is constantly setting up his previous classes as an example to our class. Moreover, he concentrates on helping the better pupils, leaving those who need the help to their own devices. Is this fair? Surely it is the teacher's job to divide his time equally among all students. — "High-school Pupil," N.S.W.

Foolish girls

WHY do some girls have to have the latest fashions, even though they do not suit them? Some girls roam the streets in sloppy clothes and colored hair, thinking they will attract the boys. If only they knew that boys laugh at them rather than feel attracted to them. Boys go for the girls who are smartly dressed. — "Two Girls," Davenport, Tas.

A hard life

AFTER reading your article, "So you want to go on the land?" (T.W., 12/4/60) I would ask: Can isolation, floods and drought, tough living conditions, and long working hours be outweighed by a sense of freedom and love of the land? For someone with a definite aim, like saving money to build a home, it can be, but to a young person it can be next door to prison. The "scientific land development" — undreamed of by the farmer of yesterday — is, in most cases, beyond the means of today's farmer. "Don't expect to get rich quick." You said it! Surely it is the teacher's job to divide his time equally among all students. — "High-school Pupil," N.S.W.



Elaine Biggs

Not bodgies

WHY are girls and boys who play records in a juke box nearly always classed as bodgies and widgies? Some of the girls' and boys' parents might not be able to afford a radiogram, so they go down to a cafe and play records and have a drink. And if they behave well they are not bodgies and widgies. — Elaine Biggs, Halifax, Qld.

Kissing games

I HATE kissing games. It takes the fun out of a game and the meaning out of a kiss. I think it's revolting having to kiss a boy I don't care two pins about. People who organise them at parties should grow up. — Anna Bednarz, Oak Flats, N.S.W.

The girls are all for a ring

• Engagement rings are useless and a waste of money, said "Ringed" (T.W., 1/6/60). "There'll be no engagement ring when I find The Girl," he said. "The money will go towards a home or furnishings." The girls unanimously condemn his views.

I WAS engaged at 18, and have a beautiful ring. Maybe later we will find that the money could have been used more usefully, but as far as I'm concerned an engagement without a ring is like a wedding without photographs. Both serve as wonderful reminders of the two biggest days in one's life. — (Miss) G. Purdie, East Richmond, Vic.

WHEN asked about an engagement ring, many girls say that they would rather buy something for the house, but I'm sure that most of them later wish that they had asked for a ring, as it is something to be proud of. As for paying a fabulous sum for a ring, a beautiful one can be bought for less than £50. — Margaret Virtue, Townsville, Qld.

IF a young man really loves his girl-friend he would not think of the expense, but of her happiness when he gives it to her. In years to come the wife would feel left out when her other married friends tell how their husbands gave them their rings. She would wish she had insisted on an engagement ring when they were first engaged. — Penelope Sherring, Blacktown, N.S.W.

I AM glad I'm not going to be "Ringed's" wife. With his attitude he'll be very lucky if any girl will marry

him. I can picture him, if he does marry, on pay night counting out so much money for food, so much for bills, etc., and pity help the girl if there is one shilling spent on some frivolity. I will soon be receiving my engagement ring, and couldn't imagine my fiance-to-be considering he had "frittered his money on a useless piece of jewellery." I'll accept my ring as a token of love and promise, and won't wear it simply to follow convention. — "Rings For Me," Footscray, Vic.

"RINED" will probably never find The Girl if he persists in being too practical (or mean) to buy her a visible pledge of his love. Imagine an "engaged" girl having to tell this to her friends. It somehow robs love's young dream of its glamor. The ring need not be expensive, but to the girl its price is above rubies, so long as she can wear it. — "Romantic," Adelaide.

WHAT does "Ringed" think he could buy these days with the price of a reasonable engagement ring, say, £25 to £30? Surely he will love his girl enough to buy her an engagement ring as well as a home and furnishings. We girls like our men thrifty, but not mean. — "Rings," Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

I CAN just imagine "Ringed," after 10 years of married life, begrudging his wife the housekeeping money!

The engagement ring is a beautiful symbol of love remaining from those gracious days of chivalry. Why must people be such selfish materialists? — J. Richardson, Canberra.

WILL "Ringed" be willing to give The Girl a wedding ring, or will this money go towards a home and furniture, too? I think he had better stoke up the fire in his bachelor flat. — Rae Fox-Ashwin, Tottenham, N.S.W.

IN a few weeks my boyfriend is buying me a ring. I know that I will be the happiest girl in the world when everyone can look at me and say, "She is engaged, she belongs to someone." Is that a waste? — "Happy," Brisbane.

SURELY a husband-to-be would not deny the girl he loves, and himself, the pleasure and pride of seeing her wear their own special ring. I know "Ringed" will feel differently when he comes to take some wonderful girl's hand. — Anne Banks, Lower Mitcham, S.A.

I AGREE with "Ringed" that an engagement ring is a stupid convention. Young couples get into a lot of debt when starting off on married life, and they would be a lot better off with money on hand instead of ring on finger. — Donald W., East Bentleigh, Vic.

Susan's

• I wouldn't tell anyone in my wildest dreams . . . but I couldn't help thinking it, when Mum turned up today at the school fete looking "wrong." I wished she didn't belong to me. I was ashamed of her.

And I felt so guilty. The way I almost ignored her — just a cold little nod of recognition — and the way I was terrified any of my friends would comment on her hat . . . Why, it amounted to treason.

But, honestly — why couldn't she look motherly and dignified like Pam's mother?

And now that I'm on this tack, I might as well get it all off my chest . . .

Only yesterday I nearly died with embarrassment when I brought a crowd home from hockey and there she was, doing the garden in SLACKS.

"Aren't you lucky having such a young-looking mother," say the girls.

I know exactly what they mean. If only Mum would stop using that "cherry nut" hair rinse

and wear a sensible floral cotton dress for doing the garden.

Then there's the house — the whole set up. I feel I have to apologise for some of the funny old furniture and for that LOOM thing in the corner of the sitting-room. Mum's always getting these funny crazes for things like weaving.

And that "telephone voice" she puts on for the butcher, or that terribly gay, vague act when she's having friends in for tea.

The things they talk about! I heard Mum say the other day that Marlon Brando was "divine." Well! After all she IS married to Dad.

But the jokes are the worst. She puts on this Yorkshire accent, that someone once told her was funny, and tells those "shaggy dog" stories. They go on for hours, and Yorkshire people don't talk like that, anyway.

Not so bad the first time, but I nearly get paralytic with horror when she tells the same person the same long story for the second time in a week.

If only they would talk about

Diary

serious things — like the architecture in Italy that Pam's parents discussed the last time I was over there.

Really, Mum and Dad are in a rut. Can't they see how BOURGEOIS they're being?

And Dad has this quaint sense of humor he puts on for my special friends. Tries to impress them with his wit, saying things to Mum, like, "Well, Dear. It's nice that we're having a proper dinner tonight." As if we don't always!

And there was that ghastly time he came downstairs in his dressing-gown and told my friends that he'd just had his weekly bath.

And the way he tries to show off in front of my girl-friends. They think he's funny, of course. Funny peculiar!

He's even worse with my boy-friends. It's really a miracle I have any left.

While Tom was waiting to take me out last Saturday, there was Dad waiting on about the most juvenile things in SLANG.

Or else, he goes to the other extreme. Last night he cornered

my date with a long, serious discussion of the situation of the silk market in Abyssinia.

And that awful way he questions every boy who calls for me. He's so obvious about it: "What's your religion? What's your job? What are your prospects?" Just as though the boy wanted to marry me, instead of taking me out for a casual night at the movies.

But Dad doesn't seem to care. He doesn't care if my friends see him in a singlet while he's chopping some kindling, he doesn't care if his tie doesn't match his suit.

But it all reflects on me. I can almost hear my friends whispering about him.

Well — that's off my chest.

And thank heavens it's all in my secret diary! Wouldn't it be terrible if I'd blurted it all out to somebody else.

After all, let's face it. If anyone ever dared to criticise the way Dad holds his fork, or Mum's habit of dunking her biscuit in her tea, I'd be furious.

● I shouldn't have done it, of course. I shouldn't have read the piece in my daughter Susan's diary. I suppose it serves me right.

ALL right. Look me in the eye and tell me that YOU never read anything — a letter, or a scrap of paper — that you were not supposed to.

There it was, lying on her dressing-table. And what was I doing in her room? Excuse my bitter laugh. Tidying up, of course. I don't know what I have done to rear such untidy children. Oh, yes, I do. They take after me.

But I had to conquer my untidiness. And I have. It has taken twenty years. Twenty years! I can't believe it. It has passed so quickly. Only the other day the children were little and thought I was wonderful. Or I believed they did. Now I am not so sure.

Now they're grown up. Or nearly. And here's Susan, 16, looking so beautiful, seeming so affectionate — and criticising me behind my back.

Perhaps not exactly behind my back. She wrote these things in her diary. What do girls do with their diaries? I burned mine because Jim is so jealous. But that's another story. Or is it?

Jealous! That would be a big laugh to Susan. I'm forty — or I will be pretty soon, and I might as well get used to

it — and she thinks I ought to be sitting in a corner with my knitting.

What am I supposed to do? She finds me embarrassing. Why? Because I don't look like a sack of potatoes, like Pam's mother. Dignified, indeed.

Oh, it's silly to be so hurt. I should be fair. If I'm honest, I remember that at her age I privately criticised my mother sometimes, too.

The young are so cruel. To them twenty years is a lifetime. And it is such a little while. Such a little while. It has gone like a flash, and the funny thing is I don't feel old inside.

(And not so darned old that Joe Blow doesn't still pay me compliments, either. But if Susan knew that, she would "simply die of shame." Is she right, perhaps. AM I embarrassing?)

The other mothers — the ones a bit older whose girls are married — tell me that this stage will pass. In a few years, when Susan has children of her own, she will understand me better. There will still be the difference of a generation, but this beautiful, harsh, and brief thing called youth will have gone.

And when it goes, when the first line shows in the face, the first twinge hits the elbows or knees — be it ever so fleeting — you have more sympathy with those old ones marching on ahead.

Are my clothes too youthful? I sup-

pose they are. They must be. Susan borrows any of them that she fancies. And admittedly she looks much better in them than I do.

But, heavens, the young look better in everything. They just look better. It's a long time till the mirror will show them that depressing sag. And the grey hairs.

Perhaps I should give her that party dress. Or should I? Her father said the other night, "You look pretty good, old girl." He hadn't noticed anything I wore for the previous six months. Not, for that matter, that there is often anything new to notice. You just can't buy clothes and keep children at school as well.

But I mustn't start on that sort of talk. I've made it a rule never to nag about the expense of keeping a family. Not like Pam's mother. I notice Susan doesn't mention that.

But I know if I did she would simply say, "Oh, Mummie!"

Those two little words. The mother of every teenage girl knows them. If you don't like their favorite songs — and some day they'll wince, too, when they hear transistors at breakfast — if you query their taste in clothes, if you say you wish their boy-friends didn't drive so fast, the daughters have only one comment: "Oh, Mummie."

Her father? Oh, nonsense. He's no worse than mine was. In fact, he's a lot better. And she'll be lucky to find a man as good. So we'll leave Father out of this.

Let's look at the criticisms fairly. I suppose I should stop telling jokes. It's an art that's better left to men.

And that voice I put on for the butcher? Do I? I don't know. Memo: I must watch it.

As for being gay and vague. Wait till she has to entertain boring people as part of her duties. And, believe me, not all the bores are over 20.

I suppose I shouldn't say Marlon is divine, not in front of the children. But I can't help it. I do think he is an attractive man. And I am glad that I can still take an interest in the fact.

And so will she when she's 40. Not that I want my Susan ever to be 40, but some day she will be, and then she'll understand so many things.

I will NOT stop wearing slacks in the garden. They're comfortable, and my hips are an inch smaller than Susan's. So there.

But I WILL cease dunking biscuits. I'm glad she mentioned that. Perhaps the discovery of that diary was worth while after all.

OTHER GIRLS' JOBS

Airline with teenage hostesses

By Janet Young

• Most airline companies in Australia set a minimum starting age of 21 for air hostesses, but there is one which accepts girls as soon as they are 19.

THE company is Airlines of South Australia and most of its 18 hostesses are under 21.

Services run by the company are all within South Australia, so the girls are able to get back home each night to sleep.

If they are on a late flight one day—the latest flight ends just after 9 p.m.—they are never called on early the next morning.

Miss Pat Ralph, chief hostess of the airline for the past six years, told me that would-be teenage hostesses had to be single, between 5ft. 3in. and 5ft. 6in., weigh no more than 9st., and have first-class health.

In addition, they had to have the Intermediate Certificate or its equivalent, a first-aid certificate or nursing experience, and have a good personality and appearance.

Airlines of South Australia pay the girls a salary of £15/3/- during the probationary period, £16/6/6 at the end of probation, £17/4/- after 15 months' service, and £17/15/6 at the end of 27 months' service.

These rates and requirements are about the same for all Australian airlines.

Once accepted, the girls have a three months' probationary period, when they attend lectures on their duties and how to deal with emergencies.

If they get through the three months satisfactorily, they are presented with their "wings"—a small, maroon badge.

23-hour week

Hostesses must be at the airport three-quarters of an hour before take-off, and sometimes they are required for stand-by duty.

"Our hostesses work about 23 hours a week," said Pat Ralph, "have two days off, and are on 'call duty' a third day.

"When they are on 'call duty' they have to stay at home in case they are wanted urgently and have to be at the airport at an hour's notice."

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Hostesses must always have a "band-box" appearance. Hair must be worn above the collar, and a French roll or chignon has first to be approved by the chief hostess.

The only jewellery allowed is an engagement ring (if any) and a wristlet watch, and only a light perfume may be used.

Air hostesses are provided, free of charge, with both a summer and winter uniform, and a handbag, but have to buy their own matching shoes and gloves. They are given one free pair of stockings a month.

For summer they have a beige linen sheath dress with matching loose jacket, piped in lemon, and matching cap.

In winter they wear smart, smoky-green tailored suits and cream blouses, matching cap, and overcoat.



FLEDGELINGS: Pam Taylor pins on Wendy Carling's newly won wings while fellow hostesses look on. From left, Hazel Hance, Karin Borgmann, Diana Evans and Elizabeth Slee. All the girls, who recently completed their training, are 19, except Karin (22) and Diana (21).

Whisky-colored accessories are worn throughout the year.

Hostesses wear normal make-up, but no eye shadow is allowed, and nail polish—only red or pink—must tone with the lipstick.

Pat Ralph regularly weighs her girls, and if they exceed the maximum weight they are placed on a diet.

Hostessing may seem a glamorous job, but it is also hard work. On an average flight, when an aircraft carries about 52 passengers, the hostess makes about 100 trips down the

passage, serving meals and removing trays.

In addition, she makes scores of trips seeing to the comfort of passengers.

Big responsibility

"On our shorter flights—to Woomera, for instance—the girls are on the go the whole time," Miss Ralph said. "The aircraft is no sooner up than a meal has to be served, and as soon as the meal is over, the girls must prepare for landing.

"I've heard air hostesses described as 'glorified waitresses.'

"But there's much more to hostessing than simply serving meals and drinks. An air hostess has a tremendous responsibility, and really knows far more about aircraft and flying than passengers realise.

"A hostess also needs a sympathetic character. She has to give that little extra service to elderly passengers and help mothers with children."

Bad manners and loud voices are taboo for hostesses. In the

aircraft they must speak in low tones, and they never leave the plane until all passengers have alighted.

Although airline rules on behaviour and grooming are strict, none of the youthful hostesses employed by Airlines of South Australia would change their jobs.

"I wouldn't change it for anything," said auburn-haired Julie Winter, 19. "I couldn't bear to go back to a routine job, catch the same bus to town every day, work 9 to 5 hours, and then catch the same bus home. It would be so monotonous."

"And the saving on clothes is terrific. I only have to buy casual clothes and evening frocks."

Another 19-year-old, Ellinor Sorensen, said: "Occasionally we have an odd, unpleasant passenger, but most of them are extremely co-operative and interesting."

Miss Ralph smiled when asked about the reported high marriage rate among hostesses. "It's no higher than in any other job," she said.



CHIEF HOSTESS Pat Ralph, right, in winter uniform, with new hostess Ann Munro, 19, in summer uniform.



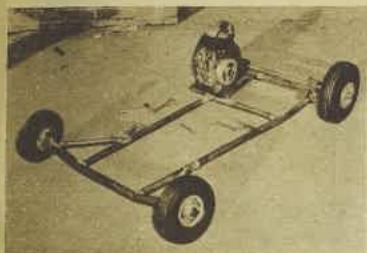
Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — June 29, 1960

For £50 he built his own

GO-KART

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

• "What else has the thrills of a racing car, yet the running costs of a lawn-mower?" asked Don Baker, kicking fondly at the closest wheel of his skeleton go-kart.



BASIC frame of Don's go-kart.

TO me, it was just an organised tangle of tubes and wheels. But Don, flushed a bit with the enthusiasm of construction, saw the chassis of a fabulous machine.

He saw it completed, whizzing round tortuous dirt tracks, drifting into intricate spins and miraculously coming out of them to cross the finishing line first.

The champion go-kart of them all, and home-built by the driver himself!

Excitedly he traced a pattern in the air above the chassis, showing where the engine, the disc brake, the steering column, and seat would go. He had it all cut, dried, and constructed in his mind, just as any go-kart builder should.

His reasons for building his own as opposed to buying a factory-built go-kart were pretty concise, too.

"When you build it yourself," he explained, "you know it inside out. You know just what it's capable and incapable of doing. It's much safer."

His second reason is even more basic. It's cheaper to build than buy. A factory-built kart costs anything from £110 to £150. Don estimates that his should cost round about £50—a much more comfortable hunk of money to an 18-year-old apprentice mechanic.

And halve that £50! Like a lot of other go-kart-crazy fans, Don's got a financial and sporting partner in Brian Simpson, an 18-year-old apprentice car salesman. So it was only £25 out of each pocket.

But the fact that Don is a motor mechanic and his partner, Brian, a car salesman, worried me a bit. Could ANYONE build a go-kart? Or did you have to be motor-minded?

Don looked dubious. It might be beyond the capabilities of the average girl. But any boy—with a reasonable knowledge of how an engine ticks and how to use tools—should be able to cope, he said.

The first step towards building your

own is to mix with other go-kart builders and to learn how to drive one. So you join one of the clubs which are flourishing in all States.

In New South Wales all the go-kart clubs are affiliated to the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport, or the N.S.W. Go-Kart Association, or to both.

As Don lives in Castlecrag, Sydney, he joined the North Shore Go-Kart Club, and found that most of the members had built their own vehicles and were only too happy to discuss the problems and argue furiously the pros and cons of various types of construction.

Then he studied different styles and plans in motor magazines and discovered that, though they varied, go-karts had to conform to certain specifications.

The C.A.M.S. formula lays down these basic specifications:

- Wheel base — between 40in. and 50in.; with an overall length of 72in.
- Track—at least two-thirds of the wheel base.
- Height — maximum of 24in. from ground to top of seat.
- Wheels—ball or roller type bearings.
- Frame—all metal.
- Brakes—on both back wheels, operated by foot.
- Fuel containers—leak proof and fitted with fire-wall to protect driver.
- Engines—two-stroke with maximum capacity of 200c.c.

All go-karts must satisfy C.A.M.S. scrutineers as to soundness and safety, and all drivers must wear crash helmets.

Don did not have all the tools and the workshop he'd need for the job, but he found that there was a special tech. class on go-kart building every Thurs-



DON BAKER adjusts the driving sprocket of his go-kart.

day night at the Balgowlah High School.

For a 30/- term fee he could have some instruction as well as the use of a properly equipped workshop.

He traced out a suitable chassis on the concrete floor of his family's garage, showing the position of the seat and the engine.

Then he and Brian practised sitting inside the tracing to see if the proposed seat situation was comfortable.

"You can see that it's quite a job of designing to fit a six-foot driver, the engine, and everything else into such a small space," said Don.

Then he got about 20ft. of 1½in. 14-gauge steel tubing and cut it into the lengths he wanted for the chassis.

At tech., under supervision, he welded it all together with the school's oxy torch. It should be welded, not brazed, he says, otherwise the kart

OUR COVER shows that courting and karting go well together, with Gwen Morrison and John Gardner set for a day's sport at their local Sutherland Shire Club's track. They have just become engaged and spend most weekends at go-kart rallies.

might come apart when it gets on the track.

He bought the wheels for £5 each—special go-kart wheels with bases, tyres, and tubes.

Then he combed the secondhand shops for the engine and bought a 150c.c. motor-cycle engine for £20.

He feels he made a mistake about this. "I shouldn't have paid so much," he said. "You can get a reasonable one for about £8."

With the engine mounted, Don started to fix the seat, accelerator, disc brake, sprocket, and motor-bike chain, a fire-wall, exhaust pipe, fuel tank, steering wheel and undertray. Materials for these will cost about £10.

Don estimates it took him about 56 hours' solid work to build his kart.

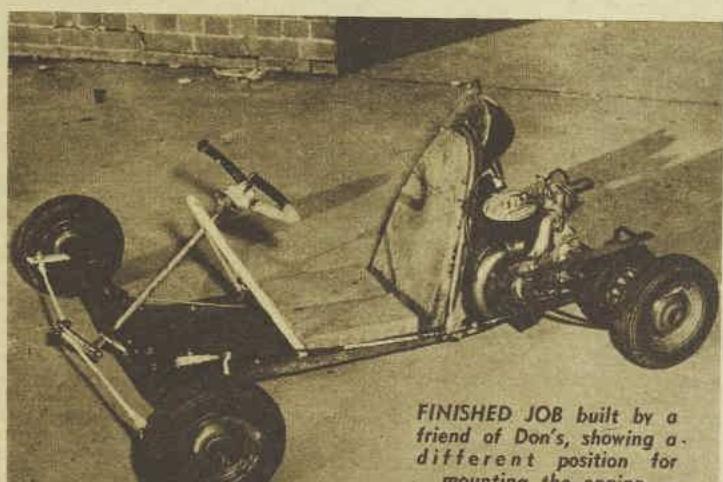
"You have to be careful where you drive them, though," said Don. "They're unregistered vehicles and can't be driven in a public park or in the street."

"The best place is on the special go-kart tracks now being built."

"Building the kart is fun. But the best part is driving it."

"Gosh, it's a thrill. You think you're hitting 60."

"There's that beaut roar, you've got your bash hat and goggles on, and you're skidding round, but you're really only doing about 30 miles an hour."



FINISHED JOB built by a friend of Don's, showing a different position for mounting the engine.

OTHER

BOYS'

JOBS

THEY TURNED A GAME INTO THEIR CAREERS



AT 21, Michael Shrimpton (above) and Peter Smith (right) are in charge of teenage sessions which the A.B.C. broadcasts on national radio and Victorian TV.



CHECKING on teenagers' tastes in music, Peter Smith gets his information first-hand by visiting teenage dances regularly. Here he is at the Esquire, Melbourne.



"STATION 3KW, KEW," as seen through the control room window in the studio built under the Smith family home. With Peter, holding microphone, is Philip Brady.

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- Two boys who invented a game called "radio stations" when they were children are today, at 21, the youngest radio announcer and producer employed by the A.B.C.

THE boys, Peter Smith and Michael Shrimpton, took their game so seriously that at 16, with two friends, they established their own "radio station" in Kew, Melbourne.

Their friends were Philip Brady, now an announcer at a TV station, and Jim Murphy, now a journalist on a radio-TV weekly.

Peter's father rigged up a studio for them below his house and they collected all the equipment a real radio studio has.

They soundproofed the studio, had a special "news room," three turntables, a library of 3000 records (all catalogued), and "caution" and "air" lights in appropriate places.

They had the lot — except a transmitter.

To overcome this obstacle the boys ran landlines from the studio to the homes of all the neighbors they could persuade to subscribe to the "network."

In each home the lines were connected to a 3in. loudspeaker.

They called the enterprise "Station 3KW, Kew" — and were in business.

By Sheila McFarlane

They transmitted musical programmes, news flashes, replays of popular commercial shows, and occasional shows they staged themselves.

"Each week we printed programme guides for our subscribers," said Michael.

"And to check our listening public we ran mystery-tune spots, giving away records to the first person to reach the studio with the correct title of the number we'd played."

Peter added: "We scrounged hundreds of second-hand records, but occasionally bought some ourselves when finances allowed it."

"We were mad on theme music and used 'themes' for everything."

Regular transmission from "3KW" was only on Saturdays and Sundays, but during summer months they gave twilight broadcasts, and on public holidays ran all-night programmes.

Their broadcasts were so popular that "3KW" lasted for four years.

Thus they developed a childish game into a serious hobby — and now their hobby has become the foundation of their careers.

Peter and Michael started off in the A.B.C.'s Despatch De-

partment as messenger boys, and both advanced to the Studio Bookings Department before they branched off into announcing for Peter and production for Michael.

Peter, who has become the A.B.C.'s Victorian "teenage specialist," conducts a Saturday morning Hit Parade over 3AR, repeats it in Sportsview Parade over ABV Channel 2, and compères the weekly Teenage Show on Thursdays and Hot from the Press on Saturdays over 3AR.

Peter compiles these programmes, and Michael scripts and produces them.

"We angle our shows at the discriminating teenager," Peter said, "diluting the overworked rock beat with a variety of sambas, calypsos, and cha-chas."

Peter doesn't like the long hit parade sessions — anything from 30 to 100 numbers — which some radio stations run.

Listeners tire of waiting for the few top tunes, he said. So he never plays more than eight numbers on his own sessions.

And he's battling hard for a new name — "Teen Beat" — to replace rock-n-roll for the contemporary teen rhythm craze.

"I like rock-n-roll, except for the name," he said, "but I do prefer the smoothly moving numbers to the raucous ones."

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LISTEN HERE

-with Ainslie Baker

● When young Ralph Griffiths and John Bartlett were growing up together in the Sydney suburb of Punchbowl, they were always good mates with Ralph's big brother, Peter.

THEN Peter became a roof tiler, Ralph a signwriter, and John an accountant.

Some 18 months ago they got together again and formed themselves into The New Notes, the vocal trio you've heard with such artists as Col Joye ("Rockin' Rollin' Clementine") and Dig Richards.

Now under contract to Rex, The New Notes, who write their own material, are about to follow their first single, "Sweetie Pie," with another, "Sing, Sing, Sing," an R. and R. tune of John's composing, and a ballad flip written by Peter, "Need Someone To Love."

The boys still keep up their own lines of work, but get together a couple of nights a week to practise as a group.

Local talent: Col Joye has what can hardly miss being another hit with his latest, "Makin' Love On A Moonlit Night" (Festival 45). It's by American Steve McNulty, who gave Col his great "Bye Bye, Baby," and has the same intimate, confiding sound. "By My Girl" is the flip.

BARRY GIBBONS, 27-year-old graduate of Sydney Conservatorium, on a Rex LP "Chopin Commemoration," plays the selection of Preludes, Nocturnes and studies he will play later this year at the Brussels Chopin Festival. Barry lays on the romantic charm, and lays off the fireworks in this first Rex classical release. Further volumes will follow.

Pops: With Jimmy Clanton's good reception in Australia, Top Rank have put out both an LP and a single of the "Go, Jimmy, Go" boy.

Jimmy sings Neil Sedaka's "Another Sleepless Night" and "I'm Gonna Try," a fairly beaty and attractive thing of his own, on the 45. The album, "Just a Dream" (named for Jimmy's gold record), is on the serious, sentimental side, with "No Greater Love," "Land Of Tomorrow," "Letter To An Angel."

SOME old tunes rock surprisingly well, and there's no cause for shedding any tears when Ernie Freeman goes to work "Rockin' Red Wing" (London 45). Making it a real party, the old Russian-Gipsy favorite "Dark Eyes" gets a new beat treatment on the flip.

Climber: If anyone is going to break through the girl-singer jinx it could be U.S. beauty queen vocalist Anita Bryant with her "Paper Roses," a lovely ballad with the sort of universal appeal that takes them to the top (London 45). Flip is "Mixed Emotions."

Folk songs: One of the most lively yet relaxed singers of folk music is Freddy Jacobs, whom you can hear on a W. and G. LP, "Swingin' Folk Tunes." Freddy admits to using a rocking beat, and I think you'll be all in favor of the result, though he can be sympathetic and tender, too. His selection is excellent.

Classical: The lasting beauty of Brahms' Fourth Symphony blossoms anew under the sympathetic interpretation of the Paris Lamouroux Orchestra and conductor Igor Markevitch (D.G.G. stereo LP.). Side two also holds Beethoven's "Name-Day" overture.

Jazz: A Modern Jazz Quartet or Ahmad Jamal disc will add undoubted distinction to any collection. The controversial, egg-head M.J.Q. (piano, vibraphone, brass, and drums) plays six excerpts from the eerie "Odds Against Tomorrow" film jazz score (London LP.).

"Portfolio Of Ahmad Jamal," Vol. 2, makes rather easier listening, with pianist Jamal (named Billboard's most promising instrumentalist of 1959), bass and drums, weaving artful sound patterns out of "Let's Fall In Love," Gillespie's "Our Delight," a Jamal composition, and four others.

Star turns: Everyone has his own opinion as to which of the three new, exciting young Negro songstress—Nina Simone, Della Reese, Dakota Staton—will mature into greatness. Simone is the hottest tip, but the releases of new LPs by Reese ("Della," R.C.A.) and Staton ("Time to Swing," Capitol) makes interesting listening. If you're not a Simone backer, you'll want Reese (gospel-background punching), or Staton (for the most part cool and fast).



THE NEW NOTES. From left, Ralph Griffiths, John Bartlett, Peter Griffiths.

Early TV start for three boys

● A 13-year-old Brisbane boy and his 10-year-old twin-brothers are being applauded on all three TV channels in Brisbane in top-line talent shows.

KOWN as the Bee Gees, they are Barry Gibbs and his brothers, Maurice and Robin.

"My boys have really got the show business bug," said their mother, Mrs. Hugh Gibbs, in a soft Lancashire accent, as she poured a cup of tea in their Cribb Island home.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs and their family of five migrated from Manchester, England, 18 months ago, but they were born and bred on the Isle of Man, in the Irish Sea.

Mr. Hugh Gibbs is a bandleader and drummer, so it was only natural that Barry and the twins should inherit their father's "beat."

"I can't remember when the boys haven't been singing," said Mrs. Gibbs. "On the boat coming to Australia they entertained the passengers all the way."

Barry, a pocket edition of

Tommy Steele, has already composed 20 songs, mainly rock-a-billy ballads.

"I like to make up the tunes I sing," he said. "I get the words from romance magazines and stories my 16-year-old sister, Lesley, reads."

The boys practise for an hour each night, after homework, in a make-believe television studio which they've built under their house.

"We have a different script every day, and we're always changing the floor plan and the sets around," Maurice said.

This hobby is no joke. They intend to gain valuable experience from it and at the same time thoroughly enjoy themselves.

Below: The Bee Gees, from left, Barry, Robin, and Maurice, sing one of their own numbers for their sister Lesley.



WORTH HEARING

BIZET: "Carmen"

A FULL-LENGTH opera is a more expensive venture for the record-buyer than a symphony or a concerto, since it is generally three or four times as long. But if the listener wants to make himself familiar with every branch of music he can't ignore this vital and ever-popular art form.

The listener who knows opera from his own theatregoing will, of course, choose his own work, but for the listener who has never seen an opera on the stage I would recommend Bizet's "Carmen."

This tune-filled yet vividly dramatic opera about a wickedly fascinating gipsy girl is almost certainly the best known and best loved of all.

There is a recording by a French opera company, with Suzanne Juyol as Carmen (Decca), and there will soon be available a highly praised recording by Sir Thomas Beecham, with Victoria de los Angeles (H.M.V.). There is also a recording of highlights from the opera, with Rise Stevens (Coronet).

— Martin Long

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EXCITING NEW KNIT DESIGNS

● Step out and make this "different" style sweater and surprise your friends with your new-found individuality. Team it with your favorite slim-line slacks and you'll be the rage of that approaching party or barbecue.



MADCAP puffed sleeves in a lacy stitch make this mohair boucle sweater an "eye-catcher" in the smartest company. The directions for making it are at right.

Materials Required: 13 (14, 15) balls Peacock Mohair Boucle, 2 prs. needles, Nos. 10 and 6.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 21 (21½, 21¾) in.; bust, 34 (36, 38) in.; length of sleeve seam, 7 (7, 7) in.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, st. stitch, tog. together, w.r.n. wool round needle, w.fwd. wool forward, sl. slip, w.bk. wool back, sl-st. slip-stitch.

Tension: 5 sts. 1 in., 6 rows 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on loosely 86 (90, 96) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in. Change to No. 6 needles, inc. 1 (2, 1) st. Work in st-st. and when work measures 13 (13½, 13¾) in. shape armholes by dec. 1 st. each end of the next 5 (5, 5) rows. When armholes measure 6½ (6¾, 7) in. shape shoulders by dec. 1 st. each end of the next 6 rows. Cast off 3 (4, 4) sts. at the beg. of the next 4 (4, 4) rows. Cast off 4 (4, 5) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 (2, 2) rows. Cont. in st-st. on rem. 45 (46, 49) sts. for lin., inc. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row. Cast off loosely.

FRONT

Work same as for back.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on loosely 62 (64, 68) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 rows. Dec. 1 st.

Next Row: Sl. 1, * w.fwd., sl. 1 purlwise, w.bk., k 1, rep. from * to end. Rep. the last row 7 times. Inc. 1 st.

Work 2 rows rib of k 1, p 1. Change to No. 6 needles. K 1 row, knitting twice into every st., 124 (128, 136) sts.

Next Row: P 1, * w.r.n., p 1, rep. from * to end.

Next Row: K, dropping extra loops made by w.r.n.

Rep. these 2 rows until sleeve measures 7 (7, 7) in.

Next Row: * P 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Fold back lin. facing on to wrong side of neck and sl-st. into position. Stitch sleeves round armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Thread elastic through double knitting on cuffs.

ESPECIALLY FOR TEENAGERS

• Perfect for yachting, ski-ing, and weekend wear, these attractive "Him" and "Her" jumpers are effectively highlighted with contrasting stripes in white.

Materials: 20 (B 22, C 24) balls main color and 2 balls (for all sizes) contrast color of Patons Totem knitting wool (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 pair No. 8 and set of four No. 10 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit a 34 (B 37, C 40) in. underarm; full length 23½ (B 24, C 25) in.; sleeve seam 19 (B 20, C 20½) in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; rep, repeat; k 1 b, knit 1 below; cont, continue; rem, remain(ing); beg, beginning; m.c, main color; c.c, contrasting color.

Tension: 10 sts. to 2 in. on No. 8 needles measured over pattern.

FRONT

Using two No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 86 (B 94, C 102) sts. ** Work 5 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

* Next Row: Join in c.c., purl. Using c.c., work 5 rows in rib. Next Row: Join in m.c., purl. Using m.c., work 5 rows in rib.*

Rep. from * to * once.

30th Row: Using m.c., purl. **

Change to No. 8 needles, and, using m.c., work pattern thus:

1st Row: K 1, * k 1 b, k 1; rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: K 2, * k 1 b, k 1; rep. from * to end.

4th Row: Knit.

Rep. these 4 patt. rows until front measures 14½ (B 15, C 16) in.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 (B 5, C 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every 3rd row until 38 (B 44, C 48) sts. rem. Cast off.

BACK

Work as given for front.

SLEEVES

Using two No. 10 needles, cast on 50 (B 54, C 58) sts. and work from ** to ** as given for front welt.

Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. at each end of 5th and every following 8th row until there are 82 (B 86, C 90) sts.

Cont. straight until sleeve measures 19 (B 20, C 20½) in.

To Shape Top.—Cast off 4 (B 5, C 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every 3rd row until 34 (B 36, C 38) sts. rem. Cast off.

YOKES

Join sleeves to front and back. Using 4 No. 10 needles and m.c., with right side facing, beg. at centre front, pick up and k 19 (B 22, C 24) sts. across half front; 34 (B 36, C 38) sts. across sleeve; 38 (B 44, C 48) sts. across back; 34 (B 36, C 38) sts. across sleeve; 19 (B 22, C 24) sts. across other half of front, 144 (B 160, C 172) sts.

Work in rounds of k 1, p 1 rib, thus:

Five rounds m.c.

1st Dec. Round: Join in c.c., * k 18 (B 21, C 23), k 3 tog., k 30 (B 32, C 34), k 3 tog., k 18 (B 21, C 23); rep. from * to end, 136 (B 152, C 164) sts.



IDENTICAL sweaters for yourself and your "steady." Easy-to-follow directions at left are for both garments.

QUIZ: *What goes on in the world?*

• How is your knowledge of world affairs?

TICK what you think is the correct answer to each question, then check your rating at the end.

1. What position does Mao Tse-tung hold?

- (a) Leader of Tibet.
- (b) Premier of Thailand.
- (c) Leader of the Chinese Communist Party.

2. What country organised the first conquest of Mount Everest?

- (a) New Zealand.
- (b) England.
- (c) China.

3. Who is Australia's Federal Treasurer?

- (a) Mr. Arthur Calwell.
- (b) Sir Garfield Barwick.
- (c) Mr. Harold Holt.

4. For how long is the U.S. President elected?

- (a) Four years.
- (b) Two years.
- (c) Eight years.

5. Who was the politician recently assassinated in Ceylon?

- (a) Lee Ki Pong.
- (b) Solomon Bandaranaike.
- (c) Chou En-lai.

6. Which Australian singer has made a hit in America after

being discovered by Frank Sinatra?

- (a) Diana Trask.
- (b) Johnny O'Keefe.
- (c) Frank Ifield.

7. What is the title of the Queen's elder son?

- (a) Duke of Cornwall.
- (b) Prince of Wales.
- (c) Duke of Kent.

8. Who was the last Australian State Premier to die in office?

- (a) Ben Chifley.
- (b) John Curtin.
- (c) Joseph Cahill.

9. Which atomic submarine was built first?

- (a) Nautilus.
- (b) Halibut.
- (c) Seawolf.

10. Which political party controls the present British Government?

- (a) Labor.
- (b) Liberal.
- (c) Conservative.

11. What is the name of the scientific station Australia maintains in the Antarctic?

- (a) McMurdo Sound.
- (b) Mawson.
- (c) Mawson.

12. When was the separate Commonwealth Department of Immigration founded?

- (a) In 1945.
- (b) In 1954.
- (c) During World War II.

13. Which Australian politician was recently given a life peerage?

- (a) Robert Menzies.
- (b) R. G. Casey.
- (c) William McKell.

14. What is the meaning of "apartheid"?

- (a) A division of the two houses of Federal Parliament.
- (b) A policy of racial segregation.
- (c) The Japanese word for suicide.

15. What do the initials D.C. stand for in "Washington, D.C.?"

- (a) District of California.
- (b) District Capital.
- (c) District of Columbia.

• The correct answers are: 1:c. 2:b. 3:c. 4:a. 5:b. 6:a. 7:b. 8:c. 9:a. 10:c. 11:b. 12:a. 13:b. 14:b. 15:c.

If your score is 14 or 15, you're really on the ball. But if you score below 12, then you'd better start reading at least one newspaper every day.

Steel yourself for a surprise



EXCITING BEAUTY OFFER

• Max Factor, creators of fine-quality cosmetics, are making a special offer to readers of Teenagers' Weekly of an eye-catching beauty purse.

EVERY girl will love this colorful cosmetic-kit-in-a-purse valued at £2/2/-, but which is yours for £1.

Each beauty purse—and you have a choice of two fashion colors—contains:

1.—Crème Puff, a smooth blend of creamy base and fine powder that lightly covers the bloom of young skin.

2.—Pale, rosy, or light red lipstick that goes on smoothly, stays put for hours.

ORDER FORM

Please send me Max Factor Beauty Purse as indicated below. I enclose cheque/postal notes to the value of £

CHOICE OF MAKE-UP PURSE: Grey & Gold Pink & Gold

CHOICE OF LIPSTICK & CREME PUFF

- A. Light Crème Puff & Dreamy Pink Lipstick
- B. Natural Crème Puff & Accent on Coral Lipstick
- C. Dark Natural Crème Puff and Light Bright Red Lipstick

And receive also FACIAL BATH TUBE...

Mark your choice with X.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

ADDRESS LABEL

Postage paid Sydney

MAX FACTOR

TEENAGE OFFER

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

If undelivered please return to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

IMPORTANT: PLEASE FILL IN ADDRESS ON BOTH ORDER FORM AND ADDRESS LABEL

THIS IS NOT Tommy Steele. Nor is it Tommy's younger brother. This teenager, in fact, is not a boy—but a 19-year-old London girl, Lorna Henderson.

Lorna, after seven years in show business, began to steal Tommy's thunder while he was touring Australia.

Her first disc, "Lollipops to Lipstick" and "Steady Eddy," is one of the bounciest rock numbers now being played in Britain.

But can girls become rock-n-roll stars?

Kerry Martin, who could waggle her hips better than Elvis, and who played a guitar, never really got anywhere on the hit parades despite repeated attempts.

But Larry Parnes, who manages a "stable" of 12 teenage rockers including Billy Fury,

Vince Eager, Julian "X," Duffy Power, and Johnny Gentle, has a girl rocker in his unit, by name plain Sally Kelly.

Sally said: "The boys come to see rock-n-roll shows, so why shouldn't they get a bit of glamor?"

"They don't scream like the girls do, but they like a girl singing, just the same."

And Sally has already rocked her way into a mink stole, a two-seater sports car, and her own flat in town.

Lorna said: "I hope to make the hit parade, but I don't want to make it as the second Tommy Steele. I want to be the first Lorna Henderson."

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — June 29, 1960

GUARD SKIN AGAINST MIDWINTER BLUES



• Even a young complexion needs a bit of extra care to counter cold weather, which saps the natural oils and makes the face and neck — and often body skin, too — rough, dry, and patchy. So follow the lead of our pretty model and keep your complexion silky-smooth all winter through.

YOU are never too young to start caring for your complexion, and especially when you find your skin becoming taut and troublesome in cold winter winds it's important to know the correct routine.

Fairly normal young skin often tends to dryness in cold weather, and when that happens extra attention to cleansing, plus a light application of some suitable face-cream to replace the stolen moisture, is the big thing.

For this you had better equip yourself with a generous-sized jar of cleansing cream and, for good measure, a supply of skin freshener, which you can make yourself from the recipe given at the foot of the page.

Be thorough but gentle with your ablutions. Use a mild soap and lukewarm water for washing and make a point of massaging a bit of soap lather into the pores of your skin with the fingertips each time.

Besides cleansing, soap and warm water are tonic and mildly stimulating, bringing up a fresh glow of circulation to the skin that is most beneficial.

A final dash of cold water after the last clear warm rinse removes all soap, adds to the tonic effect. In cold weather always dry your skin thoroughly to avoid chapping.

All this leaves a sparkling clean surface for a light application of cleansing cream, which disappears into the skin, leaving it soft on top and comfortable to the touch.

Comfort

Unlike the brides of Frankenstein, no girl — indeed, nobody at all — need ever go to bed smothered under a layer of gooey cream.

In the morning quick-cleanse your face as described above, pat well with your skin lotion, and apply make-up if worn.

The winter season also has a bearing on the oily skin that is a common condition in adolescence.

The young, slightly oily skin needs deep cleansing to smooth patches roughened by

the weather, plus stimulation to perk up the blood flow and discourage the inner machinery from behaving sluggishly.

For the next few weeks cleanse your skin thoroughly every night with a liquefying type of cleanser that wipes away completely and leaves the surface ready to be washed in hot water with medicated soap and a thick washcloth.

Rinse diligently and then rinse again with cold water, then dip a cottonball in lotion and pat briskly to finish your cleansing job.

If possible cleanse your face in this way at least twice a day.

The older girl in search of a

lovelier complexion should always remember that creams and lotions won't really work unless she does. Some simple massage trebles the value of creams and lotions. Most preparations come with massage instructions.

Generally speaking, one salon treatment, if the budget will stretch to it, watched with intelligence, will teach you more about how massaging should be done. Such treatments generally cost about £1 for an hour's treatment, and I don't know of a better investment for a skin facing the weather ahead.

But if that's not possible, the next best thing is, of course, to give yourself a facial every so

often in the comfort and convenience of your own home.

Always use a gentle upward-outward motion when putting cream or lotion on your face and neck, and the strokes should be gentle so that the skin is not stretched.

Beginning at the throat base, cross hands and press strokes upward. Do this several times until you see some of the cream disappearing. Do the same thing from chin to ear, then from nose to forehead.

Concentrate on the eyes and use a light circular movement under the eyes and on the lids.

Milk treatment

Finally, if you find, after facing a day in the wind, that your skin is rough, red, and sore, add a few drops of olive oil to some milk, warm the milk to blood temperature, and then dip a piece of cottonwool in the liquid and draw it very gently over the skin.

Keep on smoothing the liquid into the skin until all traces of dust and grit have been removed, then with a face tissue gently blot up any surplus milk which may remain on the skin, at the same time allowing as much of the mixture as possible to cling to the face so that the skin is left slightly oily.

Dispense with the oil ingredient if your skin has its own supply, but you can safely dab on plenty of warm milk and allow it to dry. You will find it has a very soothing effect.

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 11

Home-made lotion

HERE is a good recipe for a quick, inexpensive freshening lotion for young skins. It is used extensively by youthful English movie actresses who cherish their lovely complexions, and can be made at home:

Ask your chemist for 4oz. of distilled water with a few drops of treble-strength rose water added for perfume. Warm it in a clean saucepan (don't boil). Add a tablespoonful of ordinary salt and then strain through a piece of silk (a clean old nylon stocking does very well). Add ordinary water to make 8oz.

Louise
Hunter

your answer

Dancing and tears

"MY mother died when I was 14, and I am now 16½ and in the care of my aunts. I am working in the city, but I am not allowed to go dancing until I am 17. All my girl-friends from 15 onwards go dancing almost every week and they seem shocked because my aunts won't let me go. I know my mother would have let me. I cannot sleep at nights. Sometimes it is 2 a.m. or 3 a.m. I just lie awake with watery eyes."

"Heavy-eyed," Vic.

No, I don't think you should be allowed to go dancing whenever you feel like it. I think your aunts are right in saying you may go when you are 17. It is only a few months, so make the best of things and wait gracefully, without any sniffing or watery eyes and without being beastly to your aunts.

If you carry on with the watery eyes, your aunts may think you are too sick to go dancing even when you are 17.

It is very easy for you to say you are sure your mother would have let you go dancing now. You don't know for sure, though. You only think she would have. You know your aunts won't.

Instead of getting worked up about it and lying awake at night, just take a bit of time out and think about those aunts of yours.

You are very lucky to have aunts who think enough of you to look after you. Many girls haven't. Think how much they have changed their lives and altered their ways to fit you into their home. It is quite likely that in

your interest they have made many sacrifices of leisure time and hobbies.

It is always a thankless job bringing up someone else's child. Take you. You resent your aunts because they are not your mother; they try too hard to bring you up the way they think she would have done. Such guardians are often harder on their charges than real mothers, because they would often like to let you do something, but think they are not acting the way they think your mother would.

Those aunts of yours have a really difficult job. It is not easy to turn a 14-year-old girl into a beautiful young woman. Being beautiful means more than beauty of face and form. It means the beauty of discipline, too. A well-disciplined girl accepts gracefully a decree that is not unreasonable. Such discipline and training sticks to her throughout her whole life in all its phases — business, social, and romantic.

Too young to write

"A BOY has been writing to me for at least a month now. My trouble is I don't want to write to him any more, as I am too young to be mixing with boys. I am only 11. He wrote to me first. What am I to do? Next is, what age would I have to be before I can wear light pink lipstick? Mum says at least 13. I am not very fat and I hate wearing a dress, as my legs look too thin. Can you give me a fattening chart, please?"

"Troubled," S.A.

You are a sensible girl. Of course you are far too young to be worried by

Dream boy — far, far away



"A FEW weeks ago, on my holidays, I saw a boy I was attracted to at once. He must have liked me, because he was always looking at me and smiling. From two respectable local people I found out his name and that they thought very highly of him. It seemed only a few minutes when my holidays were at an end, and all I had done was to talk to this nice boy in his shop. I felt very sad at leaving him. I am very fond of this boy, but I don't think I love him as I don't really know him well enough. Do you think I should forget him and go out with boys in my own town, or do you think I should keep seeing him on my holidays?"

N.H., Qld.

Dreams are wonderful things and often make a dull patch in life much more colorful, but there's nothing worse than living in a dream — which is what you are doing.

You're not either fond of or in love with this boy. You're only carried away with a dream of what-might-be-if — if you knew him, if he loved you and you loved him, if he lived near you. I could go on for hours.

You should go out with the boys in your own town and enjoy yourself. When you go to this holiday place, there he is, the dream walking who will make your stay more pleasant.

Keep it that way. Don't try to contact him.

boys or having anything to do with them. Write to this boy once more and tell him you won't be answering any more of his letters as you have other things to do. If he takes no notice of this and continues to write, just ignore the letters. Burn them and forget them.

Your mother is quite right about the lipstick. I think a pale lipstick is a good idea for a 13-year-old if she is going to something special, but that is all. Lipstick should never be worn to school, or with a school uniform, even if you don't leave school till you are 17. It looks awful.

Don't worry about your thin legs, you are still at the thin age. Girls grow up, not out, until they are about 13. They are thin and flat from their feet to their neck with no hint of shape. But about 13, when your body matures, your legs will fatten and shape, too. I wouldn't embark on a fattening programme yet. Just eat all your mother gives you. She would see that you have a balanced diet.

And please wear dresses. Girls look prettiest of all in dresses, whether they are thin, fat, or middling.

Physiotherapy

"COULD you please tell me the qualifications necessary to become a physiotherapist? Is the Leaving Certificate needed, and how does one go about enrolling for training? Could you also tell me what wage is earned during training and how long the training takes?"

K.D., N.S.W.

Girls in N.S.W. who wish to become physiotherapists must apply for training to the Australian Physiotherapy Association, 8 Spring Street, Sydney. They must be at least 17 prior to the commencement of the course and have passed the matriculation examination as approved by the University of Sydney, or an examination of equal value.

The training course takes three years, is a full day-time one, and costs approximately £360 in fees. In N.S.W. classes are held at training schools established by the association at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital and the Royal North Shore Hospital, and first-year students are also required to attend lectures at the University of Sydney.

The number of students accepted each year is limited. When the number of applicants for the course makes limitation necessary, selection is made from the applicants who have matriculated in the order of merit attained in the Leaving Certificate examination.

Consideration, however, may be given to the grading of special cases, such as applicants with qualifications from other States or overseas.

All applicants who qualify for the course must pass a medical examination arranged for them by the Physiotherapy Association.

Applications in N.S.W. close on January 31 each year. A knowledge of chemistry, physics, maths, and biology will be of assistance to girls who take the course.

After finishing their training successfully, graduates are recommended to do a year's hospital practice before they begin private practice. This hospital experience is considered invaluable.

Salaries paid by hospitals in N.S.W. are: first year of service after graduation, £18/0/10 a week; second year, £18/16/2; third year, £19/11/6; fourth year, £20/6/10; fifth year, £21/0/3; sixth year, £21/7/11. There are also special allowances for physiotherapists in charge of a hospital department.

In States other than New South Wales there are slight differences in qualifications, and the salary varies.

But girls interested in taking the course in Queensland and South Australia should apply for details direct to

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



WHAT'S with you all this winter? Never before have I seen so many shivering teenagers around without a toccot to snuggle into. I wouldn't mention it if I thought you couldn't afford to feel the cold, but it seems to be a fad to look cold.

There's nothing pretty about a girl who's so cold she has to keep her mouth shut so you can't hear her teeth chattering.

Fashionably, you look plain silly in a summer dress when there's a westerly whistling round your ears.

Next time you dress, remember that girls should look cool in the summer, warm in the winter, and pretty all the time. Part of being pretty is being suitably dressed. So climb into your overcoat, eat a bowl of hot soup, and glow with warmth.

Soup may sound funny allied to prettiness, but the right food at the right time is important all the year round. It plays a very important role.

In the winter a bowl of hot soup often makes you stand up straight and walk more prettily than you do when you try to defeat the cold by assuming that head-shrinking-into-the-shoulders stance that makes you look like a poor little cold fowl.

Can't you afford a hot lunch? Save up for a vacuum-flask for lunch and take your hot lunch with you. Vacuum-flasks are wonderful for hot soup, stew, or macaroni cheese, or the hot something that brings the glow to your cheeks on a bleak day.

If you're a salad type, take a plastic bag of lettuce and hard-boiled eggs and fruit, and soon your goose pimples will leave you.

You'll be surprised, too, how your skin improves and your hair and eyes shine when you eat properly for the season and skip some of those sandwich lunches that are so full of carbohydrates. These easy-to-eat carbohydrates are those bulges that show so unflatteringly when you put your swim-suit on come summer.

So watch out, eat properly and look prettier, and warmer.

the university in their State; in Victoria to the Masseurs' Registration Board, Melbourne; in Western Australia to the Physiotherapists' Registration Board, Perth.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Fashion tricks with...

CHIFFON

by Dawn James

● Take one strapless evening dress — and give it half-a-dozen different "looks." How? With 2yds. of silk chiffon: cut the chiffon in half lengthways and join two of the narrow edges together, so you have a stole that's 4yds. long and 18in. wide. Machine (or hem by hand) round the entire piece of material. Then . . . use the stole to create the illusion of a new dress . . .

4. *Fascinator:* the chiffon comes in handy on a windy night, worn over the hair with the "tails" crossing on shoulder.

5. *Back interest . . .* and the chiffon wraps round the shoulder to knot at the back; the knot is hidden by an enormous silk rose.



1. Bow-tied sash is tied simply round the waist and knotted into a floppy bow at the back of the dress.

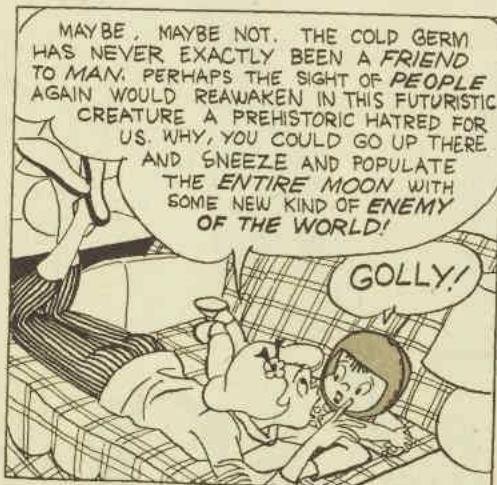
2. An "order" in chiffon veils one shoulder and is caught at the waistline with a big decorative brooch.

3. Empire-line tie . . . knot the chiffon once, then anchor that with a safety pin before knotting it again.

6. Bertha-type fichu is feminine and pretty. The belt holds the "tails" in place at each side of the skirt.

TEENA

by
Linda Terry



**A GUY on
TV ads says
there's no**

TROTH in advertising!

● I know I complain a lot about the drawbacks and frustrations of boy-girl get-togethers in real life.

BUT even I have to admit that there are worse relations (and I don't mean a girl-friend's old mum!).

I refer, of course, to the puppy love-life of young people in television commercials.

My heart bleeds pretty well every time I see a TV ad—and not just because the plug comes just when the baddy's about to be plugged!

No, it is because young love gets such a poor shake in the commercials.

Take, for instance, the case of the pretty blonde and the handsome young feller whom I see a dozen times each week sitting in

a souped-up sports buggy on a cliff-top.

Under normal circumstances they should be discussing a clutch—and I don't mean the car's!

Unfair to Jack

But what does the advertising copywriter let them talk about? Moon, June, and spoon? Not on your life. They have to gaze tenderly into each other's radiant faces and whisper about how many tiny filters Coughman's cigarettes contain!

I've written a sad love song about this. It's called "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes."

Then there are Sally and Jack. Now, in my book these two were made for each other, but on TV an advertising agency spoilsport puts his grey flannel bib in.

"What!" sneers a voice. "Sally

turning down Jack again? Someone ought to tell him about" — dramatic pause — "personal hygiene!"

Bang goes another romance. And the unfair thing is that they never let Jack correct his problem. Sally's still turning him down.

Being an old softy the only pores that offend me is the pause for a word from that heartless sponsor!

Even tiny kids in real puppy love aren't spared.

A little fellow named Johnny Brown and his girl are two other victims on TV commercials. They're two hearts that beat as one — until a can of cream comes between them.

J.B. trusts the girl so much that he leaves it up to her to tell him when he can safely jump off a ladder.

Any bloke who has contemplated taking the plunge will realise that this is true love.

But that darned agency man is at it again.

The home-made ice-cream that Johnny Brown plans to break his fall with is so good (made with —'s cream, of course) that the lass moves it and Johnny crashes, to the great detriment of his teeth!

And picture this scene: A beautiful young lass sitting with a nattily

dressed bloke at a posh restaurant gleaming with exquisite napery and cutlery and groaning under a feed fit for a king.

Is she having a good time? No, she's scowling into her soup because the agency has cursed the young man with — horror of horrors — hungry hair.

Big deals blighted

Actually his hair looks quite O.K., and it's obvious the girl wouldn't be upset except that the scriptwriter dobbled him in for dandruff.

So it goes on — beautiful boy-meets-girl deals blighted by Big Business. They say that the course of true love never does run smooth. Certainly TV commercials make the going rougher than ever.

It's enough to make a teenager hope he or she never sees 21 (inch screen).

And while there may be truth in advertising, there's very little chance of troth!

— Robin Adair

When you are invited home

FOR A BOY

Points of etiquette

FOR A GIRL



● "Leave your things in here" to the girl visitor means handbag, coat, and gloves neatly laid on chair or bed before going into the living-room.



● When the boy's the visitor, it's manners for him to wait until his hostess and her daughter are seated before sitting down himself.



● Asking permission to smoke, and not just lighting up and putting away, will be approved by mother, whether she herself smokes or not.

● Knowing when it's time to go, and not over-staying his welcome, is the sort of thoughtfulness that could lead to an invitation to come again.



More points of etiquette next week



● Offering to give a hand with table-clearing and washing-up will be appreciated by the boy's mother. She's likely to think poorly of a girl who just sits and tries to look pretty.

● Friendly interest in mother and what she's doing is sure to make a favorable impression. It's rude to ignore her and concentrate on her son.



ANNETTE FUNICELLO

Page 36 — Tuesday

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — June 29, 1960



Bill, and Bunyip interview many characters, including the Bandicoot (left), the Rooster, the Parrot, and the Hedgehog. Hal Evans wrote the musical and Wendy Dixon did the scenery. Peter Scriven has adapted the story and staged it. These pictures by staff photographer Adelie Hurley.



Combat, are always knives while Bunyip me again" steak-and- behind the scenes.

SUSPECTED of being a disguised Pudding Thief, Finkleberry Flying Fox declares his innocence to sympathetic elderly dog Benjamin Brandysnap. The show has a cast of 24.



TRIAL in the courtroom at Tooraloof of the Pudding Thieves. After this the Pudding owners take Albert away to live in a tree-house, where he will be safe from thieves. The marionette show takes nearly two hours to perform.

So much richer in vitamin goodness'

says Miss Gladys Moncrieff

"If you're like me and you enjoy a spread with real flavour, try Marmite. I guarantee you'll prefer it. Marmite is wonderful in cooking and I particularly enjoy it as a broth... excellent as a quick energy pick-up any time of the day."

Because it's a blend of two of nature's most vital food elements... yeast and vegetable extract... Marmite is an invaluable aid to good health. Rich in Vitamin B₁, Marmite helps promote strong healthy nerves, assists digestion, strengthens resistance to everyday ills. Every member of your family needs a daily quota of Marmite. Give them Marmite sandwiches for lunch, spread it on toast or crackers for quick appetizing snacks; and add a dab of Marmite to soups, stews and casseroles — a delicious savoury touch. Miles more flavour and many more spreads in every jar of Marmite.



Insist on
the one and only

MARMITE

\$104

Page 34



FRUITY chocolate pie decorated with sweetened whipped cream and sprinkled with grated chocolate wins this week's main prize. Recipe is below.

PIE WINS PRIZE

● Luscious chocolate pie with a surprise fruit filling wins £5 in our popular recipe contest.

THIS unusual pie successfully combines the flavors of banana, apple, and passionfruit with a rich chocolate cream. For a variation, other tinned or fresh fruits could be used.

A sweet and sour flavored beef dish which is served with hot fluffy rice wins this week's £1 consolation prize.

All spoon measurements are level.

FRUITY CHOCOLATE PIE

Pastry: One cup plain flour, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 egg, little milk.

Sift both flours and salt into basin, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Beat egg and sugar together and add enough to dry ingredients to form a fairly dry dough. A little milk can be added if necessary. Roll out on a floured board to 1/8in. thickness and line a 9in. tart-plate. Trim edges and flute, prick base, and bake in a hot oven until golden. Cool thoroughly.

Filling: One tablespoon gelatine, 1/4 cup cold water, 2 eggs (separated), 1 cup sugar, 1 1/2 cups hot milk, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 2 tablespoons sherry, 1 cup drained stewed apple, 1 sliced banana, 4 passionfruit, pinch salt, 1/2 pint cream, chocolate.

Sink gelatine in cold water. Beat egg-yolks with half the sugar and cocoa. Heat milk in top half of a double saucepan, beat in egg-yolk mixture. Stir over heat until it thickens slightly. Add soaked gelatine, stir until dissolved. Remove from heat, add sherry. Chill until slightly thickened. Cover base of pastry-case with drained apple, sliced banana,

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Brown, 503 Dana St., Ballarat, Vic.

THIS WEEK'S HOME HINT

A PRIZE of £1/- is awarded to Mrs. C. Watkins, 30 Gum St., Wynnum, Qld., for the following hint:

A nice preserve to eat with cold lamb is made as follows: Dissolve a packet of lemon jelly crystals in hot vinegar instead of water, stir in 2 tablespoons of freshly chopped mint, blend well, and fill into small jars.

Have you a useful household hint to pass on to other housewives? Send it to Home Hints, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. We will pay £1/- for every hint we publish.

FOUR TYPES OF ICING



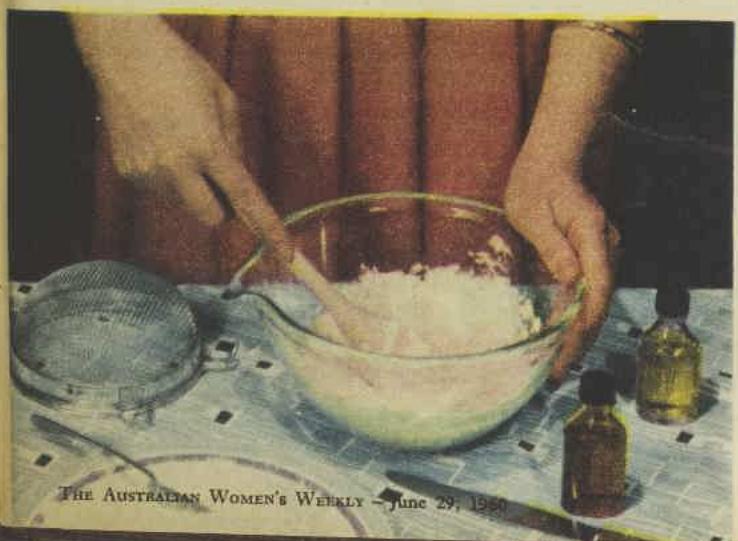
SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING: Combine 2 egg-whites, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, and 4 tablespoons water in a heatproof bowl. Place over boiling water and cook, whisking continuously for 12 to 14 minutes. Remove, beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder and few drops food coloring.



COFFEE GLACE ICING (left): Sift 2 cups icing-sugar into bowl, make a well in centre, and pour in 2 teaspoons melted butter and 2 to 3 tablespoons very hot coffee. Stir until smooth, spread over cake, using hot, wet knife to obtain smooth surface. Decorate with small walnut halves.

COLORFUL ARRAY of delicious cakes with icings to suit every taste is shown above. The cakes are confetti ring, chocolate recess, coffee walnut square, and orange-blossom loaf, and they should suit any occasion from lunch-box slices to bridal-shower teas or supper parties.

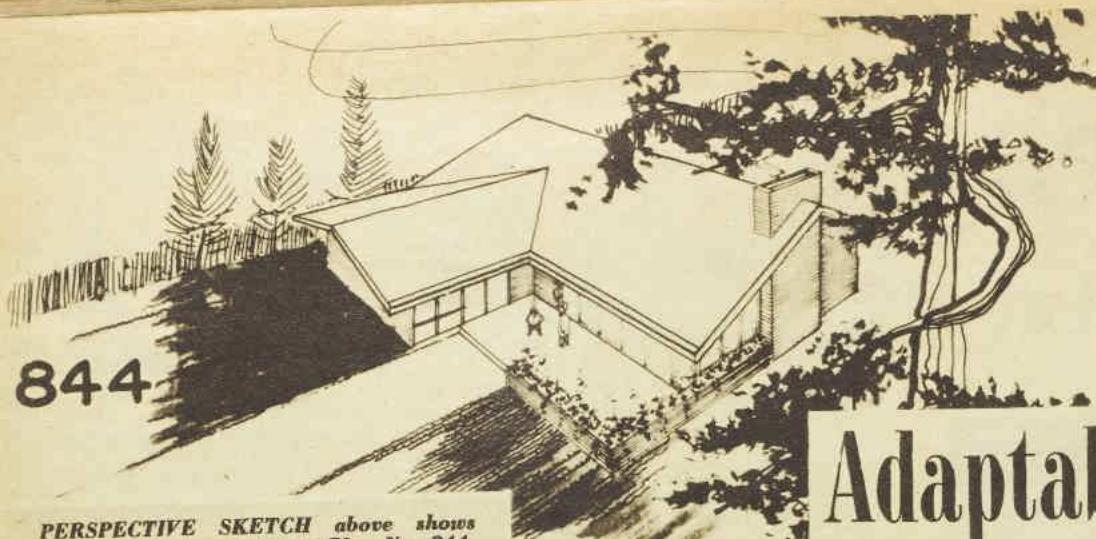
• This week Debbie, our teenage chef, shows four different ways in which cakes can be prettied up. She realises that a little care taken in decorating a simple home-made or package mix cake can bring words of praise and envy from her girlfriends. Debbie uses level spoon measurements and the standard 8 liquid ounce cup measure for her ingredient quantities.



ORANGE VIENNA ICING (left): Beat 3oz. butter or substitute until soft and creamy. Add 1 teaspoon orange rind, beat in 1 tablespoon orange juice and 8oz. sifted icing-sugar in gradual alternate quantities until mixture is light and fluffy. Spread on cake.

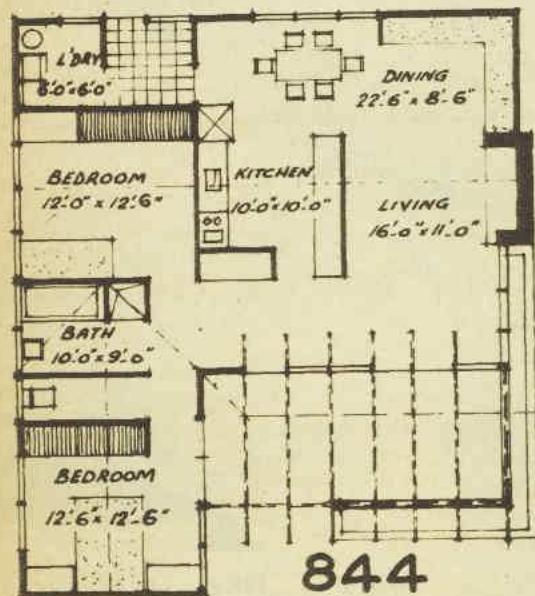
ROCKY ROAD FROSTING (right): Roughly chop 12 marshmallows and 12 glace cherries into pieces. Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dark sweet chocolate over hot (not boiling) water, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts, marshmallows, and cherries, and mix well. Spoon over top of recess cake.





844

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH above shows pleasing exterior of Home Plan No. 844. FLOOR PLAN below illustrates large open-plan living area opening to patio.



THIS design features an enormous open-plan living area with a large brick fireplace 6ft. wide, and full-length windows and doors opening on to the terrace.

A complete set of working drawings for this and many other Small Home Plans can be bought for only £10/10/- from any of our Home Planning Centres. Addresses are given at right.

Design No. 844 has a pleasant exterior and would suit a 45ft. or 50ft.-wide block.

There are two bedrooms, and a third could be added at a later date.

Both bedrooms have built-in wardrobes and are a good size.

The bathroom and separate W.C. are placed conveniently between the two bedrooms. The W.C. can open off the passage or the bathroom.

Glass doors or a folding screen could be used to sep-

arate the entrance hall from the living-room.

If required, a garage or carport could be added at the front or side of the house.

The wall between the kitchen and the living-room could be extended through the back wall to make the kitchen separate from the living area. This would also supply a playroom for the children.

Area of the house in timber is 11.84 squares and in brick 12.64 squares.

Building costs

Cost in timber is between £3700 and £4200, and in brick between £4200 and £4600.

For accurate costs on your own site please consult your local Home Planning Centre.

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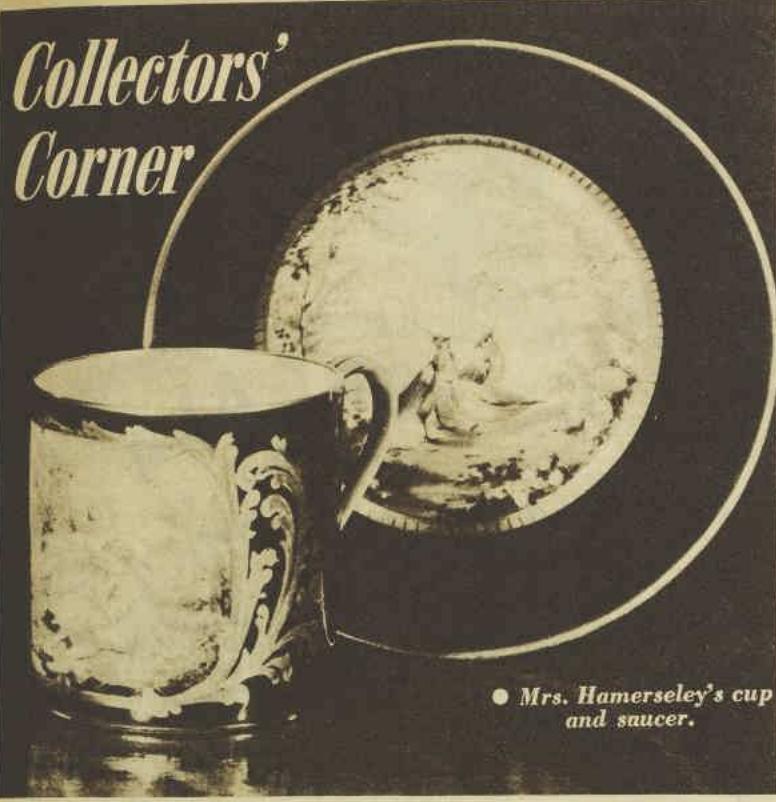
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Collectors' Corner



• Mrs. Hamersey's cup and saucer.

• Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, an expert, answers questions about antiques.

SEND a photograph and description of the object, with a drawing of markings, one question only, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Collectors' Corner, G.P.O. Box 4088, Sydney, N.S.W."

Question:

"THIS charming cup and saucer has a rich, deep blue surround and gold piping. On the cup is a delicately painted scene in a country garden, with a girl fishing and a boy playing a flute. The saucer pictures birds in a garden. I think it is French. Could you tell me if this is correct and the approximate date when it was made?"—Mrs. M. Hamersey, Darling Point, Sydney.

Answer:

It is actually a reproduction of an 18th-century design, Sevres, and made about 1865.

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

• The short-skirted evening dress is a good party fashion for the 18-year-old age group.

I HAVE chosen a dress in this category in answer to a young reader's query. Here is her letter and my reply:

"Would ballerina- or full-length be the most suitable length for an evening frock for a girl of 18 years? The frock is for dancing, nothing too formal is required. The material I have is sky-blue faille and I will need a pattern in SSW. I am about 34in. bust."

A party dress with a street-length skirt — it should cover the knees — is far newer than a dress with a ballerina (mid-calf) length skirt.

The design I have chosen is illustrated at right; the bodice is prettily form-fitting and the skirt has graceful fullness for dancing. Beside the picture are further details and how to order the pattern.

"WOULD a tunic ensemble be correct made in black-and-white wool tweed? Would the outfit need a small or big hat?"

The tunic is a strong influence in fashion, and a tunic ensemble would look extremely smart made in tweed. My suggestion is a wrist-length princess-line tunic worn over a slim straight skirt. A deep "bulky" hat is the correct shape to balance the tunic line.

"WITH your help I want to make a new outfit to wear from the end of August till the weather gets warm. I haven't many clothes, so I must plan carefully. I thought of a style in beige wool. I am slim and on the small side."

If a spring wardrobe could have only one new garment, my choice

would definitely be a suit plus two blouses — one blouse in plain silk and one in printed chiffon. Beige couldn't be better for the color choice. The "no color" look for spring will be high fashion. As you are small and — lucky you! — slim, I suggest a waist-length jacket and bias-cut or pleated skirt. Have one blouse printed in brown, beige, and pink, and the other in one of the new orange shades. Have bone-colored accessories as close as possible to the color of the suit fabric.

"COULD you give me a new idea for the bodice of a formal evening frock? The skirt is ankle-length and slim."

The halter-top dress is very new and it's a fashion that will continue into spring.

"PLEASE help me in combining some white and navy wool. I have 1½ yds. of 54in. white and about 2 yds. 5½in. navy. I am 17 years old, and loose, tailored styles seem to suit me best."

My suggestion is a straight-cut slim skirt in white and a tunic blouse in navy. Have the tunic wrist-length, semi-fitted, and finished with short sleeves and round, flat collar. Add two patch pockets placed low and you will have a slick tailored outfit.

DS409.—Short party dress in sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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Continuing . . . MARRIAGE IN REVERSE

from page 15

she had fled straight to her mother's and spent the night there. For the rest of the week they had been frigidly polite to each other.

This was the third Sunday!

Funny, he reflected, the effect a car had on Button. Normally a bright, intelligent girl, she became completely unstable the moment she confronted a steering wheel — bursting into tears because he raised his voice a few times; driving into a ditch for no reason whatever when he'd sworn at her for driving in the middle of the road; and now, of all crazy things, reversing when he distinctly ordered her to go forward—and nearly smashing his head in half during the process. He patted the spot tenderly and yawned.

Oh, well, after this she'd give up all ideas of becoming a female Stirling Moss—that was certain! He looked at his watch. It was twenty-past four, and getting colder. He put the window up, stretched back comfortably—and waited.

Button strode doggedly along, seething with rage. "I hate him—hate him—hate him," she informed the countryside. "He's a sadist. He's the original Jekyll and Hyde—and it's taken me fourteen months to find out. He becomes a screaming maniac the moment he gets behind a steering wheel." She kicked a stone viciously across the road. "I'll teach the stubborn brute a lesson: he can plead his head off and I'll never go back to him. Never."

It was getting colder and the sky looked threatening. She had no idea of the time or how long she had been walking. Nor did she care. A car was bound to come along soon, and she'd get a lift to somewhere. Meanwhile, she hoped her husband stewed in his own radiator juice!

A misty rain began to fall. She shivered, turned up the collar of her suede jacket and pocketed her hands.

Presently a small farmhouse appeared in the distance. Her spirits soared, and with a deep sigh of satisfaction she quickened her footsteps. But reaching the dilapidated gate she stopped hesitantly as a short, fat woman lumbered towards her, gesturing frantically and calling in a distressed voice, "Helpa, please. You helpa me, please!"

Button shuddered. Another maniac, she decided—I'll bet she's just murdered her husband. Oh, well, out of the frying-pan into the fire! The woman was clutching her by the arm and pleading vociferously in Italian. Button took in the rain-streaked old face, the rolling eyes, the shabby black dress: humor her, that's what I must do. "Well, it's all so much spaghetti to me," she broke in, "but I'll come moto perpetuo."

She allowed herself to be hustled into the house, and was about to follow the old woman into a front room when she froze at the sight of a body lying on the floor.

The old woman creaked to her knees, sobbing: "My poor Maria—poor Maria she dying." Button braced herself against the door framework. "What happened?" she asked hoarsely.

"She slip and fall, no speak to me. You please helpa them?"

"Them?"

"Si, si, the bambino arriva soon. We getta to 'ospital quick."

Button looked more carefully at the recumbent figure. "Oh, no!" she gasped. If she were any judge there was going to be more than one bambino—and anything might happen while the girl was unconscious!

"Have you a telephone?" she asked, glancing round desperately. The old woman shook her head.

"Where is her husband?" Button mouthed each word distinctly.

"He go to city witha cousin. They meeta migrant ship, come home tomorrow." The old woman's pleading black eyes searched Button's face. "You drive the car?"

"Car?" Button blinked. "In shed. I show you way to 'ospital."

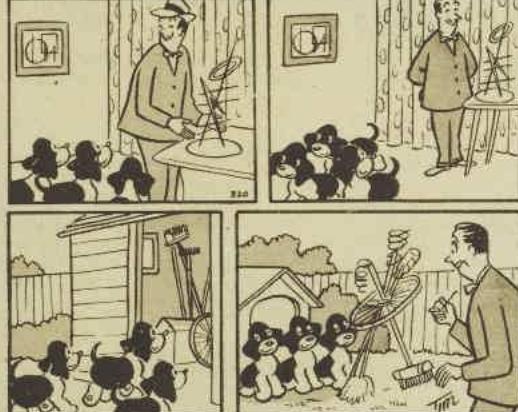
Button was about to protest when the girl stirred slightly and moaned. Breaking out in a cold sweat, Button took just one second to make up her mind. If it meant battling with a car or a bunch of triplets, she'd tackle the car!

To her immense relief it turned out to be a later vintage of the model her father had owned. Climbing in gingerly, she sat for a moment collecting her thoughts, and then, with a murmured prayer, she turned on the ignition. The car moved in a series of jolts across to the verandah, but at least she was still alive, she reminded the matron.

When she had finished, the matron shook her head incredulously. "Mrs. Crapp, you deserve a V.C., that's all I can

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



human effort manoeuvred the girl into the car, the old woman clambering in with her daughter.

Button sat tense, her lower lip clamped between her teeth, concentrating all her will on starting smoothly.

One jolt might cause — she dared not think what it might cause! Slowly, carefully, she drove through the gate. It was now raining steadily, and quite dark. The glass was missing from the driver's window, but she was barely aware of the rain spattering against her face.

After a while the road turned slightly right and disappeared from view. Button eased to a stop as a weather-beaten notice materialised in the glare of the headlights, and with a sickening shock she picked out the words: Very Steep Hill. Dangerous Curves.

The old woman was breathing excitedly down her neck. " 'ospital downa there, you looks!" she cried, jabbing her finger past Button's neck. Button looked. Way down below, in what seemed to her another world, tiny pinpricks of light speared the darkness. "Isn't there another way down? This is a dangerous hill. I don't think I can—"

"No, no, no." The old woman shook her head vehemently. "This only way. You go careful, I pray for you."

"You'll need to," Button assured her.

An eerie groan from behind sent a prickling shiver down her back. She took a deep breath. "The very time I need my husband he's deserted me," she muttered.

"Please, you say?"

"Oh, nothing. Well, here we go. Start praying!"

It was a nightmare ride. Down, down they crawled, slithering round tortuous hairpin bends, skidding dangerously on the loose metal. Button's eyes were tight with the strain of peering ahead into the rain-splashed glare, and her hands felt wedged to the wheel. Then, at last, the lights were no longer below, but level with them. They had reached the main road of the township, and there, glowing ahead, was the most welcoming thing Button had ever seen — the red hospital light! She pressed her aching foot on the brake, then everything became a blur.

She was vaguely aware of being kissed and thanked hysterically, of scurrying white uniforms, of voices exclaiming: "—Mrs. Rinaldi's daughter! —hurry—get Doctor—" Then she was sitting in front of a blazing fire, wrapped in blankets and sobbing over the whole miserable story to the matron.

When she had finished, the matron shook her head incredulously. "Mrs. Crapp, you deserve a V.C., that's all I can

miles went by with still no sign of her he reached the incredible conclusion that she was still stubbornly walking in the wrong direction! He skidded the car around. Oh, why didn't I keep my big mouth shut and have more patience? Why did I have to be so smart and choose this dreadful road miles from anywhere? Anything could have happened to her, he chided himself.

Miles farther on he spotted a small farmhouse, and although there were no lights visible he banged hopefully on the door. But there was no reply. Almost numb with worry he squelched back to the car and continued his way cautiously through the teeming rain.

Clement never remembered experiencing such a harassing trip, and his hand shook slightly as he rang the night-bell at the Gully Hospital some time later.

The matron herself answered his ring, and at the sight of the distraught, dripping young man she congratulated herself. Being what she fondly termed a connoisseur of human nature, Matron Pink was rarely mistaken in her predictions! "Is there a Mrs. Crapp here?" Clement asked fearfully.

"There is." The matron regarded him sternly. "Are you her husband?"

Clement nodded. "But what happened? Is she hurt?"

"As a matter of fact, she has been very hurt, Mr. Crapp. I suppose you could call it—mental cruelty?"

Clement stared at her blankly, then he reddened. "She told you?" He looked so miserable this nice but stubborn young husband, that the matron almost softened. Then she thought of his heroic, misunderstood little wife, and decided it would be kinder, in the long run, to be a little cruel.

"She told me everything," the matron said. "Come right in, Mr. Crapp. You and I have some talking to do."

"But what happened after she left me? Did she—was she in an accident? Is she all right?" Like an automaton Clement followed her into a firelit sitting room. The matron's eyes bored into his.

"A young woman might have died tonight if it hadn't been for your wife's courage. She's a wonderful woman."

"I know. I know she's a wonderful woman," Clement said impatiently. "That's why I married her. But what did she do? How do you mean she saved a woman's life?"

"By her magnificent driving," Clement looked stunned. "Driving? There's some mistake, I'm afraid. You see, my wife can't drive!"

"Don't ever make that mistake again, young man. Your wife is a born driver. In fact —she's probably better than you!"

Clement paled. He sat speechless as the matron related the whole story. Finally he rose.

"She might have been killed," he blurted out. Then a gleam of pride lit up his eyes and he added: "There aren't many women who would tackle a hill like that one." Suddenly he slumped back into his chair. "I've been a heel," he announced quite simply. "I doubt if my wife ever wants to see me again."

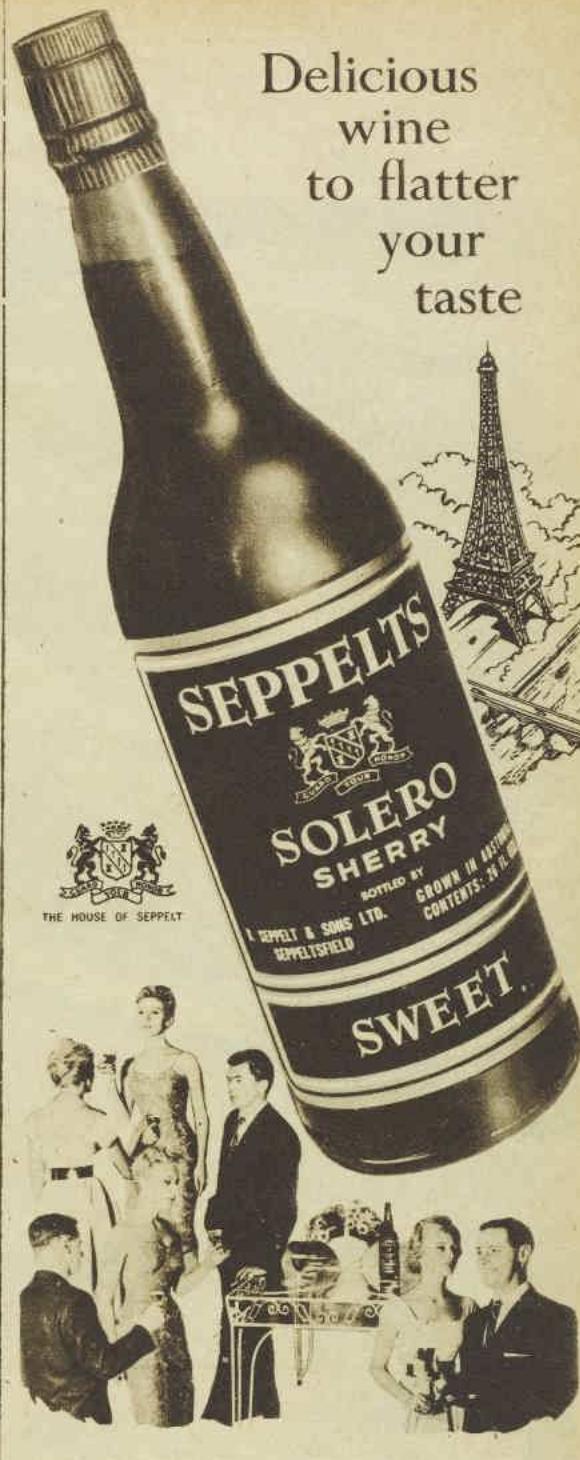
The matron patted his shoulder. "She does, believe me. She's probably asleep now, but I'm sure you'd like to see her."

Clement leapt up. The matron summoned a nurse and her eyes dancing mischievously, she said very clearly: "Sister, this is Mr. Crapp. Will you take him to see his wife —she's in the maternity ward."

Very efficiently they caught Clement as he fainted!

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SHOWY SHRUBS

• A tastefully grouped collection of trees and shrubs is the most effective and lasting feature of any garden.

MANY of the ornamental trees grow too tall or demand too much space for the average suburban garden, but there are many hundreds of smaller shrubs that will, through careful selection, provide color most of the year.

Smaller shrubs are important, too, in the planning of more spacious gardens. Many spots close to a house or footpath call for neat, compact flowering shrubs that will not cut out light or damage concrete paths and foundations with large, spreading roots.

Bright flowers which bloom over long periods are one of the greatest considerations in choosing shrubs. A garden need never be bare if shrubs that flower in succession are planted.

Climatic conditions must, to some extent, govern the final choice of what to plant. Some shrubs will bloom freely in hot and mild climates, but wilt and suffer dieback if touched by frost.

Choose wind-resistant shrubs for exposed positions, and more tender varieties for sheltered, warm corners.

But whatever the situation or climate, there are beautiful shrubs to fit. Local nurseries will help a gardener to make a choice.

The pictures on this page show some of the more popular and attractive flowering shrubs for smaller gardens. Some others are:

Ceanothus Glorie de Versailles (6ft.) has large panicles of powder-blue flowers lasting through summer and autumn.

Ceanothus Marie Simon (6ft.) semi-deciduous, with soft pink flowers and handsome reddish-brown stems.

Clerodendron Ugandense (5ft.), or blue butterfly bush, as it is commonly called, is evergreen. A really beautiful shrub, it has two-toned blue petals which smother it like tiny butterflies. It needs a dry, sunny, frost-free position.

Coleonema Pritchardii (5ft.) is another evergreen with tiny bright pink flowers in winter and early spring. It needs a sheltered position.

Other good shrubs include *Leptospermums*, *Grevilleas*, *Cytisus* or brooms; *Dryandra formosa*, *Peucospermum bolivi*, *Lasiandra* or *Tibouchina* a semidecadra *Edwardsii*, and *Tibouchina grandiflora*.



• *Leptospermum Red Damask* (6ft.) is hardy anywhere and not fussy about soil. It blooms during winter.



• *Prostanthera rotundifolia* (6 to 8ft.) is a profuse bloomer from September to November, easy to cultivate except where severe frosts occur. Prune after flowering.



• *Cantua buxifolia* (4 to 6ft.), known as *Marvel of Peru*, likes a warm situation and light sandy soil. Prune well after flowering to the main trunk or a stem.



• *Clianthus puniceus* (6 to 7ft.) is a versatile evergreen which may also be trained as a climber. Hardy and easy to grow in good moist soil.



• *Leucospermum reflexum* (6 to 12ft.) prefers a sunny situation in light, well-drained soil. Flowers spring and summer.



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Page 41

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Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

from page 17

sound of it! What the devil is the confounded brat up to?"

"Well, if ever I met a more baffleheaded pair of silly gudgeons!" exclaimed Claud disgustedly. "Dash it, if young Richmond's gone out, it's as plain as a pikestaff what he's up to! And I must say it's coming to something if he can't slip off for a bit of fun and gig without you two trying to nose out what game he's flying at, and raising all this dust! Anyone would think, to listen to you, that he'd gone off to rob the mail!"

He found that he was being stared at by both his auditors, and added with considerable asperity: "And don't stand there goggling at me as if you'd never heard of a young chub having a petticoat-affair, because that's doing it a dashed sight too brown!"

"I wonder if you could be right?" said Vincent.

Hugo shook his head. "No. There's not a sign of it. He's not that road yet. You'd know it if he'd started in the petticoat-line."

"Why can't you leave the wretched boy alone? He won't come to any harm! Why should he?" said Claud.

"Hugo thinks he's in a string with a gang of smugglers," said Vincent curtly.

"What?" gasped Claud. "Thinks Richmond — No, dash it! Of all the crack-brained notions I ever heard —! You don't believe that, Vincent?"

"I don't know what I believe!" said Vincent, jerking the curtain across the window in a way that betrayed his disquiet. "I do know one thing, and that's that I'll have the truth out of Richmond when he comes in!"

"Well, if you mean to ask him if he's joined a gang of smugglers, I hope he draws your cork! I call it a dashed insult!"

"There's more to it than that," Hugo said. "Ottershaw's watching him like a cat at a mouse-hole, and he'd not do that if he hadn't good reason to suspect him."

Claud's eyes started almost from their sockets. "Are you talking about the Riding Officer I found you gabbing to at Rye? Suspects Richmond? You can't mean that!"

"Ay, but I do mean it," replied Hugo grimly. "There's little would suit him better than to catch the lad redhanded."

"He wouldn't dare! No, no! Dash it, Hugo—a Darracott!"

"That won't weigh with him if Richmond walks into a trap he's set. Well, talking will pay no toll!"

"Just so!" said Vincent. "Perhaps you'll tell me what will pay toll!"

"Ask me that when I know where the lad is! There's only one thing I can think of to do at this present: I'll walk up to the Dower House — ghost-catching! If I find the place is being watched, at the least we'll know they've not got wind of the lad yet, for it's there that they look for him!" He glanced at Vincent. "If I'm asked for here, you'll have to cut some kind of a wheeble for me. What are they doing upstairs? Have my aunts gone to bed yet?"

"They hadn't when I left the room, though my Aunt Elvira was about to go. She said something about a sore throat, and feeling a cold coming on, so no doubt she'll have retired by now. Anthea went off to do something about a posset she knows how to brew! — so it's more than likely she's in the kitchen quarters. Does she know how to brew?"

"No, and I don't mean she shall! Fob her off if she should."

come in here! I take it his lordship's still up?"

"Since he and my mother were engaged in playing over again every hand about which they had — er — disagreed, you may take it that they will both be up for some time to come," replied Vincent sardonically.

Even as he spoke the door opened and Anthea came into the room, her face white. "Hugo!" she uttered breathlessly. "Please come quickly! I — I need you!"

Two strides brought him to her. He saw that she was trembling, and grasped her shoulders. "Steady, lass! What is it? Is it Richmond?"

She nodded and said, trying to command her voice: "He's hurt — bleeding dreadfully! They were cutting his coat off —"

"Who were?" he interrupted.

"John Joseph and Polyphant Chollacombe is there, too, and Mrs. Flitwick. We — she and I — went to the pantry, you see, and that's how — John Joseph had carried him there. He was unconscious, and his face — his face was black, Hugo! At first, I — I couldn't think who it was! He had on a smock —"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Vincent. "It's true, then! Now what do you propose we should do, cousin?"

"Find out how badly the lad's hurt!" Hugo answered.

ANTHEA said, following him from the room, "Hugo, he—he must have been smuggling! I c-can't believe it! Richmond!"

"Keep mum for that just now, love!" he replied.

He was striding down the broad corridor that led from the hall to the kitchen-quarters, and she had almost to run to keep up with him. "John Joseph has washed the soot from Richmond's face, and Mrs. Flitwick took that dreadful smock to burn it immediately. They were so good, Hugo! Even Polyphant!"

They had reached the door leading to the kitchen-wing, and as Hugo thrust it open, Vincent, hard on his heels, asked: "How many of the servants know about this? Is the entire household attending to Richmond?"

Richmond, who was lying on the flagged floor, had come round. He was being supported by John Joseph, kneeling behind him, while Polyphant was waving some burnt feathers under his nose, and Chollacombe, looking very much shaken, stood rather helplessly behind Polyphant, holding a glass of brandy in his hand. Richmond's coat had been cut off, and his shirt ripped away from his left arm and shoulder. Claud, managing to obtain a glimpse into the room over Vincent's shoulder, recoiled, shuddering, from a scene which did, indeed, resemble a shambles.

John Joseph looked up under his brows at the Major, saying dourly: "Happen 't gadgers will be banging on t' door in a piece, so, think quick!"

"How badly is he hit?" Hugo asked, putting Polyphant out of his way and bending over Richmond.

"Nay, it's noan so bad, but seemingly t'bullet's lodged." He shifted Richmond slightly, and raised the cloth he was holding over an ugly wound high up on Richmond's shoulder. Brief scrutiny satisfied Hugo that the bullet had not penetrated deeply enough to touch a vital part.

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He said cheerfully: "Well, that's the first thing to be dealt with. But we'll have him where I can get to work on him. One of you bring lights to the morning-room — you, Polyphant! I'll want a bowl of hot water, plenty of lint, if you have it, and the brandy: take it along there, Chollacombe!" He stooped, and, without apparent effort, lifted Richmond up in his arms.

Richmond, still dazed and faint, muttered, "Dragoons, I think. Two of them. Couldn't see clearly — light bad. In the Home Wood. Must have runned me."

"Wait, you fool!" Vincent said. "The boy's got to be hidden! You can't take him into the morning-room! If there were dragoons in our grounds they must have a warrant to search, we may have them upon us at any moment! They mustn't find him here, like this!"

"Nay, we'll have him in better shape to be looked at. Don't be a dastard, man! If it's Richmond they want, the lad must be here, where he should be! There's no hiding him: you had as well hand him over to Ottershaw without more ado! We must think of a better way out of the mess than that."

VINCENT said angrily: "What can we possibly do but hide him? He's led them straight to this house, dripping blood all the way."

"I'm sorry — they were guarding the Dower House," Richmond said, very faint still, but in a rather stronger voice. "No light in the window. That's Spurstow's signal. Hugo said come to him — in a tight squeeze. I was nearly caught, not far from Peasmarsh!"

Hugo lowered him into a chair by the table in the middle of the morning-room. His face was quite calm, but a little graver than usual; he glanced round, taking note of the bowl of water Anthea had set down on the table, of the lint, and the torn sheets Mrs. Flitwick was assembling and said, his eyes coming to rest on his groom: "How do you come into this, John Joseph? Were you seen with Mr. Richmond?"

"Nay, I was nobbut taking a stroll, and smoking my pipe. I heard t'shot, but I never saw hair nor hide of any dragoon, nor dager, neither."

"I shook them off. Only got a glimpse of me," Richmond said, wincing under Hugo's hands.

"That's good; they'll search through the woods before they come here," said Hugo. "Get back to your quarters now, John Joseph: I don't want you mixed up in this. Tell me, Richmond, why did they shoot at you?"

"I didn't halt when one of them shouted out. Couldn't, because — no time to get rid of the smock," Richmond gasped jerkily. "Blacked my face, too — Hugo!"

"There was no coming to cuffs?"

"No, I didn't know they were there till I heard them shout. Then I ran for it, dodging."

"Ottershaw wasn't there," Hugo decided. "He'd have given no order for shooting, and he won't be suited when he knows you were shot at."

Vincent glanced up at the Major, saying: "If they didn't catch the boy with smuggled goods they've no case against him. As for shooting at him — in his own grounds, too! — we might use that to scotch the whole business, if it weren't for the smock and the black face."

Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

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What possessed you to put on that rig?"

"Didn't want to be recognised. Before, I've always put off my disguise at the Dower House. Tonight I couldn't. I think — Ottershaw guessed it — some time ago. I knew he was on a hot scent. That's why I took the risk of getting the goods away as soon as it was dark. It seemed the only chance — hoped there'd be no watch so early. I didn't want to fall back on — my other plan — but had to — because —"

"Hold him, Hugo! He's going off again!" Vincent said quickly, snatching the decanter of brandy.

"No wish to be troublesome," said Claud, in an ominously-faint voice, "but I think I'll take a drop myself! Can't stand the sight of blood: never could!"

Vincent glanced towards him, where he sat limply on the sofa, his handkerchief pressed to his mouth, and exclaimed contemptuously: "Don't be lily-livered, you miserable man-milliner! Anyone would think, to look at you, that you'd been wounded! He is going to faint!" He swiftly crossed the room to render rough and ready treatment to his younger brother, thrusting his head down between his knees, and holding it there despite protests from his victim.

Richmond, meanwhile, was recovering his color a little. He swallowed some brandy, and murmured: "Not going to go off again. Better now. Give me a moment! Hurts like the devil — what you're doing!"

"It's got to be done, lad. I've no time to do more than stop the bleeding the best way I can, and it's bound to hurt like the devil, for I'm packing it tightly, and you've got a bullet lodged there, you know. Come, now, swallow another mouthful, and you'll be champion!"

Richmond obeyed. He was lying relaxed against Hugo's arm, and he looked up at him, saying: "I hed to you. I had to. It was my responsibility: I couldn't leave them in the lurch! I had to see all safe. I was in command, you see, because it was my scheme."

The Major looked down at him, slightly smiling. "Happen you'll be a good officer," he said. "Lean forward again now."

"Go on! I've got him," Vincent said. "I don't know what we do next, though! You're not going to try to convince the Excisemen he's been with us all the evening, are you? If we could get rid of the bloodstains here, in the house, which we've no hope of doing, the tracks will lead them to the side door, as soon as there's light enough for them to be followed." He felt Richmond writhing, and his hold on him tightened. "Keep still! I've no sympathy to waste on you! How can you have been such a crass fool as to have gone out on this damned, disreputable business tonight after all that Hugo said to you?"

"I had to! The casks were still here!"

"Still where?" Vincent said sharply.

"Here. In the passage. Ever since the last run."

"What passage?" Richmond demanded, looking down at him in sudden, astonished suspicion. He could not see his face, however, for a pang of exquisite anguish had made Richmond gasp, and lean his forehead against his supporting arm. Vincent stared down at the top of his dark head. "Are you trying to tell me you've found the secret passage?"

Richmond managed to utter: "Yes. This end. Spurstow found — the other — ages ago."

"Richmond, you didn't?" Anthea said, quite incredulous. "The boy's raving! Doesn't know what he's saying!" pro-

think it was so very bad. I only did it for the sport of it! I don't benefit by it — and in any event — when Grandpapa said he would never let me be a soldier — I didn't care about anything any more!"

"Sticking-plaster!" interrupted Hugo imperatively.

Polyphant, who had constituted himself his assistant, started and said hurriedly: "Yes, sir — immediately! I beg pardon, I am sure! I allowed myself to be distracted, but it shall not occur again! And

"Ponies in the Park. Had the kegs carried there: too dangerous to bring 'em up to the house. Only thing was — knew Ottershaw was hot on my scent — couldn't be sure he wasn't keeping some kind of a watch on this place, too, so — had to lay a false scent. That's why we did the thing — so early. Had to make him think it must be the real run, and we'd hoped to get away before any watch was set on the place. He did."

Richmond's head was up, and his sister, gazing at him in horror, saw the glow in his eyes. "It was the best chace of them all — my last!" he said, an exultant little smile on his pale lips. "You don't know! If only I hadn't taken it for granted I was safe on our own ground! I ought to have known, but I'd shaken off the pursuit and never dreamed there'd be anyone watching for my return here. I've never come back before — except by the passage. Jem said I'd be taken at fault one day."

Claud, who had been listening with his eyes starting from their sockets, drew a long breath. "When I think of the way we've been living here, never dreaming we'd be a dashed sight safer in a powder-magazine! Well, at least there's one good thing! No need to be afraid he'll go to Newgate! Well, what I mean is, he's stark, staring mad! Ought to have put him into Bedlam years ago!"

"There!" said the Major, pressing down his last strip of sticking-plaster. "Cut, Polyphant! I fancy that will do the trick."

"Beautiful, sir!" said Polyphant, carefully snipping.

"We'll hope it may hold, anyroad. If it doesn't, we shall all of us end in Newgate! Now then! We must bustle about a little. The dragoons will have gone to report to Ottershaw, but for aught we know they may not have had to go so far, so just do what I'm going to tell you, everyone of you, without asking why or arguing about it!

"Chollacombe, I want a couple of packs of cards, another brandy glass, and the clothes you stripped from Mr. Richmond — yes, I mean that, so off with you! Anthea, love, slip away to the billiard-room and fetch Claud's and my coats, will you?"

She nodded and hurried away.

"Claud," said the Major, a twinkle in his eye, "I want every stitch of clothing you've got on, except your drawers. Go on, lad, don't stand there gaping at me, or we'll have Anthea back before we've made you respectable again! It's you that got fired at, not Richmond, and I want your clothes for him!"

"Here, I say, no!" exclaimed Claud, appalled. "If you think I'll put on Richmond's clothes — dash it, if they weren't soaked in blood I wouldn't like it, and —"

"Get your shoes off, and be quick about it!" interrupted Vincent, advancing upon him.

The look on his face was so alarming that Claud sat down hastily to untie his exquisitely ironed shoestrings. No sooner were his shoes and striped socks off than Vincent jerked him to his feet, ripped off his neckcloth, and began to unbutton his waistcoat. Over his shoulder, he said "I make you my compliments, Hugo! But why was Claud skulking in the wood? I see that no Exciseman could possibly think him engaged in smuggling, but we must have some reason to account for his running away when challenged!"

"Nay, lad!" said the Major reproachfully, tossing Richmond's blood-soaked shirt on to the floor. "You've got a short memory! He thought it was the Ackletons, lying in wait to rend him limb from limb, of

course! He was in a very ticklish situation — having been trying with that prime article of virtue the Ackletons forbade him ever to look at again!"

"I'll be damned if I'll have anything to do with a story like that!" declared Claud indignant. Why, I'd never be able to show my face here again!"

"Why should you want to?" said Vincent, who was shaking with laughter. "It's magnificent, Hugo! Claud, there's no need to look at Richmond's breeches; all you have to do is to step into them; I'll even pull 'em up for you!"

Claud, bullied and hustled into his cousin's obnoxious breeches, was so much incensed that he became quiet scarlet in the face. "I ain't handy with my fists, and I don't like turn-ups, but I ain't a rum'un, and I'm damned if I'll have you two cooking up a story like that about me! Not if you were to offer me a fortune!"

"No one will offer you a fortune, brother," said Vincent, pushing him on to the sofa, and picking up one of Richmond's boots. "Pull this on! — all you will be offered, if you don't do as you're bid, is a facer heavy enough to send you to sleep while we exhibit you to the Excisemen."

"Think, lad!" Hugo interposed. "If we're to hoax Ottershaw, we must have a tale that's got some likelihood to it."

"Likelihood?" gasped Claud. "Well, of all the —"

"Nay, how should he know whether you're a right one, or a pudding-heart?" said Hugo hastily.

"What he does know is what happened to Ackleton the night he came up here, and the silly way he's been blustering ever since about what he'll do to you if he gets the chance. Knowing that much for truth, he'll find it hard to disbelieve the rest surely enough to put our tale to the test — for he knows well that if he were to make a false accusation against Richmond there'd be the devil to pay. It's no matter if you're made to look foolish, Claud. If we can't conceal the truth from Ottershaw, it's not only Richmond who'll be laid low but every Darracott among us."

Richmond said suddenly: "No! You can't ask Claud to do that! I wouldn't — I couldn't!"

"Come, Claud, what odds does it make to you if a parcel of hicks laugh at you?" Vincent added, rather unfortunately: "They've been laughing at you for years!"

A MULISH look came into Claud's face, and he was just about to deliver himself of a flat refusal to sacrifice himself for the sake of any of his family when Polyphant, engaged in tying the neckcloth round Richmond's neck, saved the situation by saying: "If I may take the liberty, Mr. Vincent, I venture to say — with the greatest deference, sir! that Mr. Claud is equal to anything!"

Claud wavered. Anthea came back into the room at that moment, and was not unnaturally staggered to find him sketchily attired in her brothers bloodstained breeches, and top-boots. The reason for this peculiar transformation was briefly explained to her. Without allowing him an opportunity to speak, she thanked him with so much warmth as to make it extremely hard for him to disabuse her mind of his apparently conscient.

Polyphant, who had come into his own with the necessity of arraying Richmond in his borrowed plumage, then called upon the Major to assist him in the task of getting him into Claud's coat.

"Now, sir!" he said, with the

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work out — where the other entrance must have been. In the old part of the house, of course?"

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Claud, who had been listening, open-mouthed, to these revelations. "You know, there's no getting away from it — Young Richmond's a hell-born babe, all right and tight, but, by Jupiter, he's a bit of a dab!"

"A bit of a dab to use this house as a smuggler's store?" said Vincent in a voice of scathing contempt.

"I'm not a hell-born babe!" Richmond lifted his head. "It's no worse than letting them use the barn by the Five Acre — which they've always done! Grandpapa wouldn't say so!"

"Listen, you young sapskull!" Vincent said harshly. "Can you see no difference between that and becoming yourself a smuggler?"

"Oh! Well — yes, but I didn't

the scissors! Mrs. Flitwick, the scissors! — Good gracious me, ma'am — Ah, I have them!"

Richmond, wincing as Hugo began to cover his handiwork as tightly as he could with strips of the sticking-plaster, said: "Any way — I did it! Ottershaw was always suspicious of Spurstow. Began to watch Dower House whenever he got a word a run was expected. Made it devilish difficult — to use the place. That's how — I came into it. Saw how I could make Ottershaw look as blue as — megrim! I did, too.

"He don't know now — how the kegs were got into the Dower House. We ran them up here from the coast and took them the rest of the way through the passage. But I never had them kept at this end of the passage! Or let them be taken away from here — until tonight, when — nothing else I could do.

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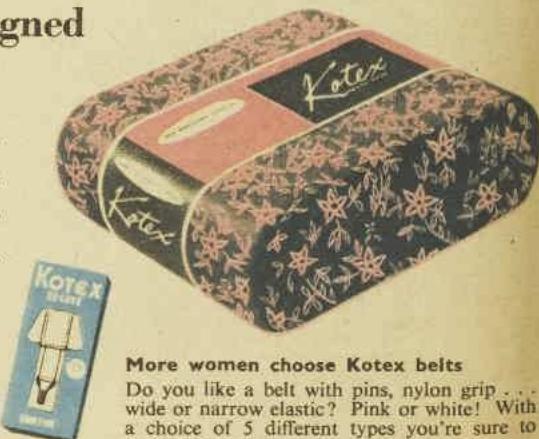
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 29, 1960

authority of one who knew himself to be an expert. "If you will be so obliging as to do precisely what I shall request you to do, I trust I shall be able to manage to put Mr. Richmond into both waistcoat and coat—you will observe that I have placed one within the other—without causing him to feel too much discomfort, and without disturbing your handiwork, sir."

Talking chattily all the time, he began to ease Richmond into the coat, obeying the Major merrily such instructions as he was given. By the time Chollacombe came back the difficult feat had been performed with a competence that drew a "well-done" from the Major.

Polyphant bowed his acknowledgment, saying that he would now slip upstairs to collect one of Mr. Claud's black silk socks. "For it occurs to me, sir, that a few snips with the scissors will make it a tolerable mask, and we must not forget, must we, that Mr. Richmond's face was blackened?"

The Major picked up his own coat, and had just shrugged himself into it when Anthea caught the sound of hoof-beats, and said sharply: "Hugo, they're coming!"

"Vincent, go up to the drawing-room before they start knocking on the door—or, if his lordship's come down to the library, join him there! You've been writing letters—anything you choose! — and you've not been next or nigh the rest of us."

"Keep Ottershaw brangling with the old gentleman; that oughtn't to be difficult! I must see Claud bandaged up, and the scene well set, and then I'll come up. There's no time to tell you how I want you to play your part, but make me tell you why I want to speak privately to you! Quick, man! Here they are!"

He fairly thrust Vincent from the room, and turned to Chollacombe. "Not in too much of a hurry to open the door to them!" he warned him. "You're not expecting any such visitors, so you may look as surprised as you please, but take care you look affronted, too! All I want of you is that you shall bear it in mind that Mr. Claud has met with an accident, which is no business of any Exciseman, and that Mr. Richmond and I have been playing cards here all the evening. Don't take them straight to his lordship; shut them into the 'Green Saloon, and say you'll inform his lordship! Mr. Vincent will take care he don't refuse to see them!"

Chollacombe stiffened with outraged dignity, and, with a slow and stately tread, left the room.

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Hugo shut the door, and cast a swift, measuring look at Richmond, seated at the table, and resting his left arm on it.

"Give him some more brandy, love!" said the Major, picking up the bowl of reddened water, and setting it down on the floor beside the sofa.

"I shall be foxed if I drink any more," Richmond warned him.

"I want you to be foxed, lad—just about half-sprung! Not so drunk that you'll say what you shouldn't, but drunk enough to look as if you

table; and Mrs. Darracott, attired in a dressing-gown, was standing beside her chair, her pretty countenance flushed and her expression one of strong indignation. Lord Darracott was also seated at the card table, his chair pushed back a little from it and one leg crossed over the other. Before him, very stiff, stood the Lieutenant; standing in front of the fireplace was Vincent; and a stalwart Sergeant of dragoons had taken up



"Dear, how long has it been since we had the Ridgeways over?"

might be. That'll be reason enough why you should stay sprawled in your chair. He turned his head as the door opened and Polyphant entered the room, with his tripping gait, and delicately dropped a maltreated sock beside the horrid pile of Richmond's clothing. The Major said: "I'm more obliged to you that I can say, Polyphant. The moment the coast is clear, off with you!"

"Sir!" said Polyphant, exhalted by the realisation that his moment was upon him, "any other command you may see fit to give me I shall obey with alacrity, but never, never shall it be said that a Polyphant deserted his master in his hour of need, or flinched in the face of danger!"

"Well, if that's how you feel, you can dashed well move that disgusting bowl out of my sight," said his master tartly.

The scene was not quite what the Major had hoped it might be when he entered the drawing-room later. It included two persons with whom he could well have dispensed: Lady Auriel was still seated at the card

a discreet position in the background.

The Sergeant was wishing himself elsewhere. The Lieutenant was not entirely at his ease, either, but he was upheld by a Calvinistic sense of duty. He had convinced his superiors that an application for the warrant he had exhibited to his lordship was fully justified, but he knew that a mistake on his part would lead to consequences disastrous to his career. He was determined to execute the warrant, but how to do it if Lord Darracott remained obstinate in opposing him was unexpectedly difficult to decide. Nor had he been prepared for the presence of two ladies.

Mrs. Darracott's entrance had followed hard upon his own, and was due to her conviction that the arrival of visitors at so late an hour could only mean that Matthew Darracott had returned to his ancestral home. When she had entered the drawing-room to find her father-in-law berating a complete stranger, his lordship had commanded her to come in and listen to what the stranger was having the infernal impudence to say about her son. She

seemed at first to be quite bewildered by the charge laid at Richmond's door, but by the time Hugo came into the room she had passed from bewilderment to indignation.

Hugo's entrance was a masterpiece of clumsy stealth. He opened the door cautiously, and, having first looked round the edge of it, ventured to advance a few steps into the room, fixedly regarding his cousin Vincent. It was apparent that he was in a condition generally described as a little bit on the go. The Sergeant surveyed him dispassionately; his aunts, both of whom were facing towards the door, in considerable surprise; and Vincent, putting up his quizzing-glass, with languid contempt. This had the effect of making his lordship and Lieutenant Ottershaw look round.

My lord said impatiently: "What the devil's the matter with you, sir?"

"Oh, there's naught the matter!" Hugo hastened to assure him. "I just wondered whether my cousin was here!"

"And now that you know that I am here, in what way can I serve you?" said Vincent with smooth mockery.

"Oh, it's nothing of importance!" replied Hugo unconvincingly. He then became aware of Lieutenant Ottershaw and exclaimed: "Ec, lad, I didn't see it was you! What brings you here this late?"

"Unlike you, sir, I am here on a matter of considerable importance!" replied Ottershaw curtly. "Perhaps you can—" "Ec, I'm sorry!" Hugo said, conscience-stricken. "I shouldn't have come clattering in on you!" Addressing himself to his grandfather, he added apologetically: "I didn't know there was anyone with you, sir! I'll take myself off! Vincent, lad, if you're not throng, I'd be glad if you'd spare me a minute: got something to tell you! It's a private matter — nothing of consequence!"

VINCENT regarded him with a faint, supercilious smile. "A trifle castaway, coz? I should be interested to know what you can possibly have to say to me of a private nature. I'll join you presently—if I must!"

"Nay, it won't do presently:

it's what you might call urgent!" said the Major desperately.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" exploded Lord Darracott. "You're disguised, sir! You can take yourself off—and if you'll take this fellow whom you're so devilish pleased to see with you I shall be obliged to you! And as for you, sir," he said, rounding on Ottershaw, "I'll see you damned before I'll let you search my house!"

"Search the house?" repeated the Major, his eyes round with astonishment. "Whatever do you want to do that for, lad?"

"I have no wish to search the house!" said Ottershaw. "As I have already informed Lord Darracott, I am here to see Mr. Richmond Darracott, and that, sir, I am going to do! If his lordship doesn't want his house to be searched, perhaps you can convince him that his only course is to produce Mr. Richmond! He seems strangely reluctant so to do."

"You impudent jack-at-warts, how dare you—"

"Nay, don't start fretching!" begged the Major. He looked at Ottershaw and shook his head. "You know, lad, you should know better than to come up here at this time of night! It's no way to go about things. What's more, you've no need to be in a pelt because our Richmond's been playing tricks on you. There'll be no more of it."

The Lieutenant, stiff as a

ramrod, held out his warrant. "Perhaps, sir, you would like to read this! I am not here to inquire into any hoax!"

Hugo chuckled, but took the warrant and perused it, apparently deriving considerable enjoyment from it. "You've made a bad mistake, lad, but if we're set on making a reet cod's head of yourself there's nowt I can do to stop you!"

During this exchange, Lord Darracott, glancing at Vincent, had encountered from Vincent's hard eyes a steady look.

The Major, as everyone could see, was looking harassed, and rubbing his nose.

"Eh, I've made a reet jumblement of it!" He turned once more to the Lieutenant, who was by this time almost quivering with rampant suspicion, and said confidentially: "Sithie, lad, the fact is, it'll be a deal better if you shab off now, and come back tomorrow!"

"For you, sir, no doubt. But I have no inten—"

"It'll be better for you, too, think on!" remarked the Major with a reflective grin. "You'll

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YOUR BOOKSHELF with Joyce Halstead

"Mrs. Fitzherbert"

Anita Leslie (Hutchinson).

The great-great-granddaughter of Mrs. Fitzherbert's adopted daughter Minney Seymour throws light on the life of the woman who married George IV in a secret religious ceremony which had no civil legality. Much conjecture has surrounded Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was twice widowed when George, as Prince of Wales, first met and fell madly in love with her, so madly that he threatened suicide if she refused him.

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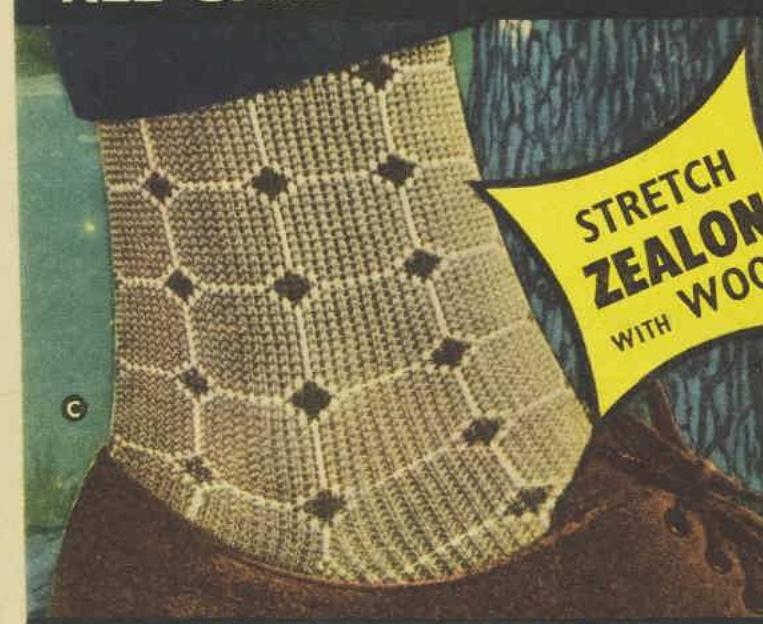
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HOLEPROOF

AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST MAKER OF FINE THINGS TO WEAR

Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

from page 45

what pranks he gets up to, ma'am, or me, either! I've no doubt he plays all manner of tricks—all boys do so!—but let no one dare tell me he has ever gone one inch beyond the line!"

"Eh, I know that, sir!" Hugo assured him, apparently taking this to himself. "Now, there's no need for anyone to go giddy over the lad! And no need for you to think our Richmond's being hidden from you, Ottershaw. The fact is there's been a bit of an upset."

"Why the devil couldn't you have said so before?" demanded Vincent. "What sort of an upset?"

"Major Darracott!" suddenly interrupted the Lieutenant, "you are perhaps not aware that your cuff-band is blood-stained."

The Major directed a quelling glance at Ottershaw. "It's of no consequence!"

"I must ask you to tell me, sir, how you come to have blood on your cuff, when you appear to have sustained no injury!"

He was somewhat taken aback by the Major's response. Looking at him with a fulminating eye, the Major said, under his breath: "Be quiet, will you, dashhead?"

"Hugo, no!" Mrs. Darracott cried involuntarily, starting forward. "Richmond?—Not Richmond, Hugo?"

"No, no, it's got nothing to do with Richmond!" said Hugo in exasperated accents.

"Whom has it to do with?" demanded Vincent.

"If you must have it, our Claud's met with an accident?" said Hugo, in a goaded voice.

He looked at Lady Aurelia, and said apologetically: "I

didn't mean to say it in front of you, ma'am, and, what's more, Claud'll be reet angry with me for doing it! There's no cause for alarm, mind, but happen if you'd go down to the morning-room, Vincent—"

"I will certainly go down. Did he cut himself?"

"Nay, it's not exactly a cut," replied the Major evasively.

Lady Aurelia rose and said with her accustomed calm: "I will accompany you, Vincent."

"Well, I wouldn't do that, if I were you," said Hugo. "He'd be a lie if you didn't; he doesn't want a fuss made, you see!"

"You would do better to remain where you are, Aurelia!" said his lordship, his voice a little strained. "Depend upon it, he's done something foolish, which he doesn't wish us to know! Elvira, I wish you will go back to bed."

"I will not go back to bed!" declared Mrs. Darracott with startling resolution. "If this

insulting young man is determined to see my son, he shall see him! I will take you to him myself, sir, and then you will see that he is precisely where I told you he was—in bed and asleep."

The Major gave it up. "He's not in his room!" he disclosed. "He's downstairs." Looking extremely guilty, he said: "Seemingly, my grandfather ordered him off to bed, but, well, he came downstairs instead! We've been playing piquet."

Give me the benefit of your convictions if you have any, but keep your doubts to yourself, for I have enough of my own.

—Goethe

"Major Darracott, do you tell me that he has been with you all the evening?" demanded Ottershaw. "Take care how you answer me, sir! I have very good reason to suppose that Mr. Richmond Darracott, until less than an hour ago, was not in the house at all!"

"Nay, you can't have," replied the Major. "He's been with me ever since he was sent off to bed—and, what's more, he'd no thought of leaving the house, for he's having such a run of luck as I never saw! Pretty well ruined me, the young devil!"

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Darracott, "You will now oblige me by going downstairs again and desiring Richmond to come to me here immediately!"

THE expression of dismay on Hugo's face lured Lieutenant Ottershaw into banishing doubt.

"Nay, I can't do that! I mean—I don't think—" Hugo stammered, looking wildly round for succor. "Well—well, for one thing—happen he won't care to leave our Claud!"

His guileless blue eyes, meeting Ottershaw's in seeming horror, took due note of the fact that that dangerously level-headed young man had at last allowed himself to be coaxed into an unaccustomed state of cocksure excitement. He said, as one driven from his last defensive position: "The fact is—he's just a bit on the go!"

"Do you mean that Richmond is drunk?" cried Mrs. Darracott.

"In that case, Major Darracott, I will go to him!" said Ottershaw. "You are sure, no doubt, that Mr. Richmond Darracott is drunk and not wounded?"

"No, no, he's not—" Hugo checked himself suddenly, an arrested look on his face. "Now, wait a minute!" he said. "Wounded, did you say?"

"The Lieutenant, coz," interposed Vincent, "was good enough to inform us before you came upstairs that Richmond had been shot by one of the men under his command not an hour since. He appears—perhaps fortunately!—to have been misinformed, but I am strongly of the opinion that an inquiry into the incident is called for."

"Shot?" said Hugo. He turned his eyes towards Ottershaw. "In the wood, up yonder, was it?"

"Yes, sir, in the wood up yonder! He was challenged

"Were there—two men posted in the wood?" asked Hugo in a very odd voice.

The Lieutenant stared at him, suspicious and puzzled. "Yes, sir, two dragoons! They—"

"And was—Mr. Richmond Darracott—wearing a mask, by any chance?" inquired Hugo, a look of unholy awe in his eyes.

"His face was blackened, sir!"

"Well, happen it may have looked like that," said Hugo very unsteadily, "but it was only—a sock with a couple of holes c-cut in it!"

At this point his command over himself deserted him, and, to the utter bewilderment both of Ottershaw and of Sergeant Hoole, he went off into a roar of laughter. Feeling much the same sensations as a man might have felt who, believing the ice to be solid, suddenly found it cracking all round his feet, Ottershaw saw the Major helpless in the grip of his mirth.

Watching this masterly performance with every sign of hauteur, Vincent said, as soon as his cousin's paroxysms began to abate: "I think, my dear Mama, that if Richmond's condition in any way approaches Hugo's, you would perhaps be well advised—and my aunt, too!—not to come down to the morning-room."

She replied at once: "You need be under no apprehension. I have no intention of coming—or, if I can prevail upon her to listen to me—of

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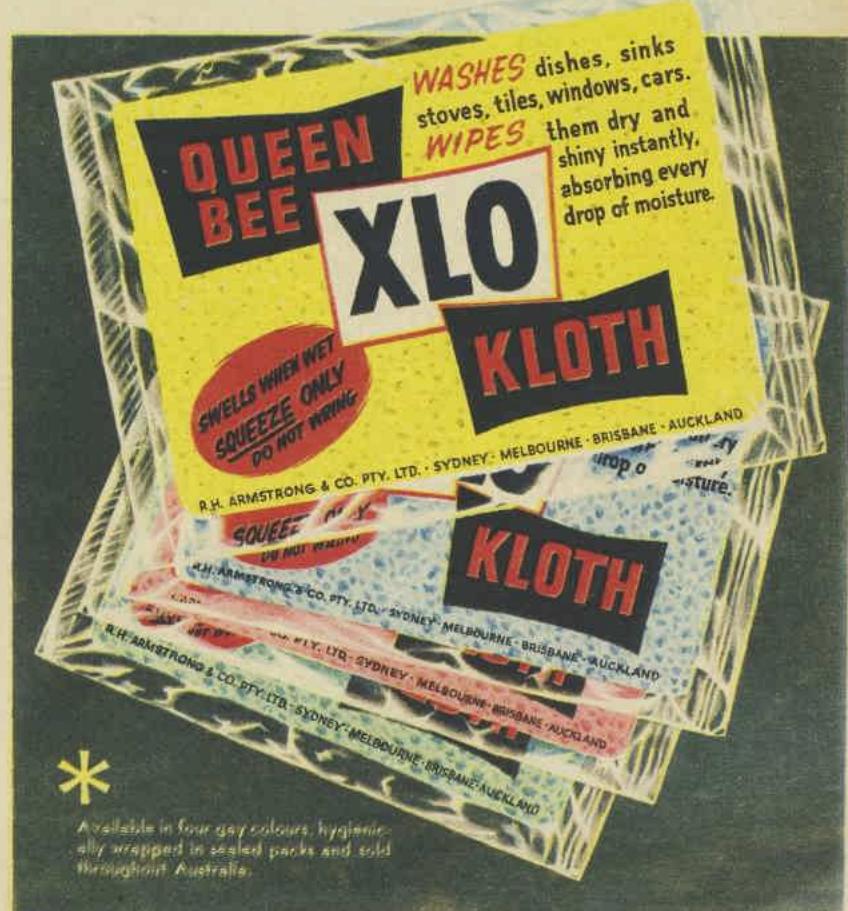


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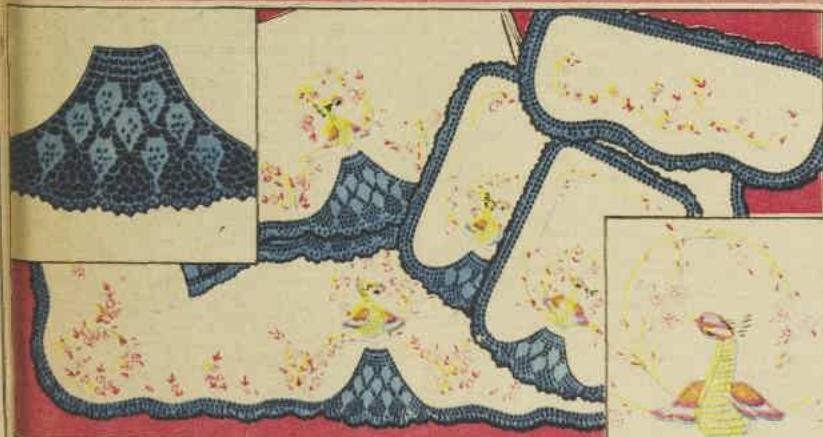
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 29, 1960

Page 47

allowing your aunt to do so, either!"

"Your good sense, Mama, is always to be relied upon!" he said with his glinting smile and graceful bow.

The Lieutenant's attention was concentrated on Hugo, who managed to utter, in choked but remorseful accents: "Don't look at me like that, lad, or you'll start me off again! You come with me, and I'll sh-show you—what you've done!" He got up now, grinning broadly. "Happen you'd better come, too, Vincent, but there's no need for anyone else!" He saw Lord Darracott rise stiffly to his feet, and said: "Nay, stay where you are, sir! Richmond will be fit to murder me if he knows I let it out to you that he's had a cup too much!"

"I'm coming!" said his lordship gratingly.

"Is he badly castaway?" Vincent asked as he and Hugo followed.

"Well, he was in fairly prime and plummy order when I came away," confessed Hugo. "I wish you will make a push to head

his lordship off! I'd as lief not get the boy into trouble."

"I'll try, but it's unlikely I shall succeed," Vincent replied.

As he ran lightly downstairs, after his grandfather, Hugo laid a restraining hand on the Lieutenant's shoulder, saying "Wait! Give him a chance to divert the old gentleman! It'll be the better for you if you do, I can tell you. Eh, lad, I can't but laugh about it, but this is a bad business!"

The Sergeant silently agreed with him. It had seemed at one moment as though Lieutenant Ottershaw's conviction was about to be proved, but the Major's laughter had killed that hope stone dead. No man, in Sergeant Hoole's opinion, who stood on the brink of exposure—as an aider and abettor of criminals could go off into a fit of laughter like that.

Lieutenant Ottershaw had not so seriously abandoned hope as the Sergeant, but his state was the more to be pitied, since he did not know what to think, and much less what to do. Until the arrival of Major Darracott

Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

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He said cheerfully, his own eyes twinkling: "We've got him in here, this smuggler of yours."

"It's a fortunate thing he's too weak from loss of blood to be dangerous, for it would take a battalion to hold him otherwise! He's a terrible ruffian!"

With these encouraging words he walked into the room, and held the door wide for his companions. Over his shoulder, he said with his deep chuckle: "Pluck up, lad! It was all a mistake, and not Ned Ackleton who shot you. It was Excisemen—and here they are!"



"... Sorry, Tom. Now what was that about a broken window?"

The scene which met the Lieutenant's suspicious but startled gaze was lurid enough to astonish even Hugo, who had had no time to do more than sketch for his players the nature of the roles allotted to them before he was obliged to leave them. One swift glance round the room now was enough to satisfy him that his subordinates had surpassed themselves.

Not the most uninformed of observers could have failed to realise that something must have happened to interrupt two persons in the middle of a game of cards, even if the obvious cause of the interruption had been hidden from sight. Richmond was seated at the table in the middle of the room, with his cards stacked and laid face downwards before him; but opposite him a hand had been flung down in such careless haste that two of the cards which composed it had fallen on to the floor.

He sighed ruefully. "I could have kept his lordship from finding out Richmond as drunk as a drum, at any hand, if you hadn't insisted on seeing him, you dafthead. It worries me because it's taken the lad the Lord knows how long to coax my grandfather to let him have his way and join the Army, and if he flies into one of his passions there's no saying that he won't take back his consent."

"Going into the Army!" exclaimed the Lieutenant, thunderstruck.

"Seventh Hussars," said Hugo. "He's been mad after a cavalry regiment pretty well since he was breeched, seemingly. Well, that's no concern of yours, of course—except that if he gets a may-say from his lordship now he'll be so crazy with disappointment that happen he really will take to smuggling!"

Hugo led the way across the great hall to the corridor that gave access to the morning-room and to the servants' quarters beyond it.

Here Vincent had overtaken his lordship and rapidly explained the situation to him. As soon as the rest of the party appeared, he said: "Very well, sir; as you wish!" and, turning, grimaced for the benefit of Lieutenant Ottershaw and slightly shrugged his shoulders.

Hugo would have much preferred to be rid of Lord Darracott, but since his lordship was obviously determined to take part in the approaching scene he could only make the best of it and hope that Ottershaw was too slightly acquainted with him to think his silence remarkable or to recognise the stricken look behind the fierceness in his eyes.

his head lolled on his right shoulder; his countenance, thanks to the thoughtfulness of his valet, who had brandished before his eyes the gruesome dishtowel which had been used by John Joseph to stanch the flow of blood from Richmond's wound, was of a sickly hue; and his breathing was accompanied by a series of faint but alarming moans. The final macabre touch was provided by garments which no one had apparently found time even to bundle out of sight.

Hugo surveyed the scene with deep appreciation; but the Lieutenant, brought up short on the threshold by the sight of so unexpected a shambles, was badly jolted; and the Sergeant was perfectly appalled.

As soon as Hugo opened the door, Anthea exclaimed, without looking round or pausing in her task of bandaging the sufferer: "At last! What on earth can have kept you so long?" but at his frivolously worded announcement, she cast an exasperated glance at him over her shoulder, saying in the voice of one perilously near the limit of her endurance: "For heaven's sake, don't start cutting idiotic jokes!"

"I've had enough to bear from Richmond already. There's nothing funny about what's happened, and as for all your fine talk about it's not being serious, either you know nothing whatsoever about it or you're as odiously drunk as Richmond — which wouldn't surprise me in the least! — Do you think that's tight enough, Polyphant?"

"Nay, I wasn't joking you! Our Claud was shot by a dragoon, last!"

"To be sure!" she snapped, inserting a pin carefully into the end of her bandage. "Nothing could be more likely!"

"I think that should hold it firmly, Polyphant. You can lay him down now. Oh, dear, how dreadfully white he is! Perhaps my aunt ought to be sent for — Hugo, did you find Vincent? Is he com—"

She broke off abruptly, for she had turned to ask this question, and now perceived Lieutenant Ottershaw. She stared at him, looking towards Hugo, looked again at the Lieutenant. "But—What in heaven's name—Hugo, if this is your doing—"

"Now, how could it be my doing?" he expostulated, helping her to rise to her feet.

She pressed a hand to her temple. "Oh, I don't know, but— No, I suppose it couldn't be! But after that Banbury story about dragoons in the Home Wood — I beg your pardon, Mr. Ottershaw, but I am so much distracted—Oh, Vincent, thank heavens you've come!"

Vincent, firmly putting the Lieutenant out of the way, had managed to enter the room. "Now, what is all this about Claud having met with an accident?" he began, breaking off abruptly, however, as he allowed his eyes to travel past Anthea to the sofa. "Claud—!"

Polyphant, zealously waving the vinaigrette under his master's nose, said: "He will be better directly, sir, I promise you. He keeps swooning off, but if only we can keep him still and quiet. If someone would pour out a little brandy — just a drop or two — and we could manage to make him swallow it—"

For the next few minutes no one paid the smallest heed either to Ottershaw or to the Sergeant, except Lord Darracott, who frustrated the Sergeant's instinctive attempts to retreat from this shocking scene by thrusting him violently into the room, saying as he did so: "Will you make way for your betters, oaf?" which terrified him into edging his way along the wall to the corner of the

room into which Ottershaw had already been manoeuvred.

To the surprise and the relief of his fellow-conspirators, who had feared he might prove the weak link in their chain, Claud, perhaps because he found himself for the first time in his life the star round which the other members of the family revolved, came artistically to his senses, and, seizing the cue, afforded by Lord Darracott's demanding to be told how the devil he had come to be shut, at once took command of the scene in a manner that won even his brother's admiration.

Punctuating his utterances with winces, stifled groans, and dramatic pauses, during which he stiffened into rigidity with his eyes closed and his lower lip clenched between his teeth, he disclosed that he had been set upon by two Bedlamites, both of whom had jumped out from behind a bush roaring at him like a couple of ferocious wild beasts, and one of whom had fired at him. "Knew at once!" he said, shuddering at the memory. "Ackletons!"

The Sergeant cast a doubtful glance at Lieutenant Ottershaw, for, in his opinion, this had a false ring. His men, as he frequently informed them, put him forcibly in mind of many things, ranging from gape-seeds, hedge-birds, slush-buckets, and sheep-biters to beetles, tailless dogs, and dead herrings, but none of them, least of all the two raw dragoons in question, had ever reminded him of a ferocious wild beast.

"Did you recognise them, Claud?" Vincent asked.

Claud feebly shook his head as it rested on one of the sofa-cushions, and instantly contracted his features in an expression of acute anguish, drawing a hissing breath and ejaculating: "No, how could I? Too dark to recognise anyone at that distance. Besides—only saw them for a minute. Dash it!—you don't suppose I stopped to ask 'em for their visiting-cards, do you? Knew it was the Ackletons. Couldn't have been anyone else!"

"As I apprehend the matter, it might well have been somebody else," said Vincent.

Claud opened his eyes and regarded him with disfavor. "Well, it mightn't!" he said. "I daresay half the county may want to murder you, but—" He broke off, recalling his injury, and groped with his right hand. "Vinaigrette!" he uttered in failing accents. "Polyphant!"

"Don't agitate him, Vincent!" begged Anthea as Polyphant hastened to his master's side. "It must have been a terrible experience for him, poor Claud! And how he contrived to escape from those murderous bullies and to struggle to the house, bleeding as dreadfully as he must have been, I can't imagine! I think it shows the greatest determination!"

"Yes, indeed, cousin: most creditable! But I think you have not exactly understood how the case stands. We have every reason to suppose that Claud was not attacked by the Ackletons, but by a couple of dragoons, precisely as Hugo told you."

"But that's nonsensical!" she exclaimed.

Lord Darracott, who, after one glance at Richmond, had stalked over to the fireplace behind him and taken up a position there with his hands gripped behind his back, said in a voice of suppressed passion: "Is that what you call it, girl? Preventives posted in my grounds without my knowledge or consent, one of my grandsons accused of being a common felon, another fired upon—fired upon!—because he don't choose to account for himself to a couple of loutish dragoons—"

"What?" interrupted Claud.

To page 49

allowing your aunt to do so, either!"

"Your good sense, Mama, is always to be relied upon!" he said with his glinting smile and graceful bow.

The Lieutenant's attention was concentrated on Hugo, who managed to utter, in choked but remorseful accents: "Don't look at me like that, lad, or you'll start me off again! You come with me, and I'll sh-show you—what you've done!" He got up now, grinning broadly. "Happen you'd better come, too, Vincent, but there's no need for anyone else!" He saw Lord Darracott rise stiffly to his feet, and said: "Nay, stay where you are, sir! Richmond will be fit to murder me if he knows I let it out to you that he's had a cup too much!"

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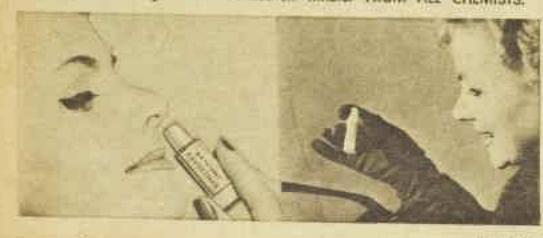
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once more opening his eyes. "Dragoons? Dragoons?"

His lordship swept on remorselessly. "My house broken into at midnight, warrants thrust at me—"

"What's a common felon?" suddenly demanded Richmond. He had been lounging in his chair, with his left arm on the table and an empty glass loosely held in his hand, his right hand dug into his pocket and his gaze fixed on nothing in particular, but he now judged it to be time to demonstrate to Lieutenant Ottershaw that he was in no way incapacitated.

He was in considerable discomfort, any strain on his hurt shoulder was exquisitely painful, and he had lost enough blood to weaken him to the point of hovering on the brink of collapse; but none of these ills had the power to daunt him, although a single, fleeting glance at his grandfather's face had brought home to him the enormity of what he had done.

SOMEWHERE at the back of his mind lurked shame, repentance, grief for an old man's agony, but there would be time enough later to think of such things no time now, when disaster, so often defeated, was grinning at him in triumph. Richmond Darracott, pluck to the backbone, grinned back at disaster, gaily accepting a grim challenge.

He sat up. "Nother thing!" he pronounced, frowning at the Lieutenant. "That's Ottershaw! What's he doing here?"

The Lieutenant took a few steps into the room and replied: "I am here to see you, sir."

"See me," repeated Richmond, slurring his sibilants. His gaze remained fixed on the Lieutenant's face, frowning in an effort of concentration. Suddenly, to that serious-minded officer's discomfited surprise, his eyes began to dance and a mischievous smile curied his lips. He giggled.

"Be silent, Richmond!" commanded Lord Darracott. "You're drunk!"

"But I don't understand!" complained Anthea, looking helplessly round. "Why should you want to see my brother, sir? At this hour, too? Why did dragoons shoot Claud? Why—Oh, for goodness' sake, tell me, somebody, before I go into strong hysterics, which I warn you I shall, at any moment!"

"Nay, lass, it's naught but a storm in a teacup!" said Hugo soothingly. "There's no need to be in a worry!"

She rounded on him. "No need to be in a worry, when I find Richmond in this odious condition and Claud bleeding to death?"

"None regrets the accident to Mr. Claud Darracott more than I, ma'am," said the Lieutenant. "It is a mistake which—"

"It is a mistake which is going to cost you dear!" interrupted Lord Darracott.

As Richmond Darracott responded to the challenge of danger, so did Lieutenant Ottershaw to that of threats. Where the injury to Claud was concerned (if such an injury existed), he knew himself to be standing on thin ice, but he answered at once: "I would remind you, my lord, that it is

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Continuing . . . THE UNKNOWN AJAX

from page 48

the absolute duty of any person, when commanded to halt in the King's name—"

"Help me up!" commanded Claud, making ineffectual efforts to heave himself on to his sound elbow.

"Take care!" cried Anthea, hurrying back to the sofa. "No, Claud, pray be still! Vincent—Polyphant!"

"Help me up!" repeated Claud. "Dash it—can't talk to that fellow—like this! Going to sit up! Going to sit up—if it kills me!"

"Keep still, brother!" Vincent said, pressing him down again. "I will talk to the fellow—have no fear of that!"

"There are some questions I wish to put to Mr. Claud Darracott," said Ottershaw, "but—if he has sustained serious injury I will refrain until his condition is less precarious. Perhaps Mr. Richmond Darracott will be so good as to answer a question I wish to put to him?"

"If I've sustained—if?" gasped Claud. "Let me up, Vincent!"

"Gently, lad! You shall sit up!" intervened Hugo. "Better let him have his way!" he added to Vincent. "And as for you, Ottershaw, just keep quiet for a few moments, will you?"

"Hugo, if that bandage were to slip—!" Anthea said, in an urgent undervoice.

Sergeant Hoole, surreptitiously wiping the sweat from his brow, tried in vain to catch the Lieutenant's eye. As though anyone couldn't see that the young chap wasn't bandaged, let alone he was as drunk as an artillerist, sitting there, giggling to himself. As for the other young gentleman, a nice set-out it would be if he was to start bleeding again, all through Mr. Ottershaw not believing his own eyes. Why, there was blood all over everywhere. The gentleman was as green as a leek, too; if they didn't take care, he'd go off again.

"Quick, Polyphant! Brandy!" said Vincent, as Claud, tenderly raised against a bank of cushions, allowed his head to loll on to his shoulder again.

Richmond, when he saw both Ottershaw's and the Sergeant's eyes fixed on the fainting Claud, got both his elbows on the table, and, lifting his left hand with his right, dropped his chin on both. In this position, and keeping his weight on his right elbow he watched Ottershaw, mockery in his eyes, an impish grin on his lips; and when the Lieutenant, as though feeling himself to be under scrutiny, turned his head to look at him, he said: "I know why you shot Claud!"

"Yes, he did," insisted Richmond. "You think I'm castaway, but I'm not, I can carry my wine. All the Darracotts can carry their wine. He shot Claud because Hugo wouldn't let him shoot me!" He chuckled. "Silly clutch!"

The Darracott's do not appear to be able to carry their brandy with any very notable success," remarked Vincent dryly.

"Tell me, sir!" said Ottershaw, looking at Richmond very hard. "Why should I have wanted to shoot you?"

If he thought to disconcert Richmond by his searching stare, he was disappointed; those dark, gleaming eyes were brimful of wicked laughter. "Because I made the dragoons run away!"

Vincent regarded him with raised brows, and then said to Hugo: "I wonder what gave rise to that—admittedly enchanting!—delusion? I fear we shall never know."

"Nay, it's simple enough! The dragoons were set to keep watch on the Dower House, and they weren't very well suited with that duty—eh, Sergeant?"

"Well, sir . . ."

"What?" Claud's eyes flew open. "You mean to tell me I've got a bullet in me?"

"It'll be dug out, never fear!" Hugo consoled him.

"Oh, no!" groaned Claud.

The Sergeant smiled gratefully at him. "Yes, sir!" he said, feeling that all might not be lost if this Major would but take command.

Richmond lifted his head. "Ran all the way to the Blue Lion!" he disclosed. "Only me. Not a ghost." He stopped giggling, and frowned. "Not a silly chum. Forgetting!" He looked vaguely round, his eyes finally coming to rest on the Lieutenant. He smiled in a friendly way.

"You weren't frightened. My cousin said you weren't. Mustn't hoar you any more. Might get shot, like Claud. That's what Hugo says. I dunno!"

Vincent cast up his eyes. "So far as I understand these cryptic utterances, I collect that my extremely tiresome young cousin has been playing at being a hobgoblin—with apparently disintegrating results. Very

"And the mask, sir?" demanded Ottershaw inexorably.

"Dashed if I'll answer you! No concern of yours!"

"Were you wearing a mask, Claud?" said Vincent, looking amused. "Now, I wonder if I could hazard a guess? Rather a late hour for a ramble in the wood, was it not? Unless you

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"Dashed if I'll answer you! No concern of yours!"

Could any man appear so totally unconcerned unless he was as innocent as the Major looked? Some, perhaps, but this enormous, simple creature.

Nothing could have been clumsier than his efforts to keep Richmond's mother and grandfather in ignorance of his condition; his naive attempts at deception had been blunderings of the big, good-natured, stupid man he appeared to be. But was he?

The Lieutenant glanced at Richmond. It struck him that Richmond was too pale; paler, surely, than he had been a few minutes earlier? His eyes narrowed, intently watching the boy. He was leaning forward, both his arms on the table, foolishly trying to stand the stopper of the decanter on end, using both hands impartially.

It was incredible that he could sit like that, vacantly smiling, if he had a bullet lodged in him; it was incredible that he should be sitting in that chair at all under such circumstances; surely he must have swooned from sheer weakness? But he was certainly growing paler.

"Vincent!"

The Major's voice was lowered. Ottershaw's suspicious eyes went instantly to his face, but Hugo was no longer looking at him, he was looking at Richmond, a rather rueful smile on his lips.

He glanced towards Vincent, and significantly directed his attention to Richmond, saying, in an undervoce: "From the looks of it, he'll be casting up his accounts before he's much older. Better get him to bed."

"Damn the brat!" said Vincent. "Inevitable, of course! He will in all probability cast 'em up as soon as he gets to his feet. What a singularly disagreeable evening this has been, to be sure!"

He went up to the table as he spoke, and grasped Richmond's left arm, just above the elbow, as though to pull him to his feet. "Come along, bantam!" he said. "Bedtime!"

Richmond hiccupped. "I don't want to go to bed."

"One moment!" Ottershaw said suddenly, obedient to an insistent, inner prompting. "Before you retire, Mr. Richmond, oblige me, please, by removing your coat!"

"Well, upon my word!" cried Anthea, as though she could no longer retain herself. "Mr. Ottershaw, are you indeed mad, or merely determined to insult us? I never heard of anything so outrageous in my life! Who are you to throw orders about in this house? Pray, how many people have been fired on to-night?"

"I wonder if any of my cattle want shoeing? I feel sure they do. I have a positively burning curiosity to see that game-pullet of yours, Claud. But I shan't wear a mask, however savage her brother may be. What Hugo can do, I can!"

"You go to the devil!" said Claud sulkily. "And you can take that nosy tidewatcher with you!"

"I wonder if any of my cattle want shoeing? I feel sure they do. I have a positively burning curiosity to see that game-pullet of yours, Claud. But I shan't wear a mask, however savage her brother may be. What Hugo can do, I can!"

"Leave the poor lad alone!" said Hugo reprovingly, but with a grin. He laid his fingers on Claud's limp wrist for a minute. "Yes, I think the sooner we get him to bed the better it will be."

"If I may say so, I am entirely of your mind, sir!" said Polyphant. "Knowing Mr. Claud's constitution as I do, I shall make bold to say that he will be in a high fever if we do not procure for him a little quiet!"

Hugo nodded, and looked at Ottershaw. "Well, lad, you've had your wish, and kicked up a rare old row into the bargain, but happen it's time you took your leave now," he said, not unkindly, but with a certain authority in his deep voice.

The Lieutenant stared up into his face, his eyes hard and searching, his lips tightly compressed. For several moments he did not speak: to the Darracotts the moments seemed hours. The Sergeant cleared his throat, and moved towards the door, but Ottershaw paid no heed. He could read nothing in Hugo's calm face but slight amusement, nor did those very blue eyes waver.

"Heavens, no!" ejaculated Vincent involuntarily.

Hugo looked round, surprised, at Anthea, and then at his own bloodstained palm. "Heavens, No!" he uttered, swiftly glancing down at Claud's back, which only he was in a position to see.

"Sir—!" exclaimed Polyphant reproachfully, and darting forward to snatch up some lint from the pile on the floor.

"No, no, let me, sir! I beg pardon, but pray don't—Just hold him, if you please! Oh, dear, oh, dear! Miss Anthea, the longest strip of ribbon you can find—or knot two together

"Let him go to his length, my girl!" he replied. "The farther

the better! Do you think I mean to stop him tying the noose round his own neck? I don't, peacock!"

Sergeant Hoole stepped forward, laying a hand on the Lieutenant's arm. "Sir!" he uttered imploringly.

Ottershaw shook him off. He had gone too far to draw back, and the voice within his brain that urged him not to let these Darracotts outjockey him was growing every second more insistent. Rather pale, he said: "If Mr. Richmond Darracott is unhurt, why should he hesitate to remove his coat, so that I may be convinced by the evidence of my own eyes that it is so?"

Hugo, who had bent over Claud, adjusting the sling that supported his left arm, straightened himself, saying: "Take your coat off, Richmond, and your waistcoat, too! Let's be done with this business!"

Richmond might be pale, but his eyes, tremendously alive, gave the lie to the drawn look on his face, not a trace of fear in them. He gave a gleeful chuckle, and pointed a derisive finger at the Major. "Who said I couldn't bamboozle the Ex-ciseman?"

"Take your coat off, and let me have no argument about it!" Hugo repeated.

Richmond's laughter was quenched. He looked resentfully at his large cousin, saying sulkily: "I don't know why I need do as you say."

"Help him off with it, Vincent!" said Hugo curtly.

At this point Claud, who had opened his eyes some few minutes previously, demanded, in bewildered accents: "What the devil does that fellow want with Richmond's coat?"

"Don't fatch!" said Hugo. "He thinks it's Richmond that was shot, and not you at all, so the easiest way to prove him wrong—

"Thinks—thinks I wasn't shot?" gasped Claud, galvanised into struggling up on to his right elbow. "Oh, so that's what you think, is it, you murderous lunatic? Then let me tell you—

"You young fool, keep still! Claud—" exclaimed Hugo, taking two hasty strides to the head of the sofa, as Claud, with every sign of exerting a superhuman effort, dragged himself up from the cushions, panting, and making unavailing attempts to speak. "Nay then, lad! Gently now!" he begged, his arms round Claud. "You'll do yourself an injury."

"Don't you talk to me!" raged Claud, between labored breaths. "If you think—Ow—!"

The anguish throbbing in this sharp cry was so real that even Vincent was startled, while Anthea could almost have exclaimed Bravo! Ottershaw, who had been paying no heed to him, but keeping his eyes fixed on Richmond, just about to let Vincent pull off his coat, turned involuntarily.

"You put your great, clumsy hand right on—Oh—ah—ugh!" moaned Claud, reduced again to extremis.

"Brandy, Polyphant!" Hugo said, his anxious gaze on Claud's face. He stretched out an imperative hand.

"Hugo—! Your hand!" Anthea shrieked.

"Heavens, no!" ejaculated Vincent involuntarily.

Hugo looked round, surprised, at Anthea, and then at his own bloodstained palm.

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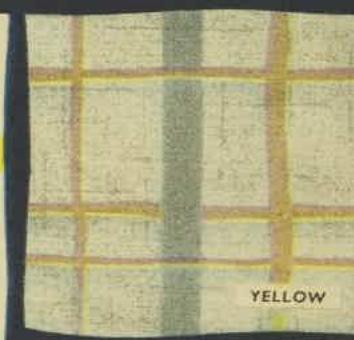
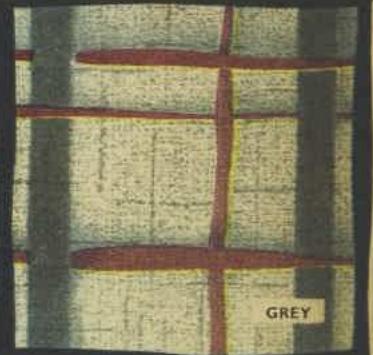
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—anything! Don't move, Mr. Claud!" I implore you, sir, don't move!"

Since no one in the room had seen the Major pick up several of the blood-soaked swabs from the bowl standing on the chair beside the sofa, and close his hand on them, it was hardly surprising that the sight of his horribly reddened palm should have come as a shock to the rest of his family.

Anthea was the first to recover her wits and to rush to the sofa, scolding distractedly; Vincent was swift to follow suit. Both blamed Hugo for having handled the drooping Claud with abominable clumsiness; my lord joined in, directing his menaces, however, towards Lieutenant Ottershaw for being the real cause of this fresh disaster; and the Sergeant, prompted by real dismay and a very lively dread of the consequences, seized the opportunity provided by all this commotion to represent to Ottershaw, with all the eloquence at his command, that any more attempts to exacerbate the Darracotts would only bring them both to ruin.

IT was at this moment that Lady Aurelia entered the room, and, halting on the threshold, demanded, in a voice which, without being raised to any vulgar pitch, easily penetrated the hubbub: "What, may I ask, is the meaning of this extraordinary scene?"

Such was the effect of her commanding eye and air of supreme assurances that Lieutenant Ottershaw found himself, to his subsequent fury, adding his voice to those of Anthea and Vincent, in an attempt to present her ladyship with the explanation she desired.

She swept forward to the sofa and bent over Claud, feeling his brow and wrist. She said with calm kindness: "You will keep perfectly still, my son; do you understand me? You have no need to trouble yourself about anything, for Mama is here, and will make you better directly."

She then turned and looked round the room.

"I do not know," she stated in a tone of dispassionate censure, "why I have been obliged to come downstairs to discover for myself the precise nature of Claud's injury, but I do not attempt to conceal from you that I am considerably displeased."

"You will, all of you, with the exception of Polyphant, be so good as to leave this room immediately. Vincent, since I apprehend that Richmond is disgracefully inherited, you will please assist him to his bedchamber. I do not presume to dictate to you, my lord, but since there is nothing for you to do here I am persuaded that you will be very much more comfortable in your library."

Her eyes next fell on Lieutenant Ottershaw, and, after considering him for a moment or two in a way that made the Sergeant feel profoundly thankful that her gaze had swept past him, said, without the slightest change of intonation, "You, I believe, are the author of this outrage. I collect that you are in the service of the Board of Customs. I shall be obliged to you if you will furnish me with your name, and style."

The Lieutenant's color was considerably heightened, but he replied with commendable readiness: "My name is Ottershaw, ma'am — Thomas Ottershaw, and I am a Riding Officer of the Customs Land-guard. Allow me to assure your ladyship that, while I do not seek to disclaim responsibility for whatever injury Mr. Darracott has suffered, my explicit order was that no shot was to be fired.

Continuing . . .

THE UNKNOWN AJAX

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other than a warning shot over the head of any person failing to obey a summons to halt in the King's name. I regret very much that an accident should have occurred, but I must take leave to inform your ladyship of the circumstances which led . . .

"Pray say no more!" she interrupted. "Since I was present when you made known to his lordship the precise nature of your errand, and further explanation could be superfluous. I am not concerned with my nephew's affairs, but with the attack upon my son. I have nothing further to add, except that I shall immediately lay the matter before my husband. No doubt he will know what action to take. I will not detain you any longer. If you have anything further to do in this house, pray desire Major Darracott to conduct you to some other room."

With these measured words she turned to Polyphant and began to question him on the exact nature of Claud's injury, wholly ignoring her stunned audience.

The Major was the first to recover from her shattering effect, and acted with great promptitude and good sense, saying weekly, "Yes, ma'am! I will do so immediately," and thrusting the Lieutenant out of the room. Sergeant Hoole, holding the door for them, needed no urging to follow.

No one moved or spoke for several moments, the actors in the conspiracy remaining as though frozen, nearly all of them looking towards the door, intently listening. Then Lord Darracott sank into a chair beside the fire and, with shaking hands grasped its arms, his countenance grey, and his eyes staring straight before him, fixed and sightless.

As Claud sat up, saying, "Well, thank heaven that's over!" Lady Aurelia lifted a warning finger and said: "Do not abandon your position until we are assured that those men have departed! Since you have all of you chosen to pursue a line of conduct as criminal as it is grossly improper, I must beg you to maintain the imposture!"

Claud sank back obediently, but said: "Dash it, Mama, if you think we chose . . . Besides, I should like to know what you were doing! Well, what I mean is . . ."

"I know exactly what you mean, Claud. Pray do not imagine that my participation in this disgraceful affair in any way alters my sentiments!" said her ladyship severely.

"You are quite superb, Mama," said Vincent. "May I make you my heartfelt compliments on a performance that will ever command my admiration? Your entrance I can only describe as a clincher."

"I have the greatest objection to cant terms," responded her ladyship. "I trust I may have expedited the departure of the Preventive Officer, but I must suppose, from what I have seen of your powers of what I can only call deception, that you would have done very well without my intervention."

"Hugo did it," Anthea said with a wavering smile. "It was all Hugo. We didn't know what to do. Even Vincent didn't. We just—did what Hugo told us." She dashed a hand across her eyes, adding: "It was the pageant of Ajax! Not that I mean the others weren't wonderful, too, particularly Claud! Claud, that shriek you gave almost persuaded me to believe you had suffered a spasm of anguish!"

"Oh, it did, did it?" said Claud bitterly. "I should rather think it might! Hugo

jabbed a pin into me!" He eyed his relatives with disfavor. "When I think of the things I've had to do this night, let alone being smeared all over with young Richmond's blood—Yes, and how much longer have I got to lie here?"

"You have my sympathy, brother, but Mama is, as usual, right. It will not do for any of us to be caught off our guard. I have no real apprehension—the hideous experiences of the past hour have taught me that our cousin's bovine counten-



"Okay! Okay! I'll fix your iron!"

ance is, to say the least of it, misleading—but we will take no eleventh-hour risks. I wonder what glib lies he is telling that unfortunate Exciseman now."

"It is a very distressing reflection that any gentleman of birth—and particularly one whose military rank is distinguished—should have been obliged to lend himself to so disreputable a business," pronounced her ladyship with undiminished severity.

"It is, however, to his credit that he appears at least to know what is his duty to his Family, and, although I am far from approving of his conduct, I cannot deny that I regard his arrival at Darracott Place as the greatest piece of good fortune that has befallen the Family for very many years. As to whether the Family is deserving of its good fortune—that is a subject upon which I prefer to remain silent!"

This measured speech not unnaturally reduced its auditor to speechless discomfort; and when Hugo presently came back into the room he found his actors so apparently petrified into the positions in which he had left them that he grinned and said: "Eh, you look just like a set of waxworks!"

"Hugo, have they gone?" Anthea asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes, they've gone, lass!" He smiled cordially upon Lady Aurelia. "Thanks to you, ma'am! I'm reet grateful to you. Nay, till you came in there was no deciding which was the best actor among the lot of you!"

"Vincent, will you see all these clothes disposed of? I've been trying to decide what had best be done with Richmond, and it seems to me that we'll have to put him to bed in Claud's room, for that wound of his must be attended to, and, since it's Claud who's supposed to be the wounded one, we mustn't have any bloodstains anywhere but on his sheets. No need to shudder. I'm not asking you to sleep on them!"

"Oh, there was no difficulty about that, lass, once her ladyship's guns had broken the square!" he assured her. "You might say that I'd nothing to do but to harass the retreat."

"I might, but it is very un-

likely that I shall," she retorted. "Hugo, are we safe?"

"Nay, love, don't look so fatched! We shall be safe enough, once we've tied up a few knots, which we'll do easily, never fear!" he assured her.

"Did you succeed in convincing that damned, obstinate tide-watcher?" demanded Vincent.

"Nay, I'm not one to level at the moon. Happen he'll suspect to the end of his days that he was made a May-game of, poor lad. He's no turn-tail, but he knew well he'd exceeded his commission, but when he saw I knew it, too, there was naught he could do but retire—the position being untenable, as you might say!"

"I don't know much about Preventive work, but I do know that unless they find a smuggler in actual possession of run-goods the Preventives are pretty well hamstrung. Well, it was plain enough that whatever Ottershaw had seen he hadn't seen our Richmond in possession of anything than a load of devilry."

"All he was doing tonight was trying to catch the lad, or at any road to discover how he was contriving to flit in and out of the Dower House, no matter how strong a guard was set on it. He'd no more intention of executing that warrant than he had of getting the lad shot."

"Once that had happened, he may have felt there was naught to do but go through stitch with the business, or he may have gambled on the chance that if he found the lad here, wounded, he could scare him into making a confession. If he couldn't do that he knew he'd be taken at fault, so you can't but allow he's got plenty of courage. I must say, it went to my heart to cheat him, poor lad!"

"So we'll hope that's buttoned the thing up, which there's no reason to think it won't—once he knows that young scamp's not here any longer to plague the life out of him."

There was a tiny pause, several pairs of eyes instinctively turning towards Lord Darracott. He gave no sign of having heard what Hugo had said. Suddenly Anthea began to laugh rather tremulously. She said, "Oh, Hugo, Hugo! I don't know what to say to you!"

HUGO replied matter-of-factly, "Well, we've no time to waste on any more talk now, love, so happen that's just as well. We must dispose of Richmond's clothes and clear up all this mess. Nay, then, Polyphant! Don't stand gaunting! There's work to be done!"

Polyphant, who had indeed been standing staring at him, gave a start and recalled his scattered wits. "Yes, sir—to be sure! I fear I was indulging in reflection—I will remove the bowls first, and then Mr. Claud will be comfortable again!"

"Vincent, will you see all these clothes disposed of? I've been trying to decide what had best be done with Richmond, and it seems to me that we'll have to put him to bed in Claud's room, for that wound of his must be attended to, and, since it's Claud who's supposed to be the wounded one, we mustn't have any bloodstains anywhere but on his sheets. No need to shudder. I'm not asking you to sleep on them!"

"No, and it wouldn't be any use if you did ask me to!" Hugo informed him, pausing in his struggles to unwind the bandages from round his slim

person. "Dashed if I ever met such a fellow as you are!"

"How seldom is it that I find myself in accord with you, brother!" remarked Vincent. He looked at Hugo and said, with a wry smile: "You irritate me intensely, you know, but if ever I get into a tight corner I hope you will be at hand to pull me out of it, coz!"

"Never mind throwing the hammer at me!" replied Hugo, unmoved by this tribute. "If you want to throw it at anyone, throw it at Claud, because he's the one who saved our groats!" His eyes were on Richmond, and he went to him, saying: "I think I'll carry you up to bed, lad, before I do aught else."

Richmond lifted his head with an effort. The fire had gone out of his eyes, and with the passing of danger the spirit that had upheld him so indomitably had sunk, allowing his physical weakness at last to overcome him. He managed to smile and to say, in the drawl of a voice: "A close-run thing . . . ! Thank you — so

very grateful—so sorry, Hugo Grandpapa . . . "

Hugo caught him as he collapsed and lifted him up in his arms. "Eh, poor lad. I ought to have got him to bed sooner, instead of standing there chattering," he said remorsefully. "Anthea, run upstairs to see if the coast is clear, will you, love?" He looked at Lady Aurelia. "I take it you warned his mother, ma'am?"

"Certainly," she replied. "She was cast into very natural affliction, but I left her in Mrs. Flitwick's care, and have no doubt that she will be more composed by now."

"I'm very much obliged to you, ma'am," he said. "Breaking it to her was the thing I dreaded most."

"An unpleasant task," she agreed. "I am happy to have been able to relieve you of it, however little I may approve of your conduct this evening, I must own myself to be deeply grateful to you for all that you have done, and, I may add, very

To page 63

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COLDS or ASIATIC FLU

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- 2 Get plenty of bed rest
- 3 Drink lots of fruit juice
- 4 Take Bayer's Aspirin to reduce the fever and relieve the pain

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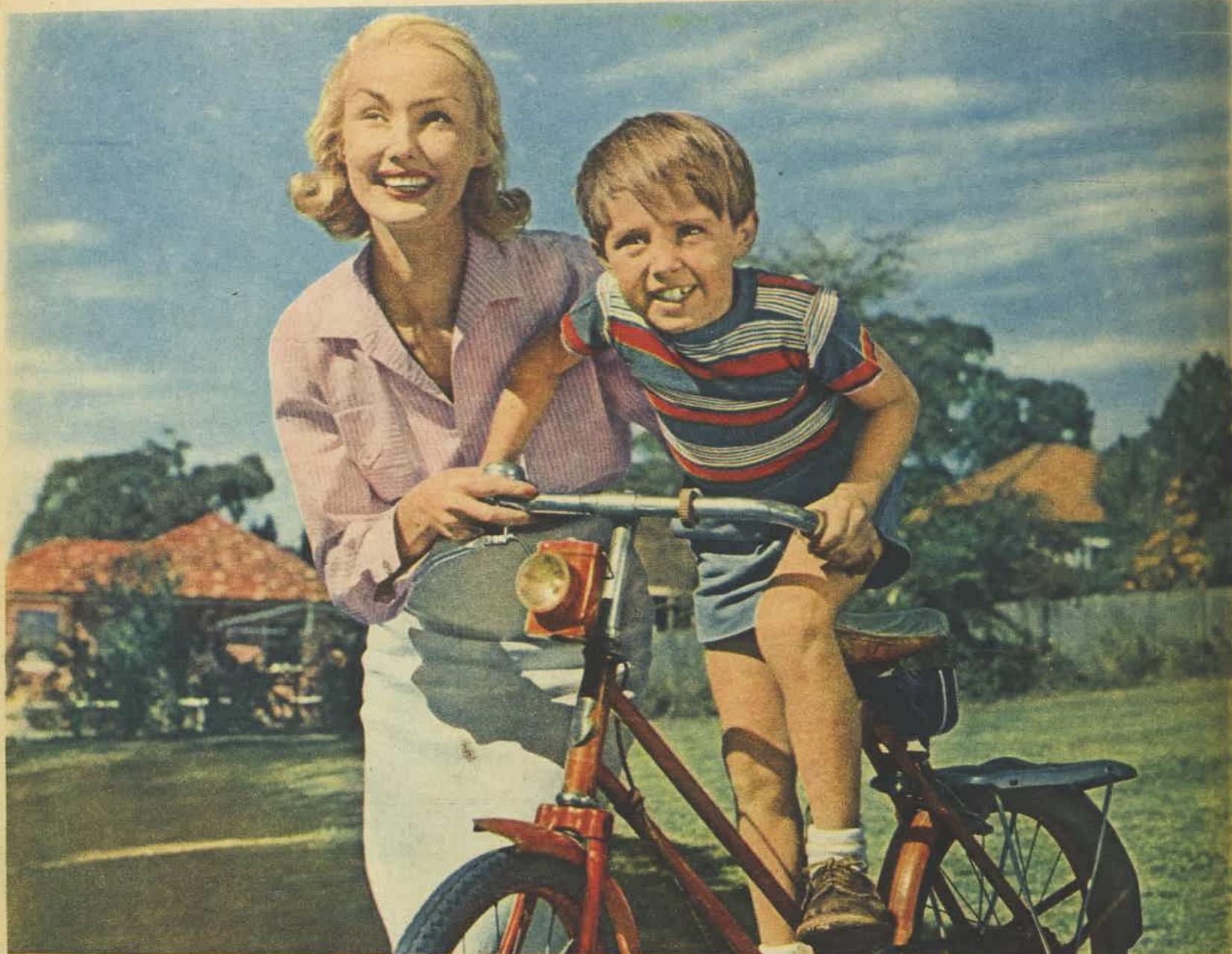
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WEDDING ROUNDABOUT

*By MARY
COLES*

WEDDING bells are ringing here and abroad for so many interesting marriages. One of the happiest couples is noted Australian composer and accompanist Mr. W. G. James and Mrs. Kay Dally-Watkins.

They're being married at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on June 25. Afterwards they'll adjourn to the home of Mrs. Dally-Watkins' daughter, June, and her husband, John Clifford, at Bellevue Hill for a family champagne luncheon.

Mr. James, who is former Federal Director of Music for the Australian Broadcasting Commission, has given his fiancee just THE most wonderful ring—an aspirin-sized sapphire in an antique gold setting.

It was a gift to Mr. James from the famous opera singer Toti Dal Monte. He was her accompanist when she sang in Australia in 1926.

Three days after their marriage the James' will fly to America on the first stage of their round-the-world honeymoon.

THE gold wedding ring which shipping circles personality Mr. John Sanderson slipped on architect Mrs. Lucia Lewis' third finger at their recent marriage also has a history. It belonged to his late grandmother, the wife of a former Bishop of Perth, and bears the sentimental inscription "ALWAYS" discreetly coded in Greek lettering.

ONE of Queensland's most attractive socialites, Jane Persse, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Persse, of "Eskdale West," Esk, will shortly be claimed by New South Wales. She will marry Beau Robinson, of "Cumalong," Brocklehurst, at St. John's Cathedral, Brisbane, on July 2. Bridesmaids at Jane's all-white wedding will include Helen Pixley, of Sydney, and Yvonne Moffatt, of Armidale.

A FORGET-ME-NOT trimmed white satin garter bought in Paris last year by her mother, Mrs. Norman Jenkyn, will be a gay "something blue" touch for Helen Jenkyn when she weds Donald Booth at St. Andrew's Cathedral on July 19. Helen and Donald are in the throes of furnishing an attractive white bungalow they have just bought at Killara.

BUYING a wedding present for her sister, Elizabeth Eavit, is at the top of Mrs. Harry Seidler's New York shopping list. She is spending a fortnight there with her husband before going on to England and Europe, also for just a fortnight. Elizabeth, who is practising Law in England, will be married to London barrister Robert Southan on August 8.

ALSO marrying soon are Mrs. Nancy Gruening, of Bellevue Hill, and Mr. Bill Sutton, of Trangie. Mrs. Gruening, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Burleigh, is being feted by country friends this week, holidaying with her sister, Mrs. Claude Renshaw, of "Boogadah," Coonabarabran, and also visiting Mrs. Ted Body at "Bundemar," Trangie. Her engagement ring is a square-cut emerald set in diamonds.

JUST back after honeymooning in Tasmania are Algie Hallam, of "Baltimore," Bonshaw, and his bride, formerly Jill McCosker, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McCosker, of "Lynhurst," Cherry Tree Hill. The Inverell district is still talking about their wonderful wedding. The marriage was solemnised in the McCoskers' little private chapel, a few hundred yards from the homestead, at "Lynhurst." About 300 guests were entertained between 4.30 p.m. and 4.30 a.m., and even later in the case of those who stayed on for breakfast!

FORMER Sydneysider Mrs. Norman Snow, who is now living in Oxford, will be matron of honor to June Selvey at her marriage to Scottish lawyer Ian McCracken at Edinburgh University Chapel on July 1. After honeymooning in Ireland, June and her husband will live in a lovely old house in Snowden Place, Stirling, which has been in the McCracken family for generations. June's mother, Mrs. J. C. Selvey, of Collaroy Plateau, made the attractive cream lace short-length frock June will wear at the ceremony.

LOTS of Victorians will be among guests at Jill Saxton's wedding to John Dunlop at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on June 24. They include Jonathan Breadmore and Peter Gehhardt, who with John Aitken will support the groom, and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Guest, Gretchen Guest, Mr. and Mrs. Dal Mein and their daughter Fleur, Caroline McAdam, Anne Neville-Smith, and Quentin McAdam.

A WHITE corded brocade trained gown was worn by Margaret Ann Monie, of "Thornleigh," Bingara, for her recent marriage to David Spencer, of "Mulwarree," Barraba, at St. Patrick's Church, West Tamworth.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 29, 1960

SNOW SEASON

SKI-ING CLERGYMAN the Rev. A. H. Kirk, of St. John's Church, Camden, made friends with French poodle "Gigi," owned by Yutta Oliviers, after he had conducted a "Blessing of the Snows" ceremony for skiers in the Thredbo Valley. It was the first service of the kind to be held in Australia.



SMILING TRIO. From left: Virginia Munro, of Bingara, Fiona Reid, from Yass, and Catriona Alexander, of Edgecliff, all set to "shuss" down a steep slope at Thredbo. Brilliant sunshine and wonderful snowfalls have made conditions ideal for skiers in recent weeks.

THREDBO ski-ing instructors Sasha and Karel Nekevapil (couple standing) discussed the finer points of snow sports with Pamela Hunter and Russell Bush when they entertained them at coffee at "Sasha's Lodge."



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 29, 1960



RELAXING before dinner. From left: Leonie Trilby, Janice Edwards, Mrs. Bruce Higgs, and Roma Scholfield chatted before the fire at "Christiana Lodge," owned by Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Higgs, of Double Bay. It is in Tyrolean style.

MORNING TEA was enjoyed by Naomi Bower, of Roseville (left), and Mr. and Mrs. Ian Anderson before leaving to ski on Crackenback Mountain. They were at "Moonah," owned by Lady Hall-Best.



For that clean taste...

Try the toothpaste that *cleans, cleans, cleans*
best of all! New Super White Kolynos!



New Super White Kolynos
has 3 of the most effective
cleansing ingredients...
instead of the usual 2. This
additional cleansing action
of Kolynos stops bad breath,
gives naturally brighter,
whiter teeth. Only a dentist
can clean teeth more
thoroughly.

They don't socialise

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Professional jealousy often makes it difficult for television show co-stars to extend their make-believe friendships into real life.

JEALOUSY is the bug-bear that keeps Bob Horton and Ward Bond, co-stars of "Wagon Train," apart.

Bond was the star of the first season, but soon afterwards Horton was acclaimed as the big favorite of the female TV audience.

The two men have never quarrelled seriously, but at the end of a day's shooting young Mr. Horton returns to his rented bachelor home and Mr. Bond retires to his lodge.

"I don't ever remember visiting Bob," Ward admits, "even though I should have. But then I remember having him over to the house only once or twice in all this time."

James Arness and Dennis Weaver aren't exactly co-stars. Marshal Dillon is way above Chester in stature, also in salary and fanmail. Still, they make a team in Dodge City, and Chester is the fellow who brews that coffee that the Marshal drinks.

"We don't really socialise," Weaver said apologetically recently. "It's a pity, because our coffee at home is immeasurably better."

Arness says: "The truth is that we've never really got acquainted as we should have. It's all my fault — Dennis is a great guy."

Professional envy has turned Dorothy Provine so much against handsome Roger Moore that her attitude threatened to wreck the whole series. The situation there is so delicate that the producer has had to separate the quarrelling co-stars so that they work only the minimum of time together.

THE social significance of teenage rock-'n-roll programmes is a matter of argument, but they surely prove that something has happened to vanity. It seems to be a growing thing at the moment to go to them wearing bedroom slippers with what is known as a "cuddly lambswool trim."

How any girl could do herself in the eye by wearing them on TV is beyond me. They are a secret weapon against the prettiest girl and the most adept and dancing feet.

Top score for slippers so far is in Keith Walshe's "Teen Time," where three girls had them on one night recently.

One of the girls who wore them was among those competing for the prize for the best dancing couple of the night. Her slippers, in my opinion, should have meant her instant disqualification.

I think there should be some standard of dress and footwear set by the channel or compere who runs these shows. Dress rules don't keep the kids away, as those set for Brian Henderson's "Bandstand" have proved.

If all channels had rules it would help the kids to look their best on TV, which everyone wants to do, anyway, and it would certainly help their parents to bring a girl up to be a beautiful lady.

★ ★ ★

I WAS fascinated recently by a late movie show on Sydney's Channel 9. It was called "Variety Time" and was compere by Jack Paar, now American TV's top personality, but billed on the film credits as a famous stage and radio comedian.

"Variety Time" was made



WAGON TRAIN co-stars appear to be good friends, but aren't. Bob Horton, left, and Ward Bond are kept apart off camera by professional jealousy.

looking young man, far more unlined and carefree than he looks today at the top of the TV tree. His big late-night show is said to be the biggest thing on American TV today.

Paar was recently offered the job of compering a new weekly series, "Place to Place," to compete with "Person to Person." He refused the job, although it would have

side-kick, Officer Frank Smith (Ben Alexander).

I was pleased to meet them again when they came back recently in a new "Dragnet" series. It's exactly the same old story formula, the same clipped dialogue, the same tight production that gave the show its world-wide reputation.

Despite its excellence, "Dragnet's" disappearance some time ago was welcome. Jack Webb and Ben Alexander had been seen too much. Most people were sick and tired of them.

Today there is a whole new television audience to discover "Dragnet's" entertaining way, and a lot of old friends who will be glad to renew their acquaintance with it from time to time.

Officer Frank Smith is one of my favorite TV characters. I'd be hard put to choose between him and Marshal Dillon's Chester (Dennis Weaver) if I had to award an "Emmy" for the best supporting character.

Old viewers will be pleased to hear that Officer Smith was promoted to Sergeant in the first episode of the new series and that Joe got his Lieutenant's badge.

I DIDN'T think I'd ever see an Australian-made serial that would send me hurrying to the set, but I have — ABC-TV's "Stormy Petrel."

The serial is the story of Captain William Bligh's governorship of New South Wales and his struggle for power with the influential N.S.W. Corps headed by John Macarthur.

Colin Dean is to be congratulated on a production made difficult, I'm sure, by budget-balancing, marked by a simplicity that has been the trademark of some of the B.B.C. adaptations of famous classics.

You may cock a snoot at Australian history, but "Stormy Petrel" makes Australian history come alive in absorbing TV.



IN HOLLYWOOD making "Go Naked In The World," luscious Gina Lollobrigida with her co-stars, Ernest Borgnine and Anthony Franciosa.

New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

CRY TOUGH

Drama, with John Saxon, Linda Cristal. Palace, Sydney.

FROM the sordid squalor of New York's "Spanish Harlem" comes this compelling story of a young Puerto Rican's attempt to fight his way out of poverty.

The shockingly overcrowded tenements house hordes of immigrants in unbelievable wretchedness. Most residents are almost cheerfully resigned to their appalling fate, but for those with ambition the only likely escape is through crime.

As the bad boy trying to go good, Johnny Saxon is rejected by his religious father and dragged back into the underworld of fellow Puerto Ricans when he marries good-time girl Linda Cristal and goes after fast money.

Convincingly supported by the luscious Linda, Saxon handles his emotional role with zeal. Joseph Calleia is outstanding as the father, and as Saxon's anxious-to-please brother-in-law Paul Clark is lively and endearing.

Though the plot veers little from the crime-street formula, the film doesn't preach. It just tells a true-to-life story.

In a word . . . SORDID.

★★ ALIAS JESSE JAMES

Comedy, with Bob Hope, Rhonda Fleming, Wendell Corey. In color. Regent, Sydney.

HOPE goes West on one of the craziest excursions he's made since "Paleface."

Influenced, no doubt, by the fact that it's Hope's own production, the plot sparkles with delicious Hope gags. And all action centres around our hero.

A hopelessly incompetent

insurance salesman, Hope pulls off a staggering deal — he sells a 100,000-dollar life policy. The only hitch is the client is gunman Jesse James (Wendell Corey) — wanted dead or alive.

When his boss learns the awful truth, Hope is packed off to the "wilds" to buy back the policy, or, failing that, to protect the much-gunned-for crook — with his life if necessary.

With typical Hope buffoonery, Bob heroically battles the villains, wins respect from the local bar, and lassoes the saloon queen, sequined Rhonda Fleming.

As the dead-pan caricature of a reckless desperado, Wendell Corey provides a perfect foil for the funny-man. Hope fans won't be disappointed.

In a word . . . ZANY.

★★ CHANCE MEETING

Murder drama, with Hardy Kruger, Stanley Baker, Micheline Presle. Prince Edward, Sydney.

THIS London who-done-it keeps you guessing right up till the surprise ending. But, though it holds attention, the initial suspense flags.

With the exception of occasional flashbacks illustrating the story of the accused (Hardy Kruger) — his illicit affair with a sophisticated married woman, resulting in murder — the plot concentrates on detective Stanley Baker's gruelling, almost brutal, questioning, and its effect on the arrogant Kruger.

Kruger's unfortunate failure to capture the desperation of a trapped man — despite excellent atmosphere-creating camera work — destroys tension. He merely irritates.

As the coldly passionate femme fatale, Micheline is captivating, and the London bobby bit-players are gems, providing the film's only humor.

In a word . . . MISSES.



THE MAVERICK BROTHERS, Bart (Jack Kelly, left) and Bret (Jim Garner), talk with one of the girls they're always competing for. Garner says they're not very close in real life. Kelly says they've remained good friends at work by staying out of each other's hair away from it.

It's magical

A BAKED SPONGE PUDDING

that makes its own sauce!



IN THREE DELICIOUS FLAVOURS

- * CHOCOLATE
- * BUTTERSCOTCH
- * LEMON DELICIOUS

You never saw anything like them — magical mouth-melting puddings that form their own sauce as they bake.

You never tasted anything like them — cake as light as home-made butter-sponge, sitting pretty over lashings of rich sauce!

You never served anything like them — second helping sweets that add a party touch to meals. They are simplicity itself to make and bake — saves you so much time, so much trouble. You can be sure they're good — they're White Wings.

Try this recipe
says Joan Winfield

CHERRY-WALNUT SPONGE PUDDING

Fold into the Sponge Batter

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of finely sliced glace cherries,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped walnuts

Bake in the usual way for a really luscious treat



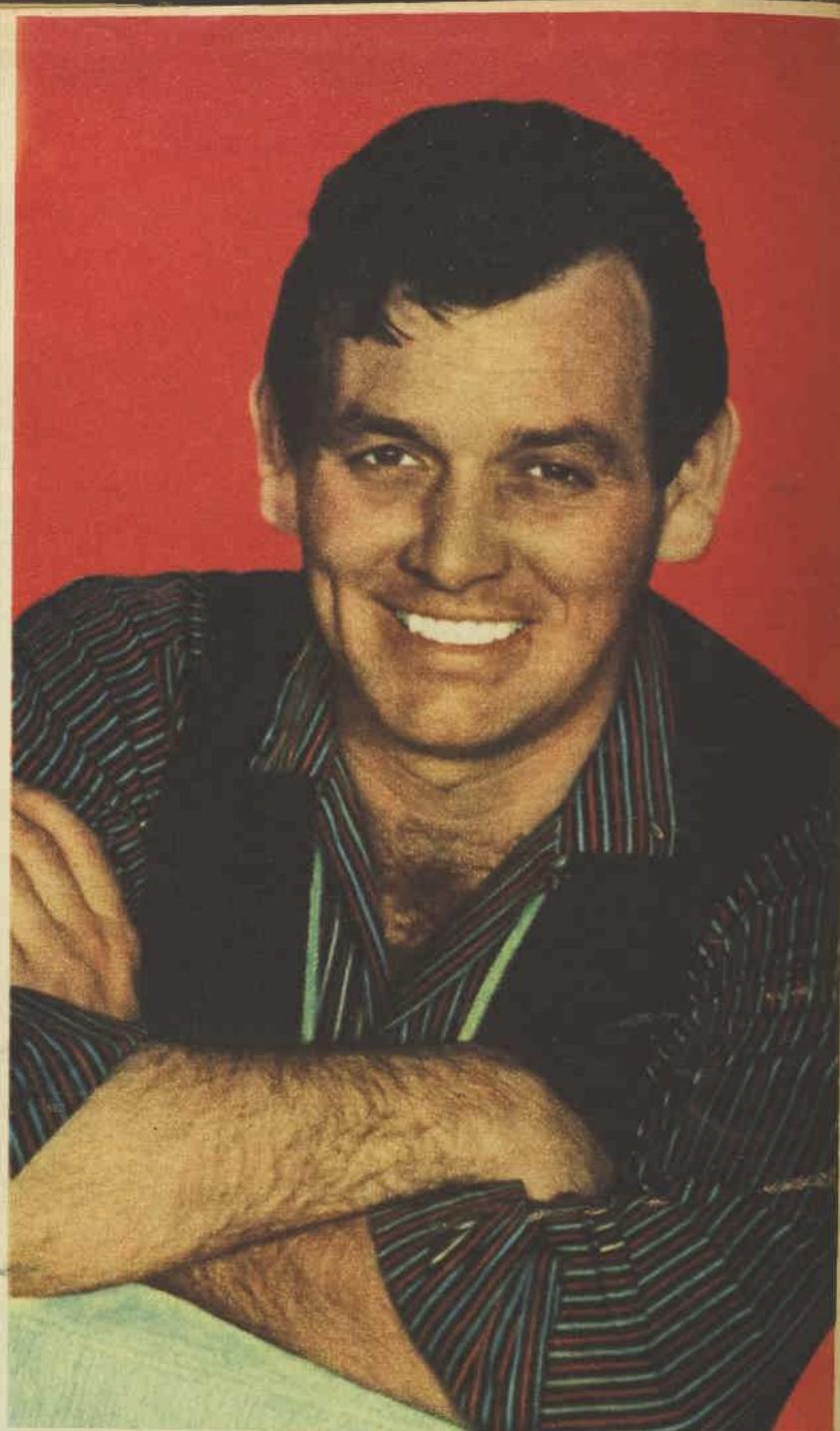
1. SURPRISE! You get the Sponge Mix and the Sauce Mix both in the one packet



2. SURPRISE! Just sprinkle your dry sauce portion over the sponge batter, no further mixing required



3. SURPRISE! Pour boiling water over a spoon onto sponge batter — don't stir — pop in oven



Debonair Diamond-handsome private-eye

DAVID JANSSEN, suave, smooth Richard Diamond of TV's "Richard Diamond" private-eye show, is one of the new Hollywood actors who thank their lucky stars for TV.

Until he arrived on TV, Janssen was scarcely known as a bit player for Universal International, where he signed a long-term contract in 1951.

He'd just settled down at U.I. to wait for roles when he was drafted into the Army for his two-year term. He came back to Hollywood in 1954, and during the next 18 months performed in 10 movies and several TV shows and was thought just a good all-rounder. Then ex-film star Dick Powell, now concentrating on TV production, saw him in "Lafayette Escadrille."

Powell created the role of Richard Diamond on radio and was seeking an actor for the TV

show. Being personally involved, he was decidedly choosy about it and had tested more than 50 actors.

Powell didn't look any further.

Janssen, as televiewers well know, fitted the role as if he'd been born to it. The show was instantly popular in America and has a high rating here.

Darkly handsome, Janssen was a debonair man-about-town until August, 1958, when he married Ellie Graham, an interior decorator.

Show business has been part of his life ever since he can remember. His mother, a musical-comedy star, took him on tour with the musical "Rio Rita" when he was only 12 months old.

He grew up backstage and learned to play the piano and accordion and to sing and dance, a talent that so far he keeps these days for private parties.

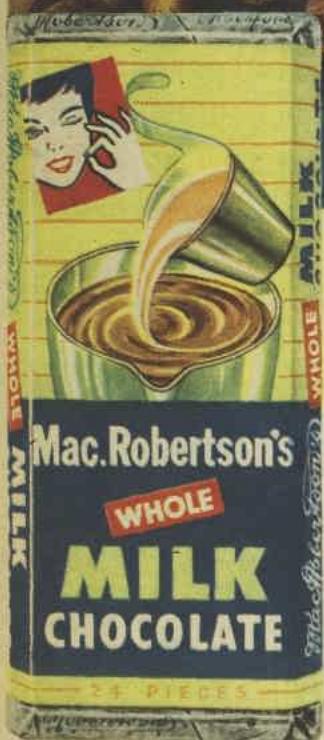
TELEVISION

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 29, 1960

Enjoy loads of
WINTERTIME nourishment from

Mac.Robertsonland

Mac.Robertsonland is a land of fabulous flavours... wholesome foods and fun. You visit this wonderful place every time you bite into a Mac.Robertson confection — there you discover Enjoyment, Quality, and Nourishment.



Here are just some of the loads of delicious Wintertime nourishment... in Mac.Robertsonland!

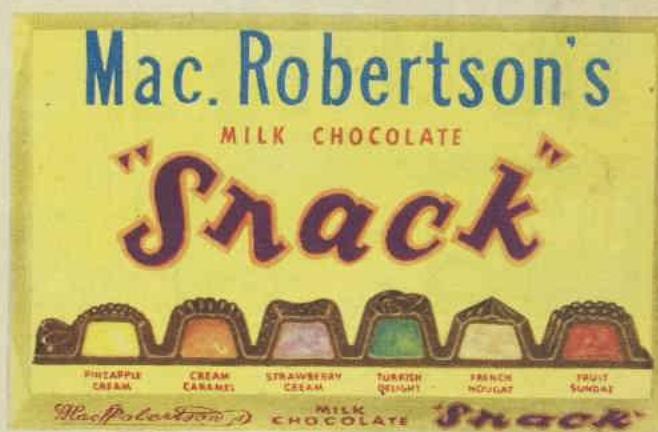
MILK CHOCOLATE:

Creamy smooth, with all the goodness of fresh whole milk. 2/- and 1/-.

CHERRY RIPE: Ripe real cherries... fragrant "Old Gold" chocolate, 8d.

TWIN NUT: Brazil Nuts and Hazel Nuts... more than ever before... in smooth milk chocolate.

SNACK: 6 true-flavour centres... 12 novelty shaped pieces, 2/- and 1/-.





Memoirs of a Professional Cad

—By GEORGE SANDERS

Marilyn so longed for love

• The night I got my Oscar I was accompanied to the ceremony by Zsa Zsa Gabor, to whom I was then married.

THE occasion was filled with such painful suspense that I never rose above a state of frozen stupefaction.

In contrast was Zsa Zsa. She soared and plunged between enough dizzy emotional heights and depths for both of us.

First of all, with delight at attending this top-flight Beau. Secondly, with triumph at being associated with the winning team.

And thirdly, with black indignation when it was tactfully explained to her that she had not won a prize herself.

She was scarcely eligible, as she had not as yet made any films. But this quirk of circumstance seemed irrelevant to her. And for some time afterwards she remained both hurt and insulted.

"All About Eve" was notable because in it Marilyn Monroe made one of her first

appearances — as my girlfriend.

Marilyn played a very duph would-be actress. Even then she struck me as a character in search of an author. I am delighted she found Mr. Miller eventually.

She was very beautiful, very inquiring, and very unsure — she was somebody in a play not yet written, uncertain of her part in the over-all plot.

As far as I can recall she was humble, punctual, and untemperamental. She wanted people to like her.

In the circumstances it is not surprising that Marilyn soon got together with the glittering future we all foresaw for her.

I lunched with her once or twice during the making of the film. I found her conversation had unexpected depths. She showed an interest in intellectual subjects which was, to say the least, disconcerting.

In her presence it was hard to concentrate.

What made me sure that Marilyn would eventually make it was that she so obviously needed to be a star.

Marilyn is said to have spent her childhood in an orphanage and with foster-parents. She had been neglected and unloved.

Nobody took any notice of her until, at the age of 15, she put on a sweater.

Once a woman puts on a sweater she has, as it were, a joker up her sleeve.

To a girl with Marilyn's background — and foreground — to be a film star meant to be universally loved.

In my own case the kind of actor I have become has been determined to a large extent by the weakness of my character. On the screen I am usually suave and cynical,

hearted and kind, and full of love for his fellow men.

The same applies to Eddie Robinson.

Theda Bara, the silent-screen "vamp" of the twenties, led a life of exemplary tranquillity and marital respectability off the screen.

Unlike Joan Fontaine whose pure profile, austere hairdo, and impeccable bearing on screen are in fine contrast to a private life of considerable vitality and color.

On women

I mention all of the foregoing examples merely in order to make it easier for you to understand about me. Whereas on the screen I am invariably a bounder, in life I am a dear, dear boy.

I can never see why all women who do not fit into the accepted pattern of domes-



MARILYN MONROE . . .
very inquiring . . . and
very unsure.

bring about a condition of good in you.

"Good" being, of course, a state of happiness and contentment in which you can flourish and bloom.

One shouldn't delude oneself into thinking that the domestic paragon and splendid cook will fill this requirement. Common household services are better paid for in money than in marriage.

Another perilous hazard is the "iron maiden" of small services; having your bags packed, your shirts pressed, your plans made. This is the superfluous crutch which relieves you of nothing so much as your independence.

If in spite of these warnings a man falls in love, he will encounter an additional set of problems.

To begin with, it is impossible to be in love with a woman without experiencing on occasions an irresistible desire to strangle her. This can lead to a good deal of ill-feeling.

The fact is that women should be worn like a boutonniere, to add to one's look of distinction and contribute to one's air of charm and mood of gaiety.

Delightful to pick and easy to replace, put on with pleasure, removed without pain, and remembered with the appreciative nostalgia normally reserved for those nice garments they put round your neck in the South Seas.

I air these views gratuitously, as I do not myself greatly care for boutonnieres or, for that matter, women.

If I were asked to express an opinion on the most aggravating feminine attributes — and God knows there would be a broad horizon of choice on such a subject — I would say that the two which have caused me the greatest exasperation and anguish are, one, that they are irresistible, and, two, that they are irreplaceable.

And, with those profound thoughts, so long!

• George Sanders and "Sunday Dispatch" (London) 1960.

**Sure relief
in no time
from Hacking
Coughs and
Catarrh**

For safe, sure
treatment of coughs
and stubborn bronchial
and head congestion
take

Woods'
GREAT
PEPPERMINT
COMPOUND

**ONE OF THE OLDEST
BUT STILL THE BEST
FAMILY REMEDY**

Always keep a bottle
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LUMBAGO AGONIES!



are things of
the past now
that amazing
A.R. TABS are
available.
the first sign
of searing Lumbago pain take
A.R. TABS. Wonderful A.R.
TABs spread right into the
agonised area and their sooth-
ing effects soon
allow you to straighten up without
fear. In just a few days all the
pain goes. Gentle, yet powerful,
A.R. TABS give complete relief
from Lumbago agonies. A.R. TABS,
8/6 and 15/- at all Chemists.

A.R. TABS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 29, 1960

Hey Mum! You can now get

**MILK CHOCOLATE
LAXETTES**

LAXETTES
the chocolate laxative

So gentle . . .
so nice to take

MADE FOR THE 8 OUT OF 10
WHO PREFER MILK CHOCOLATE

Every child needs a laxative occasionally. When your children are bilious, sick, or off their food — give them Laxettes . . . and make them better overnight. Easy to take — no measuring. The dose is always exact. No tummy upsets — unlike oils or gritty bran foods. Laxettes are kind to delicate digestions. No griping — no embarrassing urgency. Not habit-forming — seldom needed the next day.

Look for new MILK CHOCOLATE LAXETTES in the RED packet. DARK CHOCOLATE LAXETTES come in the GREEN packet.

F5725.—Attractive and useful slacks and smock for the expectant mother are simply styled, with huge patch pockets. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Box 4000, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 68-D, Hobart; New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.



F5742.—Pretty lace-trimmed nightgown has fitted waist with bow tie. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material, 2½ yds. ½in. lace edging, and 2yds. ribbon. Price 4/6.

F5743.—Fitted maternity slip with adjustable back tie requires 2½ yds. 36in. material and 3½ yds. ½in. lace edging. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 3/6.



F5744.—Oriental influence in this shortie dressing-gown, with long sleeves, large pockets, and mandarin collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5724.—High waist, bow trim, and full skirt are features of this pretty maternity frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Short-sleeved style requires 4½ yds. 36in. material, three-quarter-sleeved dress takes 3½ yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 287.—TENNIS FROCK

Sleeveless tennis frock is obtainable cut out ready to sew in white poplin and pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 43/6, 36 and 38in. bust 45/9. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 288.—SKIRT AND BLOUSE

Pretty ensemble to delight a little girl. The skirt, in corduroy velvetine, is available cut out ready to make in green, red, American Beauty, turquoise, brown, and royal-blue. Sizes 4 to 6 years 36/11, 8 to 10 years 38/11. Postage 3/- extra.

The long-sleeved blouse is available cut out ready to make in white, blue, pink, green, and lemon-yellow. Sizes 4 to 6 years 37/11, 8 to 10 years 39/11. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 289.—SUPPER CLOTH

Dainty supper cloth is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on white or cream Irish linen. Cloth measures 36 x 36in. and features lily-of-the-valley motif. Price 18/- Postage 2/6 extra.

No. 290.—FROCK

Smart frock for late afternoon, with full skirt and pocket trim, is available cut out and ready to sew in corduroy velvetine. Colors are brown, turquoise, green, red, blue, and American Beauty. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 76/6, 36 and 38in. bust 81/6. Postage 4/- extra.

* Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F5322.—Casually styled maternity smock and skirt are highlighted by contrast trimming. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 4/6.



F5725

F5322

F5724



288



289

290

AS I READ the STARS

BY EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning June 27

ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

* Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, green. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a new attitude.

TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

* Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in an interview.

GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, orange. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a budget.

CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

* Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in personal relationships.

LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a secret.

VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22

* Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gray. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in sports.

LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 21-OCTOBER 20

* Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in business with pleasure.

SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 21-NOVEMBER 20

* Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, gray. Gambling colors, gray, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck on an outing.

SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 21-DECEMBER 20

* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in independence.

CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, light blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in partnerships.

AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wednesday. Luck in a new personality.

PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

* Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in social life.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)



Have you tried

New Modess

with the "Magic Channel"
of protection?

Modess has created a new feminine fabric with the luxurious softness, the comfort of MASSLINN, plus a "Magic Channel" of protection . . . a panel of tiny perforations centred along the napkin to give quicker absorbency . . . greater protection. Try new Modess with MASSLINN COVER . . . and the new "Magic Channel" you can trust.

Modess
because



JOHNSON & JOHNSON—THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN SURGICAL DRESSINGS
Page 62

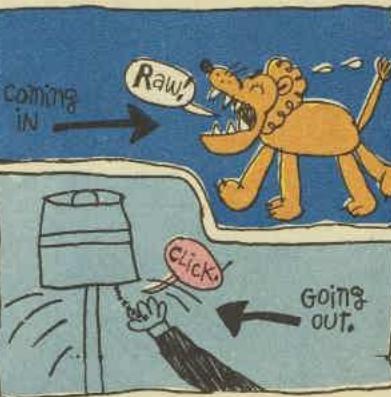
JACKY'S DIARY.

BY
Jacky Mendelsohn
Age 32½

I can tell that Spring is coming on a count of yesterday I seen a **ROBIN RED DRESSED.**



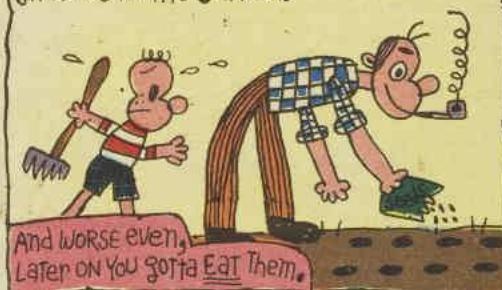
Any how in the USA this is the Month THAT Spring starts. THATS WHY THERE'S A SAYING which says that it comes in like a Lion, & goes out like a Lamp!



A Bad PART about The Spring is that it's not good for YOUR EYES! THAT'S CAUSE the DAY-LIGHT STAYS ON TOO LONG & YOU CAN'T SEE THE TELIVISHUN TOO GOOD.



AN OTHER THING IN The Spring is You gotta Help Your Daddy Irritate the Soil & also PLANT V. gitables in the GARDEN.



ALSO THE SPRING is WHEN ALL YOUR XMAS PRESENTS are either LOST or BUSTED . . . OR else they don't fit you ANY more.

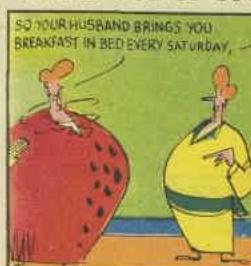


P.S. BUT otherwise SPRING IS MY FAVORIT SEASON!

YOUR Friend, JACKY.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

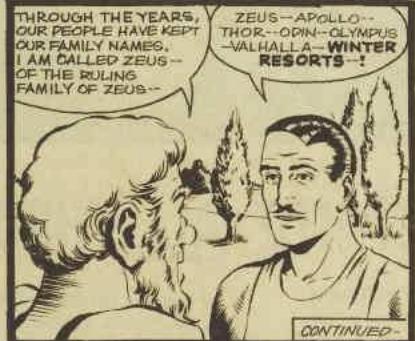


THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 29, 1960

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, is in the Himalayas to trace the Abominable Snowman. He chases a large furry creature into a cave, but discovers the "creature" is a beautiful girl disguised in a snowsuit. She leads him to a strangely glowing city

in the heart of a mountain where two people, calling themselves Apollo and Diana, take him before Zeus, the fabled ruler of Olympus. Next morning Zeus and his wife, Hera, explain to him how the city was founded. NOW READ ON:



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

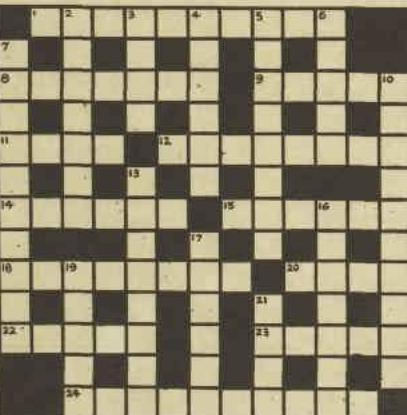
ACROSS

- Loudly shouting voice for us (10).
- Circumfused aim bent (7).
- Entertainment for the ear between two teas (5).
- It never had eyes, yet it is sometimes blind (4).
- Selim owns one in one of Mozart's operas (8).
- Anglo-Indian watercourse, the beginning of which is not binding (6).
- In lame servant (6).
- You can't do it without the consent of your bank manager (8).
- Aged minced oath (4).
- Consumed somewhat more than a half a score (5).
- Flat fold; lap it (5).
- Pet is stern (Anagr. 10).
- Of curved course of a planet to Libra (7).
- Notion amid each word (4).
- See me with tea in favorable opinion (6).
- A dour teg (Anagr. 8).
- Least to take away dishonestly (5).
- Horticultural stockings (6).

- Get dry tool for a cave-dweller (10).
- The 7 down may belong to him (8).
- Deeply rooted in seed (7).
- The azure part of a stone of azure (6).
- Prevent in law and any where if headless (5).
- Anagram of a headless 19 down (4).

SIBERIA **TAMIL**
S A A D A A A
MONITOR CURED
I J E O I T L
TROT DIABTRIBE
I G T U A
CATERS CRENEL
A A U N A
DECIDING ADAM
A T I S S A R E
NOISE ENGRAIN
E E N E O P T
SPENT NEGRESS

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

Continuing . . .

THE UNKNOWN AJAX

from page 51

conscious of the magnanimity you have shown."

"Nay!" begged the Major, reddening.

She said graciously: "You have no need to blush, my dear Hugo. I do not mean to flatter you, and will only say that I have from the beginning of our acquaintance believed you to be a most estimable young man."

"I have little doubt that when you have overcome your tendency to levity you will do very well at Darracott Place."

Fortunately, since Hugo was showing signs of acute embarrassment, Anthea had by this time come back into the room to report that it was safe to carry Richmond upstairs. Lord Darracott rose stiffly from the chair into which he had sunk and looked at Hugo, saying, as though the words were forced from him: "I am obliged to you, Hugo."

"There's no need for that, sir," Hugo replied cheerfully. "The young scamp's as near to being my brother-in-law as makes no odds — though happen I'd have done better not to have said that, because, now I come to think of it, you've not accepted my offer yet, have you, love?"

"More levity?" she murmured.

He grinned. "You're reet: I'm past praying for! Come, now, lead the way, lass!" He saw that Lord Darracott was looking at Richmond's white, unconscious face and paused for a moment, and said gently: "He's got courage, you know, sir."

His lordship's grim mouth mouthed. "Yes," he said, turning away. "He was always full of pluck. Take him up to his mother!"

It was some considerable time later that Hugo came downstairs again. Claud had retired to bed, but Lord Darracott and Vincent were still up, seated in the library. As Hugo came into the room, Vincent looked up with a flickering smile: "Well? How is that abominable brat?"

"Oh, he's nicely!" Hugo replied. "He won't be very comfortable till he's had the bullet dug out of him—and that's something that he won't enjoy, think on — but it would take more than one bullet to daunt him! I won't deny that he's caused a deal of trouble—eh, if ever a lad wanted a good skelping! But I can't but like young devils as full of gaiety as he is."

"Yes," Vincent agreed, getting up, and walking across the room to a side-table. "I owe you an apology, Ajax; you warned me and I paid no heed. I'm sorry. Had I attended to you I might have averted the singularly nerve-racking events we have survived this night, thanks, I admit—and you have no notion how much it costs me to do so! — to your unsuspected genius for — er — diddling the dups! Accept my compliments, and allow me to offer you some brandy!"

Hugo grinned as he took the glass Vincent was holding out to him, but said quite seriously: "Well, it nattered me at the time that you wouldn't heed me, but I'm not so sure now that it would have made any difference if you had. The best thing about this business is that, while that cargo was hidden in this passage of ours, it didn't matter to Richmond how close the hounds were; it was his doing that they were stored there, and nothing anyone could have said would have turned him from what he saw to be his duty."

"What an enchanting prospect!" said Vincent faintly. "How right you are — damn you!"

Hugo chuckled, but addressed his grandfather. "There's one thing more, sir.

That young good-like-naught of yours won't rest until he's seen you. He knows well the blow he's dealt you. He bade me tell you so."

Lord Darracott rose from his chair. "I'll go to him," he said curtly.

Hugo moved to the door, to open it for him. His lordship paused for a moment before he went out, passing a hand across his brow. "I suppose you will do what's necessary. There will be many things—his boat, his horses — I'm too tired to-night, but I'll discuss it with you tomorrow. Goodnight!"

"Goodnight, sir," Hugo replied. He shut the door and came back into the room. "Happen I'd best do something to put him in a passion tomorrow," he said thoughtfully. "It won't do to let him fall into a lethargy."

"You will, cousin, you will!" Vincent said with his mocking smile. "I own, however, that I shall greet the familiar storm-signs with positive relief."

Ten minutes later Anthea was saying much the same thing. "I never thought I could be sorry for Grandpa," she told her cousins, "but I am, and, what's more, I had rather by far have him cross than stunned!"

"Have no fear!" said Vincent. "Ajax is already considering how best to enrage him."

She smiled, but said: "Well, anything would be preferable to having him so quiet and crushed. He didn't utter one word of reproof to Richmond. But what almost sank me to the floor was his saying to Mama that she had much to forgive him! It was precisely what she had been saying to me, except that she said she never would forgive him, so you may imagine my astonishment when she burst into tears on his chest! As a matter of fact, I nearly burst into tears myself."

"Dear me, what a lachrymose scene!" remarked Vincent. "I shall go to bed to fortify myself for the inevitable reaction — not to mention the exhausting labors I shall no doubt be expected to undertake in that accursed passage. To think how much I once wanted to discover it, and how much I wish now that it never had been discovered!" He went to the door and opened it, looking back to say: "My dislike of you is rapidly growing, Ajax; I shouldn't make the smallest attempt to drag you back from that cliff-edge!"

"What cliff-edge?" inquired Anthea as Vincent left the room.

"Just a joke, lass. Eh, you look tired out!"

"I am tired out, but I couldn't go to bed without coming to thank you, Hugo. I — oh, Hugo, I can't believe yet that it wasn't a nightmare!" she said, walking straight into his arms and hugging as much of him as she could.

He received her with great willingness, enfolding her in a large and comforting embrace. "Well, that's all it was, think on," he said. "Now, don't you start to cry, lass!"

"I won't," she promised. She took his face between her hands, smiling up at him, and saying: "Noble Ajax, you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable!"

"Nay, then, love," expostulated the Major. "Don't be so daft!"

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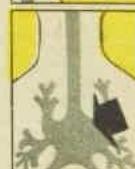
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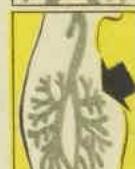
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